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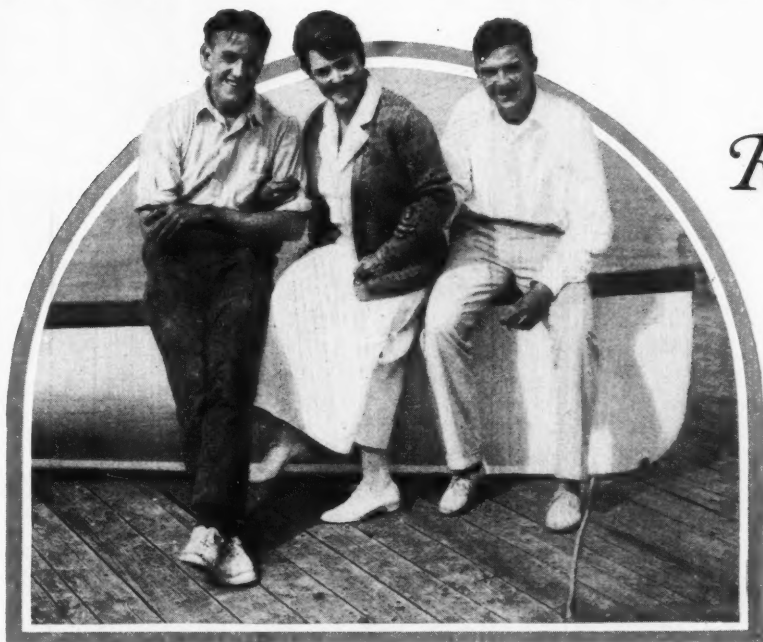
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Hearst's INTERNATIONAL *Combined with* COSMOPOLITAN

APRIL
1925



By
*Ray
Long*

*Mary Roberts
Rinehart with her
sons Frederick
(left) and Alan.*

Success—You All Want it. How Many Know What Makes it Worth While?

TWO editors and an author were having tea together recently. You might suppose the talk would be all of magazines and books and plays. It wasn't.

"I've had a terrible time," said Mary Roberts Rinehart, who was the author, "a perfectly terrible time. My sons have taken an apartment in Seventy-third Street, and I'm in New York trying to get the place furnished for them. And do you know, I haven't been able until today to find anyone who would make slip covers for their furniture in less than thirty days! But today I found a man who will finish them in a week." Then with a sigh of satisfaction: "So I'm pretty well pleased with myself."

We talked of a shooting trip on which Irvin Cobb had been a few days before, of New York's congested traffic and its dangers (Mrs. Rinehart told how she got marooned in Fifth Avenue, with motors whizzing about her, until a traffic policeman rescued her), and finally something was said about success.

"It's a wonderful thing, success," she said. "Not for itself but for what it enables you to do

for others. That's why I glory so in whatever I've won of it: the things it enables me to do for my sons. There's a thrill for me in fixing up that apartment, in knowing that if they want it I can start them in business. That's what makes the hard work which brings success worth while."

Mary Roberts Rinehart is like a breath of fresh air. She is a refreshing answer to those women who talk of the impossibility of marriage and a career. She has made the wonderful discovery that her marriage—her family—is what makes a career *worth while*.

Here she is this mother whose six-foot sons treat her as a "pal"—beautiful, a charming hostess, distinguished as a novelist, as a playwright, as a short story writer, as a traveler who describes what she sees with picturesque humor.

Mrs. Rinehart succeeds in so many things because she wants success for others, not for herself. She loves her work, takes fine pride in it, of course. But back of it all is the urge to do for others. And that, after all, is the biggest thing in life: *to lay the fruits of your effort at the feet of some one you love.*

By JAMES MONT



CROSS-WORD PUZZLE FAN (who has

GOMERY FLAGG



just become a father): "Yes, yes, Nurse—is it in three letters or four?"

*A
Splendid
New
Novel*

By KATH L



Kent Ferguson



Jane



Juanita

The Heart

A Love Story

THE tide was making fast—the rough, steady tide of a late October afternoon. It was brimming the pools, churning in a lather of impatient water between the rocks, lifting the satiny sea-grasses in loose, waving masses of purple and emerald ribbons.

There had been no sun all day, and a hard, high wind was driving in from the veiled Pacific. The air was warm, wet, heavy with salt and rain. Gulls, blown sideways on the wild airs, peeped and careened above the brimming, roaring, swift-running waves.

A hundred miles south of San Francisco Bay, and more than a hundred north of Santa Barbara, and forgotten for a hundred years, a level cliff jutted out into a very waste of rocks and water, a cliff carpeted with crushed, lifeless yellow grass, and giving, on its seaward side, one or two precarious earth and rock stairways down to the shore. From the cliff a young man in a worn tweed golf suit, with a cap pulled down over thick black hair, could study rough stretches of coast to north and south. The former terminated perhaps a mile away in the peaceful delta of the Amigos Creek, where was the old Mission Church; but the latter, surf, cliff and tumbled masses of rock, seemed to have no end; all was bare and forbidding and lonely under the scudding gray sky.

Kent Ferguson, seeing this particular bit of shore for the first time, felt himself fascinated by it. There was a purity, a wildness about it that seemed as soothing to his spirit as was the warm salt air to his face.

Behind him lay all the simple domestic peace of the Espinosa homestead, one of the humble old relics of a vanished and romantic day. The willows, the eucalyptus trees, the adobe house with its narrow poled balconies and distempered walls, all dated

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HELEN NORRIS



Jane's
son
Billy



The Señora



Jane's
Husband

of Juanita of Sunny California

Illustrations

by

Marshall Frantz

from the time when Spanish sheep ranches were scattered up and down the sunshiny dry stretches of California, and traveling padres on their sturdy burros could make in a long day's journey only the nearest neighbor's hospitable hacienda.

Once the Espinosa family had owned the whole county; now their glory was shrunken to a few hundred acres, a few hundred head of red cattle. The *camino real*, the royal road of a hundred years ago, was merely a State highway to the historic old Mission Church of San Esteban now, and motor-tire signs told the drivers of dusty cars from Cincinnati and East Saint Louis that this was "the site of the famous Espinosa rancho. The scene of much hospitality in the days before the discovery of gold. The wedding festivities of Señor Paulo Morones of Castile and Maria Giuseppina Espinosa in 1800 were marked by seven days of dancing, feasting, bull fighting and rejoicing, and attended by the leading families from the entire State."

In the little village of Solito, five miles away, Kent had seen a small brass sign: "Site of the Old Bull-Ring." It was an artistic little shop now, "Ye Crackleware Tea-Potte." Artists and would-be professional folk had found out Solito. It had a community theater; paintings by local artists were for sale in the "Old Surrey Grocery" and the "Neighbors' Girls' Gift Shop."

Only five miles away, and yet the Espinosa rancho seemed as lonely and as deserted this afternoon, Kent mused, as if it had been a very Rip van Winkle of farms, asleep here for two generations! The velvet bodices, the fans, the silver-studded saddles and the curveting Spanish horses were gone, the wine and laughter, the flirting and stabbing and singing; and only the weather-beaten adobe house with one elderly woman in it remained, and the surrounding cluster of barns and sheds and cabins occupied by a few Mexican half-breeds.

Kent had not seen Señora Espinosa in his somewhat guarded inspection of the place; the servants, across tramped dooryards pooled with late rains and churned by the hoofs of cattle, had regarded him in surprise from cabin doorways. Evidently they were unaccustomed to company at the rancho.

"The old lady must lead a gay life here, all alone!" he thought.

"Hello!" Kent said suddenly and loudly. There was something living—something moving—a girl—down there on the rocky edge of the cruel water.

He was over the lip of the cliff in a second, shouting as he lowered one foot after another on the almost impassable steepness of rocks and stony ridges, catching with his hands at projections, and so devoting his eyes to the needs of the descent that he was close upon the girl before she became aware of his presence at all. The winds, soft but steady, had evidently carried his voice away; the girl jumped as her eyes caught him, and the face she turned to him was startled and unfriendly.

She had been merely crouching close to the rocks, perhaps studying some sea thing in the pool; he saw now that she was unhurt, self-possessed, indeed, as she stood up and faced him.

A young girl—yet with the gravely smiling eyes of a woman. There was no sense of unfinished youth here. She was perhaps twenty-two or twenty-four, not tall, but with something oddly direct, oddly compelling, in the level steady glance of her blue eyes. Kent instantly felt himself an intruder.

"I beg your pardon!" he called, smiling, above the noise of waves and water. "I saw you from the cliff up there and it gave me a scare! I thought you might be in trouble—"

There was fair hair ringing itself against the rough edge of the little soft untrimmed hat she wore pulled down over her eyes. She gave him a quizzical swift smile.

"In trouble?" she echoed, in a voice whose husky sweetness was discernible even here, in the gusty warm wet wind.

"I didn't know—" Kent answered, smiling.

"Did you—" She had braced her slender body upon two firmly planted feet; he felt it almost impossible to get a steady footing here among the rocks, but she evidently knew them, every one. "Did you want to see the Señora?" she demanded.

"Just wandering about," Kent answered.

The young slim body was clad in a jersey dress of warm brown that clung to every perfect outline. Her low, sturdy shoes were laced over rough little stockings; she wore heavy gauntlets. If a pretty girl were bound upon so wild, so dangerous a walk upon so wild and unfriendly an afternoon, she could hardly, Kent decided, be better dressed for it, at any rate.

"Are you staying at the Saint Stephen—the hotel at Solito?" the girl asked, a shade more encouragingly.

Kent nodded, staggering as he attempted to adjust his feet into safer positions. A seventh wave bubbled and sucked close below them. Gulls swooped and peeped about his head. He felt the noise and motion oddly confusing; he felt almost a faint sensation of vertigo. The gray rocks, the gray ocean eternally tumbling and moving, the dark clouds in a darker sky were all strangely alarming. A fall here would be a fall to death. There would be small mercy between these rocky points, these walls and lumps and chunks of quarrelsome and restless green water.

"Here!" the girl, who had been studying his half annoyed and half smiling face with shrewd eyes, said suddenly. She extended an imperious and gauntleted hand, and Kent, grasping it, felt absolute security in the grip of her young fingers. "Come up this way and I'll surprise you!" she called in a friendly voice.

Still grasping her hand, he stumbled after her for a dangerous hundred yards. She was moving southward, and slightly toward the shore, rising steadily. Half-way up the cliff's rocky face she stepped almost out of sight, and Kent, panting after, found himself beside her in a roofed cave of rock only big enough to hold their two bodies. But in what delicious security and quiet it held them! The floor of the little shelter, upon which the girl in her brown jersey dress sat comfortably cross-legged, and upon which Kent sat as upon a chair, with his legs dangling outside, was roofed with black rock and floored with fine white sand. The noise of the pounding surf, the gulls, came only faintly here, and the wind's rough breath and voice not at all.

The silence, the peace of it, almost dazed Kent. The girl laughed frankly at his pleasure and relief in the sudden contrast.

"Can you believe it?" he said boyishly. "Lord, this is nice, after that!" And a jerk of his head indicated the running levels of green water. "The tide gets up here sometimes?"

"Oh, higher than this! We have autumn tides—well, today is a big tide!" the girl answered, smiling. "It's just turned—it's coming in. The water will be in here tonight," she predicted calmly, "just about high-water—just about ten o'clock!"

SHE had taken off her mashed little hat, and Kent thought he had never seen anything prettier than her bright hair, fine, shining gold hair that kept a child's free slippery wildness in its loosely gathered masses. It was straight hair, oddly without an effect of solidity or body, a soft, wild golden mop blown lightly about by all the salt winds of the Pacific. Her skin was fair too, but her brows were almost black, and so heavy that they enhanced the general impression she gave of a frowning, or at least an intent, child. Her eyes were very blue, and her mouth wide, over big, firm white teeth. An Englishwoman's mouth, Kent thought, and an Englishwoman's frank big smile. The gold hair looked like the northern races, too, and the blue eyes. But those heavy, straight, serious black brows somehow didn't fit. Altogether she hadn't quite grown up to her somewhat startling beauty; she would be extraordinary in ten years.

"These cliffs below the rancho are honeycombed with caves," she said. "Down there now—down the shore a mile or two, there's a real one, with a fireplace and a hammock—I've had it for my playhouse since I can remember anything at all."

"You're from Solito?" Kent hazarded. Perhaps in all the world there was no young man of thirty-one better fitted to appreciate the good fortune of finding anything as sweet, as fine and surprising, as this little adventure upon a lonely shore. He was conscious of enjoying it in every fiber of his being.

The girl, who had doubled her young body over in an unaffected and quite simple fashion to tie the lace of her low shoe, straightened herself up, the laces still in her fingers, to regard him with a surprised, with a faintly indignant expression in her eyes.

"I?" she asked proudly. "I'm Juanita Espinosa."

"Oh?" Kent acknowledged it, half smiling and half apologetic, in the moment of silence that followed the announcement. "I didn't know. I didn't know—Señora Espinosa—had any—what are you?—her niece?"

"Her daughter," the girl supplied. "Anyone in Solito could have told you," she assured him pointedly.

"Oh? And you live here?"

"All my life," she said. "Except," she qualified it, "that I've been to school—convent school for four years. My mother taught me here, all the grammar grades. And then I went to boarding school in Marysville."

"I see," Kent was politely interested. "But why Marysville? Aren't there nearer schools? San José, San Francisco?"

"My Espinosa aunts, and my grandmother—went to Notre Dame in Marysville," the girl answered staidly. "When my grandmother went there, Marysville was a bigger city than San Francisco, Los Angeles wasn't begun, and Benicia was the capital of the State. And to my mother—and my father's mother—Marysville is still the place where—where girls go to school," she ended, with a little laugh.

"Your grandmother must remember queer changes."

"My grandmother is dead," the girl said.

"And you liked boarding school?" Kent, half lying on his arm and drawing little patterns with a broken shell in the sand, asked with an upward glance.

She seemed almost visibly to withdraw.

"Very much," she answered primly and briefly.

KENT rightly interpreted the change of mood. She felt that she had been too expansive, that he had been doing all the questioning. He made amends.

"I didn't like boarding school so much," he volunteered easily, "until the last year. But college was a happy time for me. I'm from Princeton—my father was before me. My name is Ferguson—Kent Ferguson. I went in for English, and wrote, in my sophomore year—" He stopped abruptly, and a sudden shadow came over his face. "That was ten years ago," he said, smiling, and following the smile with a scowl.

"And do you write now?" Juanita demanded interestedly, after a pause in which she had studied somewhat bewilderedly his lowered head and serious face.

"I'm connected—usually—with a newspaper," Kent said with an effect of brevity, almost of reluctance. "Just now I'm doing a little—different work. And you?"—he branched off suddenly, with a smile, as he glanced up—"you are the last of the Espinosas?"

It was a very special smile. It seemed to tell Juanita Espinosa, as she answered it with her own smile, that she was a woman full of charm, and that he, as a man, recognized it. She felt her heart begin a slow frightened hammering, a fright delicious and new, mixed with joy, with an excitement that ran like wine, hot and thin, in her veins.

The moments seemed to linger exquisitely; every word, every look, had suddenly become magic. Of her body, young, soft, living, sheathed in its gown of brown worsted, of her own entity, she had somehow become aware; her brown young hands, her voice, her eyes, seemed those of a different girl.

Kent, sometimes looking up at her with a sympathetic half-smile in his handsome eyes, sometimes watching his own fingers as they etched lines and circles on the firm sand, talked with his own lazy humor, his own careless charm. Juanita was not quite so self-possessed; there was a little excitement in her delighted childish laugh, as if this were an adventure for her.

"And is this your vacation?" she asked seriously.

"This is my vacation."

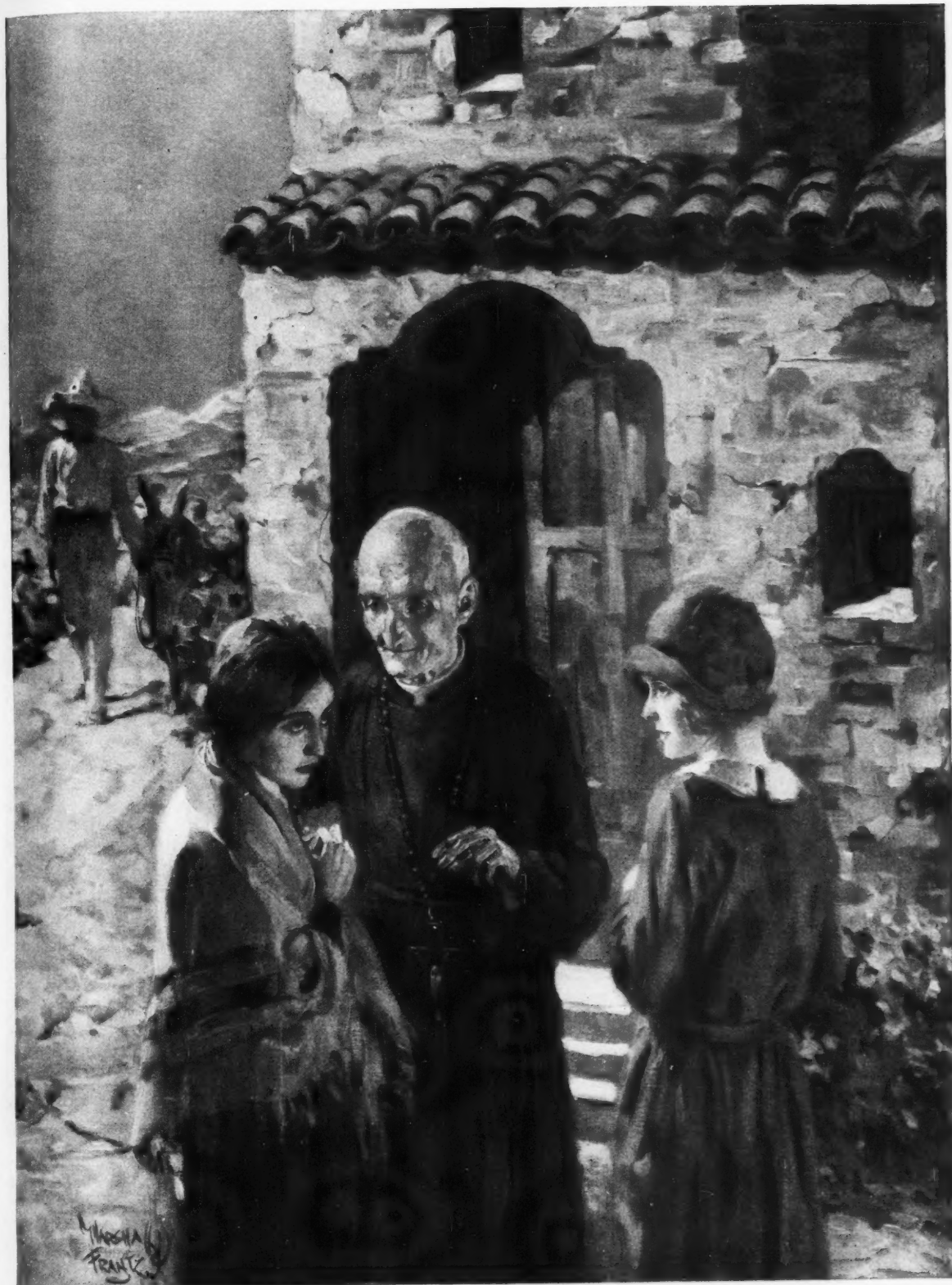
"They take good care of you over at the hotel? I know Fernandez, the old man who runs the place; his daughter married the man who used to be our coachman—when we had a coachman," said Juanita. "And I think he was born here on the rancho. Lots of them were," she added negligently.

The casual largeness of it interested Kent.

"American history has lots of romantic phases," he said. "But I don't think any one of them ever touched the Californian Spanish settlers for sheer beauty. I suppose that old bull-ring in Solito was on your great-great-great-something's place?"

"On my grandfather's!" she answered, flashing. "We have people on the place here who remember the old sheep-clippings, when there were three thousand sheep bleating and crowding in the sheds. Old 'Cencion, who is Lola's mother, remembered dances that lasted three days and nights, fiestas; we used to have the finest horses and the finest cattle in all California here. And

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C. *Alone, Juanita took the weeping Dolores to the priest—and now Dolores was Joe's proud wife.*

while 'Cencion lived we always had the morning song—the hymn, you know, that everyone sang." She had the trace of a lisp, blurred her s's just a little in true Spanish fashion.

Kent felt himself fired by the beauty of the old picture, the beauty of the young story-teller. "Lord, what an atmosphere! How one would love to write a novel about it!"

Juanita looked thoughtful. "All that," she said, a little sadly, "is long ago. It has all been slipping away, little by little. My mother is not Spanish; she is a New England woman. Beauty, for her," the girl added, with her faint characteristic frown, "is elm trees, gardens with hollyhocks and lilacs in them, snow, maple sugar parties— You've seen snow?"



C Juanita delayed her errand in Solito. There was an odd

"You mean you never have?" Kent asked, genuinely surprised.

"Oh, never!" she told him, smiling.

"Snow is very lovely," Kent said simply. And he tried to tell her something of the dark, sharp winter afternoons in a college town, the big lamps blooming golden in early dusk, the first velvet flurry twisting and tumbling against old brick houses, the soft glow of lighted windows, children shouting and running, the jingling of sleigh-bells on country roads. "To see little trees all furred and bent with it," he said, "and forests where it slips softly down into the white—white—white—as far as you can see, between the black trunks—"

But she shook her head.

"No figs—no apricots—no eucalyptus trees, and the sun going down on the wrong side of the ocean!" she said whimsically. "To be away from the brown hills, and the redwoods! If I ever had to leave this place," Juanita said, under her breath, "it would break my heart."

24

"But my dear child," Kent said after a pause, with a big-brotherly air of amusement, "you don't expect to spend all your life here?"

"Oh, but why not?" asked Juanita, alarmed. "You seem—" she went on anxiously, "you think it's too much—for one girl!"

"Too much," Kent answered deliberately, "and too little."

"Too little!" she echoed, astonished. "Why, but what more—what more could anyone have? I have my mother, and we have enough—not as the old Espinosas had it, but plenty," she added, smiling.

"We sell calves and pigs and fruit and chickens, something every week, and I have my horse, and my boat, and my walks, and the Mission and the village so near, and the garden, and books, and my music—" Her voice fell. "It is too much for one person!" she said, with sorrowful conviction.

"You are that astonishing thing, a contented woman," Kent said, laughing, "and far be it from me to hint that perhaps some day you will want something more. The hour may come when

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hunger in her heart. For only a word, a glance, she must see Kent Ferguson again.

you will turn your back on all of it," he added, in a tone so hard that Juanita glanced at him in astonishment. His face was dark; he was looking down. "On the people who love you, on the life that was planned for you, on safety—on home."

SHE was hardly more than a child, after all, and sitting cross-legged on the sandy shelf beside him, she bent and turned her face curiously, trying to look into his face.

"Why?" she asked directly. "Why do you speak so funnily? Did you do that?"

"It was something like that," Kent answered, looking up with a somewhat shamefaced smile.

"You left your father and mother?" Juanita asked, astonished, as though she could hardly believe it.

"By request," said Kent.

"By— They were angry at you?"

"They were angry at me—ashamed of me. I took exactly eleven dollars and forty cents, and came away."

"But you wrote them?" she asked, distressed.

"Never," Kent answered briefly.

"And have they another son to help them?"

"My brother and my sister—yes. They don't," he said briefly, "need me."

Juanita looked at him for a while in silence.

"You are acting as if it was a sort of joke," she said shrewdly, "but I don't think it can have been so funny!"

Kent glanced at her, grinning, and his eyes were blinking and bright. "You're quite right. It was not funny," he conceded, laughing a little bitterly.

"Won't they—forgive you?" the girl asked, after thought.

"I have never given them the pleasure of refusing," said Kent.

"But if you do well on your newspaper," Juanita argued earnestly, "and if you get along, wouldn't they be glad?"



The Señora was uneasy at every unexpected sound tonight. And Juanita dreamed enchanted dreams.

"That," Kent drawled, "places the matter in a new light. Perhaps if I *do* get along and *do* do well, I'll mail my father a little check and ask his forgiveness," he added satirically.

Something reckless in his manner vaguely disturbed the girl, and she wondered if what he had done was very bad. "You hadn't done anything *awful*?" she submitted timidly.

"I didn't think so. I fell in love with a young lady in a candy store, Hattie Anderson," said Kent, with unexpected frankness, "and wanted to cut my college work short, get a job and marry her. That was all!"

26

"Oh!" Somehow she felt a little hurt, a little shocked. "And your father didn't like it?"

"I gather he did not. Anyway, he kicked me out. And my mother would not see me."

"Oh! And she—the girl——"

"She explained at great length that she was engaged to a young man in Trenton," Kent said presently.

Juanita, stunned at the thought of such tragedies, sat silent for a full minute. "You'll meet some one else some day," she ventured then, mildly.

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"I have—half a dozen times," Kent responded in a hard, cheerful voice, getting to his feet. "We are going to get washed out of here by the tide in about five minutes!" he said.

Juanita gave him her gloved hand again; the footing on the tide-lashed cliff was bad. They could not speak; the wild roar and riot of it enveloped them. The wind tore at the girl's clinging gown, at her close hat; Kent jammed his cap down tightly, feeling oddly confused in the noise and violence of these whirling elements.

"Hang—together!" Juanita, as they reached the blown levels of the cliff, shouted in his ear. He saw that she was actually enjoying it; her gold hair was blown about wildly, her slender body actually swayed to the gale, and she loved it. She had locked her arm tightly in his, she was bent forward to plunge head-on through the storm. Her laughter was caught on the wind like flame, blew by him and was lost.

"You will have to run for it if this wind holds!" Juanita called. "That's your road, down there where the dust is blowing so. The tide's rising every minute, and long before high tide, in a wind like this, the bar is under water. Look yonder!" She pointed almost due north, and Kent's look followed her finger. "See the flat there," the girl said; "between us and the Mission—that's where our road runs! And when the tide's high, we're an island. You can see the water rising there now."

"But here—back of us—toward the south," Kent cried, against the wild airs, "aren't your fields on the mainland there?"

"Some of them are, but this part, where the house is, is cut off completely by a channel—an ugly channel, too, cut clean through the hill, and rocky," Juanita shouted back. "It's only twenty feet wide in most places, but anything that drops in there—oh, look!" She interrupted herself in astonishment, and her pointing finger now indicated the ranch buildings, low and flat, under the big, shaggy trees. "Look! A motor-car! What on earth is that doing at our place?"

Kent glanced in surprise at her startled face.

"Is that so extraordinary?" he asked.

"Well, yes," said the girl, pleasurably excited. "I don't know that I ever knew it to happen before! Nobody ever comes down our road even if—even if today the road weren't almost under water already."

"But surely—surely *somebody* comes to call now and then," Kent suggested, at a shout. "Aunts, for example. Everybody has aunts who make calls."

"Well, I haven't!" Juanita called, with an accent on the pronoun, and without removing her puzzled eyes from the motor-car, as she began almost to run down the road. "Our only relatives are quite terrible people—the Castellagos, of Mexico City, enormously rich, with fourteen children—I've never even seen them."

She was moving toward the ranch-house now, with a sort of free grace in her quickened stride. For a few hundred feet, after they turned their backs to the sea, they could see the old place laid like a panorama before them, and beyond it the wide flat space where the creek came through, and where, Juanita had said, the rising tide sometimes closed the road.

After it left the cliffs the old dirt road dipped down into a lane hung with dry mallow bushes and willows and a few straggling oaks, and here again the wind was baffled and a deep country stillness reigned. They might have been two hundred miles from the sea, rather than scarce that many yards.

And here, in the sudden almost bewildering peace and quiet, Juanita seemed to realize for the first time how strange had been their little adventure, and when her sidewise glance caught Kent's sidewise glance she reddened and laughed a desperate little laugh.

"I am thinking that—that was funny," she said, a little hesitatingly; "our meeting, and our beginning to talk—at once that way. Nobody ever gets over this far, onto our rocks, and I suppose—I suppose I felt that that made you—not quite a stranger."

He thought it charmingly said, with the little rushes and pauses, and the bright color in her cheeks, and the odd childish air of beseeching in her blue eyes.

"I don't know what my mother would say," she added. And in a more definite voice, and with a tinge of defiance in it, she added, "I know *well* what Sister Louise would!"

"Surely," said Kent, "human beings may talk to each other when they meet upon a lonely beach?"

"I thought," Juanita said, half to herself, and he could see that she was ranging her defenses against some imaginary arraignment, "I thought you wanted to speak to mother. I naturally

asked you what you wanted. I saw—I saw then, of course—that—"

"That?" Kent urged her as she paused.

"That you were the sort of person one speaks to!" Juanita said triumphantly. And more hurriedly, as they emerged from the lane into a portion of level road that obviously led through cow yards and corrals to the ranch-house, she added: "Mr. Ferguson, do let me warn you! You're walking, and you positively won't get across that bar until low tide, which is something after midnight, unless you run for it. There's a heavy tide tonight. You'll just make it in daylight as it is."

"I'll run for my life!" said Kent, looking at her rather than at the road.

"And then it's five straight miles into Solito. Will you," Juanita asked with some concern, "mind that?"

"I'll love it," Kent assured her, after a second's hesitation. "Well," he added, smiling, "good-by."

They stood for a moment smiling a little vaguely, Juanita looking straight up into his face, from under the plain little hat and the fly away gold hair, and Kent holding the hand she had given him in farewell. The road was behind them now; they were out under a long line of eucalyptus, brown and weather-beaten, standing like sentinels between the brown, weather-beaten fields and the colorless fences.

"You turn left there, before you get to the barns," the girl directed him; "there's a path past that field where the corn-stalks are—then you go straight toward the bar. I'd—I'd keep moving if I were you. Good-by."

Kent wrenched her hand, and again they smiled at each other, before he turned away. Juanita stood for a long time looking after him, her blue eyes serious, blinking slowly like those of a thoughtful child. Her breast rose and fell upon an occasional deep breath.

"If that water is over the bar," she said, half aloud, "he'll have to come back."

JUANITA crossed a dooryard worn bare and hard by the trampling of feet throughout two hundred years of vigorous living, under the rapidly shedding pepper and willow and eucalyptus. She entered a low shabby gate that gave, Spanish fashion, upon a square court.

The adobe walls of the patio were gray in twilight, peeling and shabby. They were flanked by a narrow earth-floored porch, roofed by old pipe-tiles, and supported by poles. There were jointed, dry geraniums languishing in jars, a great olla, sweating darkly, hung from a beam, and yellow corn in the ear and tassels of red peppers dangled by the kitchen door. A round fountain, in the center, had been dry for a hundred years; Juanita saw that Lola had laid great turkey wings upon its chipped brim, to dry for stove brooms.

A glow came from the kitchen door; forms moved briskly through the red fumes within. Lola, Lolita and Dolores, mother, daughter and granddaughter, were having their usual brisk battle over the dinner-getting.

"Wouldn't you think you three could get a little chili and soup together without breaking all the Commandments!" Juanita called as she passed, in easy Spanish.

"Oh, heart of the dear Lord, Señorita," the middle-aged woman answered smoothly, in the tongue the girl had used, "it isn't the taste of the dinner, for the Señora eats nothing, and you are like a child that will stuff itself on bread and jam while the meat is coming in, but what of this army of locusts that Tonio will have in tomorrow—the cattle men, God send a blight on them!"

The rich, easy voice, in which no trace of real concern or distress lingered, was still in Juanita's ears as she opened one of the low doors and entered the main room of the hacienda, the long, earth-floored apartment that Maria Cutter, a shy, pale-headed girl from a prim New England homestead, had tried to turn into a parlor like her mother's, when she had married the last of the Espinosas thirty years before.

The same Maria, but with her pale hair white and lifeless now, and her thin small face almost as white, was sitting here when Juanita, aflush with youth and with all the joy and mystery of youth, came in.

It was an odd room, but like all the rest of her environment, and like all the circumstances in which she found herself, it was simply taken for granted by the daughter of the house with that unquestioning loyalty and satisfaction that is part of youth. The rambling hacienda had disadvantages truly, but it was home. More, it was one of the show places of the Golden State that was so rapidly losing its beautiful old

(Continued on page 167)



*Ma Quail had opened
the door softly, softly.*

Mother Knows Best

Illustrations by Pruett Carter

THEY say there never was such a funeral in the history of New York's theatrical life. Belasco was there, and of course Dan Frohman; and though it was an eleven o'clock service even two of the Barrymores got up in time to arrive at the undertaker's chapel just before the casket was carried out. The list of honorary pall-bearers sounded like the cast of an all-star benefit at the Century. And as for the flowers! A drop-curtain of white orchids; a blanket of lilies of the valley; a pillow of creamy camellias; sheaves of roses; banks of violets. Why, the flowers alone, if translated into money, would have supported the Actors' Home for years.

Everything was on a similar scale. Satin where others have silk; silver where others have brass; twelve where ordinarily there are six. And her mother, Mrs. Quail ("Ma Quail"—and the term was not one of affection) swathed in expensive mourning which transformed her into a sable pillar of woe through whose transparencies you somehow got the impression that she was automatically counting up the house.

In the midst of it all lay Sally Quail, in white chiffon that was a replica of the full floating white chiffon dancing dress that she always wore at the close of her act. A consistent enough costume. Sally was smiling a little; and all those tell-tale lines that she had fought during the past ten years—the tiny lines that, between thirty and forty, etch themselves about a woman's eyes and mouth and forehead—were wiped out magically, completely. What ten years of expert and indefatigable massage had never been able to do, the Mysterious Hand had accomplished in a single gesture. You almost expected her to say, in that thrillingly husky voice of hers, and with the girlish simper that she had adopted when she went on the professional stage at fourteen and still had used—not so happily—at forty:

"I will now try to give you an imitation of Miss Sally Quail at twenty. Miss—Sally—Quail—at—twenty." And it had then turned out to be an uncanny piece of mimicry, embodying not only facial similarity but something of the soul and spirit as well. Though, in this particular imitation, according to the Scriptures, soul and spirit were supposed to have fled.

Crushed though she was by her sorrow, it had been Ma Quail who had seen to it that this, her talented daughter's last public appearance, should be in every detail as flawless as all her public appearances had been. A born impresario, Ma Quail. During the three days preceding the funeral she had insisted that they

come to her for sanction in every arrangement from motor-cars to minister. And she supervised the seating arrangements like a producer on a first night.

"Sally'd have wanted me to," she explained. "She always said mother knows best."

Of course a lot of people know that Sally Quail's real name was Louisa Schlagel. Not that it matters. Even a name like that couldn't have stopped her climb toward fame. The Schlagels, mother and daughter, had come from Neenah, Wisconsin, propelled rapidly by Mrs. Schlagel. Between Neenah, Wisconsin, and Chicago, Illinois, they had become Mrs. Quail and Sally Quail, respectively. Mrs. Schlagel had read Hall Caine's "The Christian." Both book and play of that title were enormously in vogue at the time. She had thought the heroine's name a romantic and lovely thing and had, perhaps almost unconsciously, appropriated its cadences for use in her daughter's stage career. "Glory Quayle . . . Glory Quayle . . . Sally . . . Sally Quayle . . . Sally Quail . . . that's it! Sally Quail. That's short, and easy to remember. And you don't run into anybody else with a name like that."

There's no doubt that if it hadn't been for this tireless general and terrible tyrant, her mother, Sally Quail would have remained Louisa Schlagel, of Neenah, Wisconsin, to the end of her days. Though her natural gifts had evidenced themselves even in her very early childhood, it had been her mother—that driving and relentless force—who had lifted her to fame and fortune. That force of Ma Quail's, in terms of power units—amperes, kilowatts, pounds—would have been sufficient to light a town, run a factory, move an engine. The girl had had plenty of spirit, too, at first. But it had been as nothing compared to the woman's iron quality. If ever a girl owed everything to her mother, that girl was Sally Quail. She said so, frequently. So did Ma Quail.

SALLY was forty when she died of typhoid after an illness of but a few days. You were a little startled to learn this. Somehow you had never thought of her as a mature woman, perhaps because she had never married; perhaps because of her mother's unceasing chaperonage. All her life she was duennaed like a Spanish Infanta. Through her mother's tireless efforts Sally Quail had had everything in the world—except one.

In announcing her death the newspaper head-lines called her Our Sally. The news was cabled all over the world, and was certainly as important in London and Paris as it was in New York and Chicago and San Francisco. Hers had been international fame. Hundreds of thousands of people were conscious of a little pang born of shock and regret when they said, over the morning paper at breakfast:

"I see where Sally Quail's dead. Gosh, that's too bad! She was just a kid. First time I saw her was in—let's see—no, she

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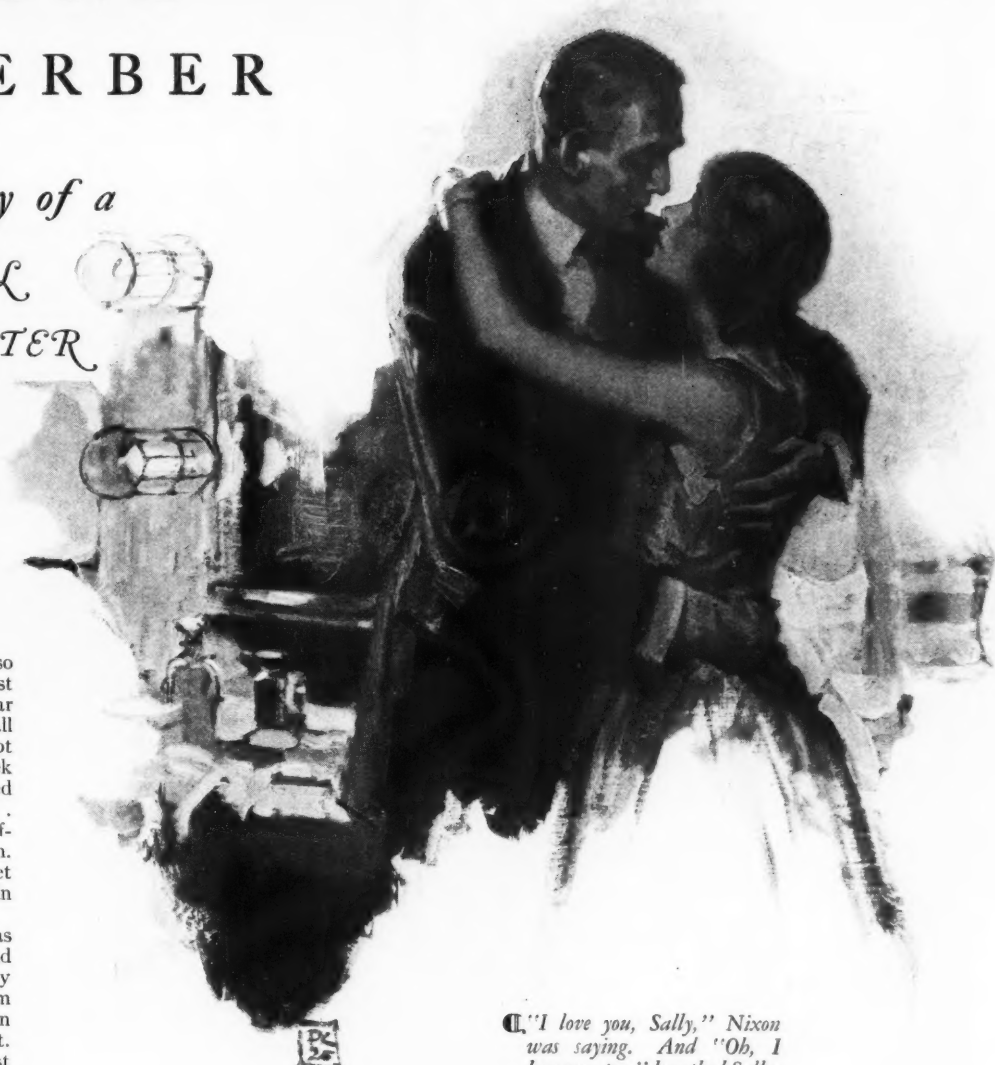
couldn't have been so young, at that. Must have been darned near forty. But an artist, all right. They say she got five thousand a week every time she stepped into vaudeville . . . Say, look here, this coffee's stone cold again. Why is it you can't get a hot cup of coffee in this house!"

When Ma Quail was Mrs. Schlager she had been the wife of Henry Schlager, than whom there was nothing in Neenah less important. He was a small druggist of the kind who doesn't install a soda fountain in his drug store. Even Mrs. Schlager couldn't make a success of her husband Henry, though she had early turned the full battery of her forces upon him; had tried to bully, bribe, cajole, threaten, nag, scold and weep him into it. She was a fiercely ambitious woman, but there was no molding Henry. He was fluid, spineless. When you tried to shape him he ran through your fingers.

Henry came of better stock than she. Mrs. Schlager had sprung from a rather common lot living the other side of the tracks. Her marriage with the meek and dusty little apothecary had been, technically, something of a social triumph for the girl. Her father had been a day laborer, her mother a slattern. The girl, lively, high-spirited, good-looking in a bold dark sort of way, decided to lift herself out of this and did it in ten visits to the fusty drug store on fictitious errands.

The little pharmacist, mixing drugs and grinding powders between mortar and pestle, knew nothing of the mysteries of human chemistry. His wedding was as much a surprise to him as it was to the rest of the town.

The girl Louisa was born seven years after their marriage. By the time she was six years old the mothers of the neighborhood knew just where to find their offspring any summer evening after supper. They were certain to be gathered under the corner arc-light with the June-bugs blundering and bumping blindly all about, and crackling under foot, while Louisa Schlager recited "Little Orphan Annie" and sang "Jolly Old St. Nicholas" (with gestures) and gave imitations of the crowd's respective papas and mamas with uncanny fidelity.



"I love you, Sally," Nixon was saying. And "Oh, I love you, too," breathed Sally.

Stern parental voices, summoning children to bed, died away unheard on the soft summer air. Or, if heard: "Willie! Clara! Come on now!" No answer. "Will Meyers, don't you let me call you again!"

"Well, Pete's sake, wait a minute, can't you! She's in the middle of it."

Sometimes an irate parent bent on violence would come marching down to the corner, only to be held in thrall.

It was absurd, because she was a plain child, thin, big-eyed, sallow. By the time she was twelve she was speaking pieces at the Elks' Club Ladies' Evening and singing and giving imitations at church sociables and K. P. suppers. The little druggist objected to this, prompted by something fine and reticent within him. But his wife was tasting the first fruits of triumph. She had some one to manage, some one to control, some one on whom to turn the currents of her enormous directing energy.

By the time Louisa was thirteen her mother was demanding five dollars a performance for her services, and getting it, which was in its way as much of a triumph in that day and place as was the five thousand a week contract which she consummated in later years. At thirteen the girl was a long-legged gangling creature, all eyes and arms and elbows and—luckily—soft brown curls. She had no singing voice, really, but the vocal organ possessed a certain husky tonal element that had in it something of power, something of tragedy, much of flexibility. And when she smiled there was a quality most engaging about her. A frank,

boyish sort of grin that took you into her confidence; that said, "Aren't we having a grand time!"

It is difficult to say how her mother recognized the gold-mine in her. She induced the manager of the little local vaudeville theater to let Louisa go on one Monday night in an act made up of two songs and three imitations and one dance that was pretty terrible. It was before the day of the ubiquitous motion picture. The Bijou presented vaudeville of the comic tramp and the Family Four variety. Sandwiched in between these there appeared this tall gawky girl with terrifically long legs and a queer husky voice and large soft brown eyes staring out from a too thin face.

The traveling men in the audience, hardened by the cruelties of amateur nights in vaudeville, began to laugh. But the girl finished her opening song and went into her imitations. She imitated Mansfield, Mabel Hite and Rose Coghlan, all of whom her mother had taken her to see at the Appleton, Wisconsin, Opera House, just twenty-five minutes distant by interurban street-car. The one-night stand was flourishing then, and the stars of the theater were not so lofty that they would refuse to twinkle west of Chicago.

Well, even the traveling men saw that here was a weird and unusual gift. Something in the sight of this awkward white-faced child transforming herself miraculously before their eyes into the tragic mask of the buxom Coghlan, or the impish grotesqueries of the clownish Hite, or the impressive person of Mansfield, moved the beholder to a sort of tearful laughter. Still, it cannot be said that there was anything spectacular about this, her first appearance on a professional stage. The opinion was that, while the kid was clever, she ought to be home in bed.

That trial served to crystallize into determination the half formed plan in Mrs. Schlagel's mind. She took the child to Chicago, lied about her age, haunted such booking offices as that city afforded, hounded the vaudeville managers, fought the Gerry Society, got a hearing, wrote her husband that she was not coming back—and the career of Sally Quail was started.

To the day she died there was always something virginal and untouched looking about Sally Quail. It was part of her charm. At twenty she looked seventeen. At twenty-nine she looked twenty. At thirty she looked twenty-five. At thirty-five she looked thirty—under that new overhead lighting they're using in the best theaters. And then, at thirty-nine, suddenly, she looked thirty-nine. Though she was massaged and manicured and brushed and creamed and exercised and packed in cotton wool, she took on, in some mysterious way, the appearance of the woman of whom we say that she is well-preserved.

For twenty-five years—from fifteen to forty—nothing could prevent Sally's progress, for the way was cleared for her by her mother. That remarkable woman pushed on as relentlessly, as irresistibly as a glacier, sweeping before her every obstruction that stood in her path. Here was this girl who could sing a little, though she had no voice; dance a little, though she had too long legs; act a little, though her dramatic gift was slight; mimic marvelously. No one ever made more out of little than did Ma Quail. She fought for contracts. She fought for plays. She fought for a better spot always in vaudeville, and even from the first Sally never closed the show.

IT WAS years before Sally became a real head-liner in vaudeville, with the star's dressing-room and her name in electric lights over the entrance. But her mother surrounded her with all the care, the glamour, the ceremony of stardom. She was tireless, indomitable. Press-agents featured Sally just to escape her mother. Office boys wilted at her approach. Managers and producers received her with a kind of grim and bitter admiration; recognizing this iron woman as one against whom their weapons were powerless.

"Now look here, Mrs. Quail," they would say, in desperation, "you don't expect me to go to work and star a girl that hasn't got the stuff for it." Then, in anticipation of what was coming, from the look in Ma Quail's face: "Now, wait a minute! Wait a minute! I don't say she won't, after a while. Give her time. She's only a kid. Wait till she has a little experience. She'll grow. Prob'ly be a great artist some day. She's a great little kid, that kid of yours. Only—"

Though it was, perhaps, old Kiper himself speaking, here he floundered, hesitated, stopped. Ma Quail's steely glance ran him through. "Only what?"

A heartening clasp at his unlighted cigar. "Well—uh—how old is Sally now? Between us, you know, how old is the kid?" "Nineteen."

"Hm. Twenty-one, huh? Ever been in love?"

Ma Quail bridled. "Sally has always had a great deal of attention, and the boys all—"

"Ye-es, I know. I know. Has she ever been in love?"

Mrs. Quail pursed up her lips, tossed her head. "Sally is as unspoiled as a child, and as pure as one, too. She's never even been kissed. She—"

Ben Kiper brought one fat fist down on the mahogany of his office desk.

"Yeh, and why? No fellah's going to kiss a girl when her mother's holding her hand. Now, wait a minute. Don't get huffy. I'm telling you something for your own good, and nobody knows better than Ben Kiper that when he does that he loses a friend every time. But I'm going to tell you just the same. You've been a wonderful mother to that kid, but if you're smart you'll let her alone now. Let her paddle her own canoe a little. Give her a chance. What if she does run on the rocks a little, and bump her nose and stub her toe—" He was getting mixed in his metaphor, but his sincerity was undeniable.

"You're crazy," said Ma Quail. "Sally can't get along without me. She's said so a million times and it's true. She can't get dressed without me, or make up. She can't go on unless I'm standing in the first entrance. She'd be lost without me."

"Yeah. Well." He made a little gesture of finality, of defeat.

"All right, Ma. You win. Only when she leaves you, don't come around and say I didn't warn you."

MA QUAIL stood up, her diamond ear-drops flashing with the vigor of her movements. She had started to buy diamonds in Sally's second year of stage success. At first they were rather smoky little diamonds of the kind that cluster around a turquoise for support. But as the years went on you could mark the degree of Sally's progress by the increasing whiteness, brilliance and size of Ma Quail's gems. She bought them, she said, as an investment. At this moment they were only fair in size, refractive power and color. But they took on life from the very energy of their wearer.

"And let me tell you this, Mr. Kiper. When the day comes that you'll offer my Sally twenty-five hundred a week, and she'll turn it down—"

"You'll turn it down, you mean," interrupted Kiper.

"All right. I'll turn it down. But just remember the time when you refused to star her for five hundred a week. You can tell the story on yourself if you want to. You're probably just fool enough."

Which is no way for a stage mama to talk to a powerful and notoriously kind-hearted old theatrical manager. But as it turned out, he was wrong and she was right, in the matter of predictions.

Ben Kiper, seeing that he had hit home, decided he might as well let Ma Quail have both barrels and make an enemy for life. He was interested in Sally's career, and fond of the girl. And he was a wise old gargoyle. Ma Quail was fastening her furs, an angry eye on the door. Kiper fixed upon her a look at once patriarchal and satyric—in itself no mean histrionic feat.

"Now listen, Ma. You know's well as I do that no girl can make a hit in musical comedy unless she's got sex appeal. And how's anybody going to find out whether Sally's got it or not until you cut loose those apron-strings you've got her all tied up with? My God—a stage nun! That's what she is. Let her fall in love and break her heart, and pick up the pieces, and marry, and have a terrible time, maybe; and fight, and make up, and get—"

Ma Quail was at the door. She looked every inch the stage mother. Suddenly her face was darkly stamped and twisted with jealousy and fear. "Sally doesn't want to marry. Sally doesn't want to marry. She's told me so."

"Yeh?" The old eyes, with the oyster pouches beneath, narrowed as they regarded her. Freud and fixations were not cant words at that time; and certainly old Ben Kiper foresaw nothing of the latter-day psychology. But he knew many of the tortuous paths that twist the human mind; and here he recognized something familiar and ugly. "Yeh? Who put that funny idea in her head? Give her a chance, why don't you?"

"If my Sally ever marries it'll be a prince."

"Prince! Hell! Not if she picks him," yelled old Kiper, just before she slammed the door behind her.

You would have thought that blunt talk like this might have opened her eyes, but such scenes only served to increase Ma Quail's watchfulness, her devotion, her tireless planning.

Sometimes head-liners (feminine) (Continued on page 221)



A Sally was racked by self-reproach. And Ma Quail rolled her eyes, and groanea, and made her promise, over and over, that she would never see Nixon again.



© Firis MacDonald

Frank Swinnerton, *novelist and critic, author of "Young Felix," "Coquette," "September," "Nocturne."*

HAVING lately reached the age of forty, I believe that I may fairly consider myself settled in character. This is not the place to bewail the fact, although few of us are satisfied of our own perfection. We may seem so, and may even inspire hatred in others because of our ability to seem so; but in fact we are none of us satisfied. If we *were* satisfied, we should be spiritually dead. This would be a pity.

But—still dissatisfied—I have been taking stock of the last forty years, and imagining the next—how many years? It is what Mr. Arnold Bennett would call "a solemnizing thought" that I have lived possibly two-thirds of my life, that I know what I want for the future, and that there is a chance of my getting a fair proportion of what I want.

Few people get what they believe themselves most to desire; but that is because they make one great mistake in youth. They want to *be* something instead of to *do* something. And their instincts lead them one way while their judgment leads them another. In such cases instincts often win—more often than not.

And here let me say one hard thing. I have heard many complaints of circumstance from those who have not done as they wished. In all such cases it has been easy to discover the reason. While the man who fails because he has aimed too high is to be revered, he is a rarity. Such men do not regard their failures.

*I am
that rarest
of rare
individuals*

A Happy Man

By

Frank Swinnerton

They look forward to further adventure. Their optimism is inexhaustible. But they are not—as some sentimentalists would have us think—the only failures.

There is a more common kind of failure, much more often to be met with. The man who fails because he aims astray or because he does not aim at all is to be found everywhere. He demands our sympathy without shame. He complains freely. He borrows from us the wherewithal to live. He saps our energy with his parasitism. Such a man is merely to be pitied. Nothing can help him, or could ever have helped him, for the reason that he is fundamentally unstable or incapable of helping himself. Such men are as the wild convolvulus.

They must cling to others for support of their straggling growths.

Let us pity our failures, but do not let us suppose them to be—as one was once in my hearing extolled for being—failures because they lack alloy, because they are pure gold. They are failures in what they have desired because they have not sincerely desired it, or because they have desired something else more. Or, as I have said, because they are born parasites.

I do not mean to suggest that there is no such thing as luck. On the contrary.

This explanation made, I should like to tabulate some few of the things I do *not* want. There are many others, but these will do.

I do not want money.

I do not want fame.

I do not want a life of gaiety.

I do not want possessions, in the sense of jewels, automobiles, villas on the Riviera and town houses, slaves, or gold and silver plate.

I do not want innumerable acquaintances.

I do not want contentment.

I do not want "For he's a jolly good fellow" to be sung when I rise to my feet.

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C. Mr. Swinnerton always wanted to live in an old-fashioned cottage. Now he does. This is his home, "Old Tokefeld," in Surrey.

These, I say, are a few of the things I do not want. Other people want such things. To many, these are the prizes of life. Very well, if that is so we shall know how to distribute such prizes; for if they want them steadfastly enough these people will get them all.

But as far as I am concerned others may have every one of the blessings I do not need.

Some like to find themselves in a theater, on a first night, surrounded by folk they know. When I go to the theater it is to see a play; and when the play is over I like to go home to bed. Not for me is the theater supper, the after-supper dance, the carouse. Some need these things as stimulants. They wish to have gaiety, excitement. They are incessantly in search of diversion. In return for some imaginary contributions to the credit side of their account with life, they demand quick and frequent settlements. They give little or nothing except their company but they must have entertainment at any cost. Others want what they call "a quiet life." They want to vegetate. They want to lose interest in everything but their own comfort. I hope I shall never be as they.

There are human beings who wish the visible trappings of success, the automobiles, the applause, the servility of hotel employees, the consciousness of opulence and distinction in the world's eyes. How short-sighted are these people! They may have all these blessings, may carry them everywhere, but they may never know the love and respect of their fellow creatures. As soon as their backs are turned they may be forgotten. As soon as their purses are empty they may lack even hospitality. They may have toadies, but they may never have friends. What a world to live in!

The reason I do not want wealth is that money is only useful in so far as it buys ease and comfort and the regard of those whose regard is not worth having. As for ease and comfort—once one has attained a reasonable degree of comfort, the rest is a superfluity. Luxury is good for nobody except the manufacturers of luxuries. And habitual luxury is a bore, for it kills enjoyment of the occasional rare treat.

Wealth has no value in itself. It has no real value as the means of helping others, because sporadic charity is one of the most uncertain of all benefits to the unfortunate. I have known some rich men, some "successful" men, and I have been shocked by the sight of their friends and beneficiaries. These friends and beneficiaries are deferential, flattering, even boastful of acquaintance with the great; but this is not the friendship I covet. I will explain in a little while what I require of friendship. It is certainly not deference or flattery. I can say at once that I have never enjoyed deference or flattery, except from strangers. My own friends are the reverse of flattering or deferential. They would not understand any suggestion that they should behave otherwise than naturally. Most of them are extremely caustic. I need say no more.

And I do not want fame. Of what use is it? It may tickle the vanity for a time, but it becomes an intolerable nuisance. The film star is probably the most famous kind of person now living; and the film star—like a royal personage—has no private life to speak of. There is no privacy for the famous. Every action of theirs is seen and judged, together with some actions which have been only rumored. As one famous man once said to me, "Much worse than the worst is known of me."

The benefits to be derived from obscurity are incalculable. Only the very young believe that it is pleasant to be stared at. I do not think any distress can exceed that of being pointed out in the street or in a restaurant. The famous person shares such distinction with the infamous.

There is the question of "influence." I am told that when one is rich and famous one has great power to do good to the world. Is that the reason men seek fame and fortune? I think not. I think the real motive power is ambition, the ambition to be rich and famous and powerful for the sake of being rich and famous and powerful. I have never had such ambition.

It takes all sorts of men to make up humankind, and I do not grudge the men who desire wealth and position the attainment of their object. But this kind of ambition affects most the more solemn kind of man. In its meanest form this ambition creates the petty domestic tyrant, the shining light of the small debating society, the pompous town councilor, the frog who bursts himself in trying to seem to be a bull.

WHEN I was very young indeed I lived in such poverty that sometimes a whole day would pass without a meal. I had poor clothes. I was ill, often so sick with hunger and fatigue that I could hardly raise my head. My mother, father and brother shared those wretched days. We starved for weeks and years, living from day to day on chance earnings, and, when we had nothing to eat, laughing at our own distresses. This laughter was not what is called "plucky." It was not deliberate cheerfulness. It arose from natural buoyancy of spirit. We laughed because it was our nature to laugh. We did not grow bitter, or rage against the capitalist, or steal, or do any desperate thing. We laughed. Very poor people have to have good spirits, or they could not live.

Sometime during this period I realized that I wanted to become a writer. I was only ten years old when the ambition arose. I wanted to be a journalist. I have always wanted to be a journalist, and, although I have contributed articles, reviews, theatrical criticism, stories, and even odd nondescript paragraphs to periodicals since I was fifteen years old, I have never been a journalist. In that respect I have been thwarted by circumstance. The change in direction—for to be a novelist and the writer of two critical studies is only to vary a direction—arose from the fact that at the age of sixteen I went into (Continued on page 149)

There Are Always

TWO



*The
Wife's
Side*

*Photographs by
Campbell Studio*



Ruth Waterbury, the Wife

I HAD the most beautiful theories about marriage. I looked about me and thought and thought, like Minever Cheevey, and the more I thought, the more convinced I became that I knew what was the matter with this persistent institution.

The whole thing, I always proclaimed, was that people, women especially, went into marriage emotionally. My plan was to enter this relationship intelligently, most intelligently, after, of course, one was sure one was in love.

My marriage would be the sort that people would talk of, and sigh over, and murmur, "Well, at least there's one happy couple in the world." My marriage was going to be dedicated, not to solemnity and a family, but to brilliance, amusement and the furthering of my own and my husband's ambitions. It would be in the true sense a marriage of convenience, since it is more convenient to be married than to be lovers and not married.

There would be other men and women in our lives. The salon motif was somewhere in the background. I could see myself entertaining bearded men and emancipated ladies. We would be individuals and we would be free, asking nothing of each other, giving only our best; fostering our love; never destroying it by details; and so forth and so forth.

good salary easily. In no other city save New York could I have dressed so well on so little. In no other place could I have played around with so many men with so few consequences.

If the men were merely dallying, so was I. I really didn't want to get married until sometime in a vague future. I didn't want to be tied down. My theories of marriage were largely a line, and a preparedness against the possible disaster of falling in love.

It was easy to keep away from love. The boys who might have proposed to me were earning next to nothing. They couldn't compete with the older men, who were already wed. And the older men, by and large, were no heavy (Continued on page 180)

When Milton Raison and Ruth Waterbury married, friends said "An ideal match." When they parted, the friends wondered "Whose fault?" Here you have, in two very human documents, Both Sides of the Story. Each wrote unaware that the other was writing. Comparison of the two viewpoints of the same experience is a

Sides To The Story

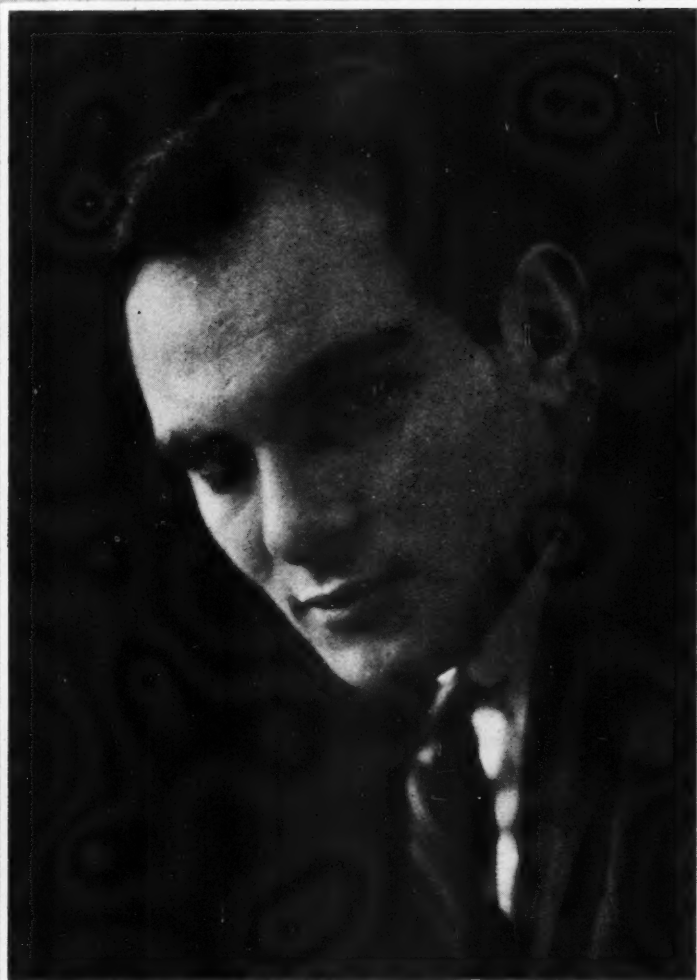
The Husband's *Side*

I WOULD never have believed that in the short period of two years anyone could be the number of husbands I have been to one wife. First I was her lover. After a period during which we kept falling more and more in love with each other, we were married by the most liberal minister we could find with an up-to-date ceremony. I had just passed my nineteenth birthday, and Ruth was but little older.

Then, in rapid succession, things began to happen. We set up housekeeping in town, moving after a few months to a large, barn-like house in the country. We hadn't been married a year before I went to Paris, Ruth staying on in the country. On my return, we lived apart in New York, maintaining separate establishments in the mode made popular by Fannie Hurst. When summer came around again, Ruth moved to the country, and I became a week-end husband. From Saturday till Monday I lived the domestic life. The rest of the week I was a town bachelor. Finally, Ruth returned to the city again, and this meant separation. But this time her conversation turned seriously to divorce.

I was shocked and hurt, but I knew it was mainly my fault. It came to me that all this experimenting in domestic relationship Ruth and I had been doing was not so much modernity as maladjustment. I tried to think back wherein my marriage had failed. Certain things stood out. I shouldn't have gone to Paris for one, and again, I should never have entered marriage with the attitude I had toward life. This attitude isn't easy to define. It's something I carried out of my mother's house with me, where I had been tended to, and fed, and left undisturbed.

fascinating proof of the wise statement Israel Zangwill once made to Rupert Hughes. Rupert had asked if Zangwill thought Jew and Gentile should marry. Zangwill answered: "The difference in the mental habits of a man and a woman is so great that any question of race or creed is as nothing by comparison."



Milton Raison, *the Husband*

It was, more than anything else, the attitude of receiving favors unthinkingly.

My marriage also came at a time when I was somewhat inflated with success and excited about the dashing figure I was cutting in the world. I was being triumphantly carted from literary tea to literary tea by an editor who exploited me as the latest poetical find—a poet who but recently had been a mess-boy on a freighter. For the first time in my life, I was meeting the sort of people I had always wanted to meet and was having enough fuss made about me to set my ego purring.

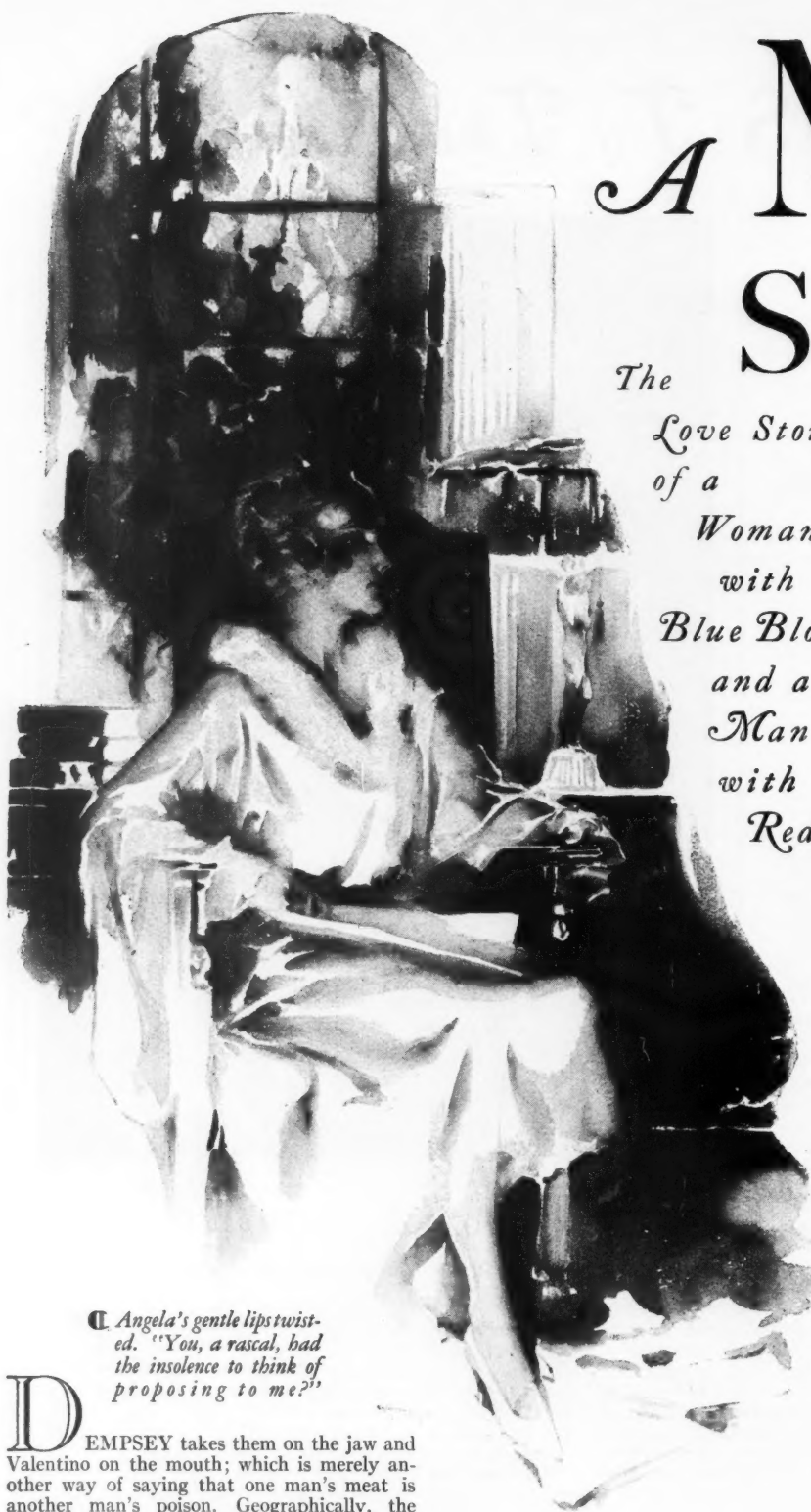
My career had been meteoric. At fourteen, I had begun writing poetry that nobody paid any attention to except a kind school-teacher. At sixteen, I ran away from high school to go to sea. For two years I roved over the surface of the world, living an unusually sedate life for a sailor. I served as dishwasher, mess-boy, cook and ordinary seaman on both tramps and passenger ships, and was even a beachcomber on the west coast of South America for a while. I loved the sea. It gave me virile work to do, enough leisure in a perfect setting to write my sonnets, and a sanctuary from dusty and complicated living in cities. Despite all I saw and heard, the sea didn't teach (Continued on page 126)

A Man Shady

The
Love Story
of a

Woman
with
Blue Blood
and a
Man
with
Red

Illustrations by



C Angela's gentle lips twisted. "You, a rascal, had the insolence to think of proposing to me?"

DEMPSEY takes them on the jaw and Valentino on the mouth; which is merely another way of saying that one man's meat is another man's poison. Geographically, the distance between the mouth and jaw is practically nothing, yet it is my firm belief that Jack and Rudie will never go into the lingerie business together.

Geographically—and comparatively—there is hardly more distance between Fifth Avenue and Thompson Street than between the receiving station of Jack and the delivery office of Rudolph, but you can't figure Dempsey kissing his opponents to death, can you? Well, there's that much difference between the two neighborhoods.

Eugenists say that blood will tell, and sociologists retort that environment is everything. Kipling states that the Colonel's

lady and Judy O'Grady are sisters under their skins. Well, here's a tale of blue blood and blood not quite so blue; of environment high and environment low; of a Colonel's lady and Judy O'Grady. And before you try to guess the answer, remember Dempsey's jaw and Valentino's mouth. For while fiction has rules, life has none.

Down below Washington Square lies Thompson Street. The "L" crosses it; the sidewalks are crowded; the noise is terrific; the scents of Odessa and Palermo are intermingled. Teeth and pockets are picked indiscriminately. Poisonous tenements peer enviously north toward the mansions of the rich. Like a lily from the mire, Fifth Avenue springs from Thompson Street. Small wonder that the denizens of the mire cast longing glances at the lily. As Tom Duweese and Frances Lester did.

On a day in May, in that by-gone era when a lady's knees were a secret between her and her maid, and "shimmies" were worn, not done, Tom Duweese, aged ten, unostentatiously stole a banana from a fruit-stand on the corner of Bleeker Street, carefully avoided a cop on the south side of Washington Square, and leaped gaily aboard a horse-drawn bus bound north.

At Tenth Street the conductor demanded fare. At Thirteenth Street the conductor had lost his patience and ejected the dirty and ragged urchin from the vehicle. At Sixteenth Street Tom boarded another bus, was ejected at Twentieth, and at Twenty-fourth had begun the losing battle all over again with another conductor.

The net result was that he reached Central Park, his objective, an hour or so later, having walked less than a third of the distance and having added several precious oburgations to a vocabulary already rather remarkable. Bus conductors were gifted, conversationally, in those days.

A metamorphosis occurred as he passed into the Park. Up to now he had been a somewhat furtive-seeming young ragamuffin, whose eyes were ever watchful for the cops, whose shoulders were hunched in order to block any suddenly launched blow. In the

By

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By ARTHUR SOMERS ROCHE

With A Past

Leslie L. Benson

world of men he was a child, impertinent and daring it is true, but still one physically unable to cope with masculine adults.

But here, in the land of babies and nurses, he was a swaggering cosmopolitan, broad of experience, rich in esoteric knowledge, yet generously tolerant of the meager opportunities of the inhabitants of this land.

As he crossed the bridle-path he picked up what he termed a "snipe," thrust the half consumed cigaret between his lips, lighted it and exhaled deliciously.

"Will ye luk at the p'isonous little brat?" asked Norah Casey, nursemaid of the Rensselaer Hopkineses.

"Ay tank he grow up bad man," said Hulda Grundt, guardian of the Stuyvesant Blair's infant heir.

The two women drew their skirts tighter about them and glared at the vulgar intruder.

"Mornin', ladies," Tom hailed them. "How're the kids?"

He poked Rensselaer Hopkins, Third, in his fat stomach and pinched the plump arm of Helena Blair. From the carriages of each came gurgles of delight, which the maids, snobs as servants must always be, chose to interpret as cries of pain.

"Be off wid ye," cried Norah.

"Ay call cop," declared Hulda.

"Go chase yourselves; you're sore because the kids like me," said Tom.

There was truth in this statement. The urchin from Thompson Street was beloved of all the young aristocrats who played in the Park. He might have stayed to debate with Norah and Hulda, but already nine-year-old Grover Van Huytten was shrieking joyous welcome. He tore himself away from the two babies, somewhat ashamed of himself because he really wanted to play with the infants. He loved children, did Tom Duweese.

He swaggered down the path to where the Van Huytten youngster precariously balanced himself on a new pair of roller-skates. Around Grover stood a group of children, none of them less than ten years old, and most of them twelve or thirteen.

"Hello, kids," said Tom graciously.

They did not resent the inferiority, implied in his salutation, of themselves. Rather, they fawned upon him. He tossed away the snipe and carelessly drew from a pocket the stump of a cigar. Gasps of delighted horror came from their juvenile throats as he lighted the two-inch roll and proceeded to enjoy it with gusto.

"I didn't know you smoked cigars," said thirteen-year-old Wynant Conant.

"Th' hell you didn't," said Tom. "You don't know nothin' anyway, do you?"

Young Conant, a bit of a bully, felt prestige slipping.

"Don't get fresh," he warned.

Now Duweese had been schooled in Thompson Street. He knew that half of victory lies in striking first. And so he promptly



"I did," Tom Duweese told her, "because I love you." Then in magical words he pleaded for his life.

punched the bigger and older boy in the face. Surprise, pain and rage reacted badly upon the Conant morale. He fled, shrieking, to his governess, who came breathing fire.

But Tom easily avoided her. He mocked her English accent; he derided the size and shape of her nose, the unfortunate skin eruption which marred her cheeks. Overwhelmed by such brilliant daring, the children fairly grovelled before him.

Except for one little girl, whose white starched underdrawers and balloony petticoats made her seem even plumper than she was. She stamped a tiny foot.

"You're a coward," she shrieked.

"Go chase yourself," said Tom. "He's twict as big as I am."

"You're just a little mucker," declared the girl. "And a coward, too."

"I'll belt you one on the chops," said Tom.

A CRIMSON flush overspread the face of Angela Graydon. She gathered her plump figure together and with all the fury of five years launched herself at the mucker from Thompson Street. Tom knew not the meaning of the word chivalry, but hitting a girl, a baby half his age, was something that he could not do. So he retreated, fending her blows as best he could. But her clawing hands reached his face and scratched it. The other children misinterpreted his retreat. They actually believed that Angela was routing the terror from the underworld. They cheered her on.

Across the road sat a shabby little girl. Remotely she had adored Tom Duweese. She had seen him lordling it over these rich children, and her heart had yearned to him. Somehow she knew that he was of her class, and though these aristocrats

disdained her, she had no jealousy for Tom who had succeeded in forcing an entrée for himself. And now she flew to his rescue.

With hand and nail and foot and knee she assailed Angela. The starched drawers and petticoats, the pretty white blouse, the ribboned hat of Angela, became rags like unto those of Tom's rescuer before nurses could intervene. Then, like two spitting cats, they were dragged apart. From afar came the stentorian voice of a cop. Tom Duweese drifted into the shrubbery.

Late that afternoon, as he sat on a door-step on Thompson Street, a tiny dragged figure stopped before him.

"I got away all right," it said proudly.

Tom looked at her. The pinched features had been robbed of babyhood's expression before the child could toddle. Mean surroundings, un nourishing food, bad air, had all done their best—or worst—to age her. Yet there was beauty, personality, strength in the little face.

"Gee," said Tom, "I'd forgotten about you. What'd they do to you?"

"Licked me," she said. "And the cop said that if he ever caught sight of you again he'd arrest you and send you to the reform school."

Tom whistled with an effort at braggadocio which fell far short of his intention. A mournful note crept into the whistle. He liked to go to Central Park, to lord it over the children there.

"They can't keep me away," he said defiantly.

"If you ain't rich, they can," asserted the little girl.

"Then I'm gonna be rich and go where I want," declared Tom.

"So'm I. I'm gonna go with you," said the little girl. "I ain't like those children in the Park. I'll stick."

"I bet you will," said Tom. "Them kids up there—a bit of bum luck and they're ag'in you. Kid, what's your name?"

"Frances Lester," she replied. "You're Tom Duweese. I like you."

Tom glanced hastily around. No one could overhear the shameful confession about to pass his lips.

"Frances," he said, "I like you."

WHERE Thompson Street ends is the south side of Washington Square. A few rods and one is on the north side, at the beginning of Fifth Avenue. A short journey, you may think—but it took years for Tom Duweese to make it.

He began by being an office boy in the law firm of O'Boyle, Ferrara and Lazinsky, with chambers over a saloon almost opposite Jefferson Market Court. He had innumerable boy friends in the Greenwich and Chelsea sections. If a laborer drank too much and was arrested, some one would tip off Tom. He would tell his employers, who would call on the incarcerated drunkard, tell him that the judge would probably give him six months on the Island, take what money he had or could borrow, wink at the judge when the case came to trial, and procure his discharge.

He grew to know the court attachés. He knew the bawds who were arrested, and would plead with them to retain his employers. He knew the pickpockets, the gunmen, the crooked pawnbrokers, the proprietors of dives and brothels.

His gray eyes lost their boyish warmth; an icy film grew over them; the wide mouth still curled in mirth, but merriment was not reflected in the eyes. At nineteen he looked thirty and inside of him he was thirty. He had acquired that terrible sophistication which only the streets can give, and he was a product of the streets.

He knew the ward politicians; before he could vote he was a precinct captain and knew how to import "floaters" from Jersey who would do their bit—doubly and trebly—on election day. He knew exactly how to bribe witnesses and jurymen; he had assisted in many a blackmail case before he was admitted to the bar at the earliest possible age, twenty-one.

At thirty-five his name had figured prominently in the newspapers on a hundred occasions. He it was who "sprung" Gatman Cohen when that Second Avenue gangster had actually confessed murder to the Assistant District Attorney. It was Tom Duweese who had engineered the return to the Seventy-ninth National Bank of four hundred thousand dollars' worth of negotiable bonds, on condition that the thief go scot-free and that he himself receive fifty thousand dollars. The police suspected that Duweese had also engineered the theft, but this was not true.

Malodorous was his name to the prosecuting officials, but its mere mention aroused enthusiasm in the haunts of crookdom.

"Y' see," said Gatman Cohen, in a burst of confidence, "Duweese is square." He was talking, confidentially, to a newspaper man. "You guys, and the bulls, think he's crooked. Not

on your life. He's for crooks, but not for crookedness, d' y' get it? Y' can trust him wit' your shirt, your dough, your best girl. Y' can take his word any time, about anything. There's never a lad he's sprung but he give him hell and told him to run straight. Fix a jury? Bribe a cop? Well, w'at t' hell! Soitantly. But the squarest shooter in the town. Y' can say I said so."

He was an extremely handsome man at thirty-five. Tall, slim, wiry, with a straight nose, a strong jaw, black hair whose faint curls were touched with gray, he attracted attention wherever he went. And he went a great deal. Broadway knew him as well as the criminal courts. An inveterate first-nighter, he knew the managers, the actors, the playwrights. He had wit, and he was generous to a fault. And then, from Broadway, he stepped to Fifth Avenue.

IT HAPPENED in this wise: The opening night of "My Lady Leisure" was a distinct flop. Although the friendly audience cheered Frances Lester for ten minutes after the curtain had gone down on the last act, everyone in the house knew that the show wouldn't run a week. In the star dressing-room Duweese found Frances Lester fighting bravely against her tears.

"Oh, Tom, I'm a bust," she wailed.

He lighted a cigar, sat down and appraised her. "How do you get that way?" he demanded. "You never danced better in your life; your impersonations were great; every song you had got across finely."

She lifted her head with the pert, sparrow-like movement that was her most distinctive characteristic. "Honest, Tom?"

"Have I ever lied to you, ever kidded, ever strung you along?" he countered.

She grinned bravely. "How long ago is it we became partners, Tom? Twenty-five years, isn't it? Since they razed us out of Central Park, and we swore we'd make the grade together. No, you've been on the level. But, my friend, the show is a flop."

He shrugged carelessly. "Of course it is. I knew that all along. I told Gerflang that he was a nut to think that one person, even though she was the biggest vaudeville and review actress in the country, could carry a whole show. I told him he ought to give you a real libretto, a real composer, a real cast. He didn't do it, and the show blows. But there are other shows, Frankie."

"And where am I going to get one after this?" she asked bitterly. "You know what the managers are like. I'm starved in 'My Lady Leisure.' The play fails. I'm a bust. Who'll give me another chance to play Broadway?"

"I will," he said laconically.

"You?" Her black eyes widened.

"Why not? After the first act tonight I talked with Genung, Harle's American representative. I guaranteed Genung that Harle's royalties on his new opera would not be less than one hundred thousand dollars. I wrote him a check for fifty thousand out in the lobby, to prove that I meant business. I've engaged Hotton to adapt the show. I've guaranteed Breck fifty thousand dollars' rent for his theater for the four weeks beginning February tenth. This is December first. You'll close Saturday. That gives you about nine weeks. You'll open again, in a real opera, written by a real composer—aw, quit it, kid. You ought to be laughing instead of crying."

For she had thrown herself into his arms and was sobbing convulsively.

"The best pal—the squarest—Tom, how I love you!"

"The same to you, old sweetie, and many of 'em," he laughed. "I suppose that there are ninety Johns in this town that would give a cool million to have Frankie Lester say she loved them."

She released her grip of him. "And you wouldn't give a nickel," she reproached him.

"Go on," he joked. "Aren't you my pal? A nickel? I'm parting with a hundred grand—"

"Because we're pals, not because you love me," she interrupted.

He laughed at her. "Now, listen, Frankie; be fair, be fair. You don't love me—I mean marriage, kids, and the rest of it, a-tall. Just now, when I'm the head-patting lad, I'm the whole spotlight to you; but tomorrow morning, eh, what? Kid, you and I've had to scrap our way up every single minute. Love, the old home-brewed stuff, isn't for us."

She slid from his lap; her irrepressible good humor had returned. "All righty, Tom Duweese, you've spurned a good woman's love. Coises on you—and much obliged." Her eyes clouded for a second. "Oh, Tom, why don't we fall in love with each other? We ought to."

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CDuweese found Frances Lester fighting bravely against her tears. "Oh, Tom, the show's a flop," she wailed.

"So we ought," he cheerfully agreed. "Children together, climbing together—"

"Climbing? Raw-ther," she cried. "Do you know where we go from here?"

"Search me," he replied.

"To supper at the home of Miss Angela Graydon," she exclaimed.

"Well, for the love of—how come?"

"I did a stunt for a charity of hers last spring. I've seen quite a bit of her since. She's regular, Tom. Blue blood, millions of her own—all that, but a real person. She invited me to her house after the show tonight, and I accepted. Said I'd bring a friend, and it's o. k."

"They'll probably call in the police when they find who your friend is," he chuckled.

She bridled. "They welcome my friend or they don't get me. But stop your nonsense. Why, you're a famous man, Tom."

"Notorious is the word Miss Graydon would probably use," he commented dryly.

"Not to me, she wouldn't," snapped Frances. "Turn your back while I slip modestly out of my tights, will you?"

But Frances Lester was not the star guest of the evening. Tom Duweese almost instantly usurped that place. Everyone had heard of him; few of Miss Graydon's friends had even seen him before. The newspapers had attacked his partnership with crime, as it had been termed, but they (Continued on page 198)

Some Plain Facts

By B. C.

who has studied a



© Paul Thompson

C Charles H. Sabin owed his first "job" to his skill as a ball-player.

A C. BEDFORD, head of the largest of all Standard Oil companies, acknowledging a decoration bestowed on him by France at a great banquet in New York by the oil industry after it had played its part in winning the World War, said, looking toward a certain lady in the gallery, "The war almost cost me my wife; I have had to work so hard and be away from home so much."

Henry L. Doherty, the noted oil and public utility leader, a confirmed bachelor, told the audience when his turn came: "Bedford was d— lucky. He only *almost* lost his wife. I actually lost two of the best sweethearts I ever had because of the war work I put in."

Love is not the only thing the battle for success has cost many of our financial and business giants of national and international prominence. Health very often is lost in winning large-scale success.

One day I went out to play golf with a man who was a director of more than a hundred companies. A ten-year-old child could have licked him.

"How often do you play?" I asked.

"Only two or three times a year, as a rule."

"What is your sport?" I next asked.

"Nothing but golf. I never have time," he replied.

"You're committing slow suicide—and not very slow at that,"



© Fotograms

C John D. Rockefeller, who attributes his good health to the fact that "Ever since my early manhood I have been a loafer."

I impressed upon him. And I recited the tragic fate that had overtaken several fellows guilty of similar shortsightedness.

"I mean to let up a bit next year—and then I'll be able to give you a better game," he remarked, apparently in earnest.

One afternoon, before the next golfing season came round, he suddenly felt ill in his office, started for home, got as far as his own hallway and then dropped dead.

This man was the only partner of Henry L. Doherty and the active director of all the multifarious Doherty enterprises,

Charles M. Schwab is man responsible for the building up of the Bethlehem Steel Corporation to proportions second only to those of the United States Steel Corporation. But Mr. Schwab

never misses an opportunity to emphasize that of late years he has taken life rather comfortably and that the man responsible for the phenomenal expansion of Bethlehem Steel has been Eugene G. Grace. A year or more ago I spent an afternoon with Mr. Grace, and knowing the business pace he had been maintaining ever since the World War began, I told him that he was a fool and that the sooner he gave some thought to his health the better it would be, ultimately, for both himself and his business.

"Oh, I always feel top-notch! I am happiest when I am busiest," he parried.

Running full tilt into Mr. Grace one day last winter, I stopped him.

"I don't know that I want to talk to you," was his greeting.

"I haven't seen you for months; where have you been?" I asked.

"That's why I wanted to dodge you. What you predicted came true mighty quickly. I had a complete nervous breakdown and couldn't move out of my room for two months," he explained.

You perhaps know what caused E. H. Harriman's death. He died of starvation. That was not the name the doctors gave his trouble, but that was the actual truth. He overworked his brain to such an extent that his body ceased to digest food. He made money at the rate of a million dollars a month the last seven years of his life, but the earning of it caused his premature death.

Roosevelt declared he would rather wear out than rust out. "Health is more than wealth" is a maxim scorned by most millionaires-in-the-making, by young giants who are engrossed in scaling the summits of success. Many of them spend the first half or three-quarters of their lives chasing wealth and the balance of their lives chasing health.

Andrew Carnegie once remarked, "Millionaires seldom smile." He truthfully could have added that self-made millionaires rarely live long. Perhaps the richest man in the world springs to your

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About Rich Men

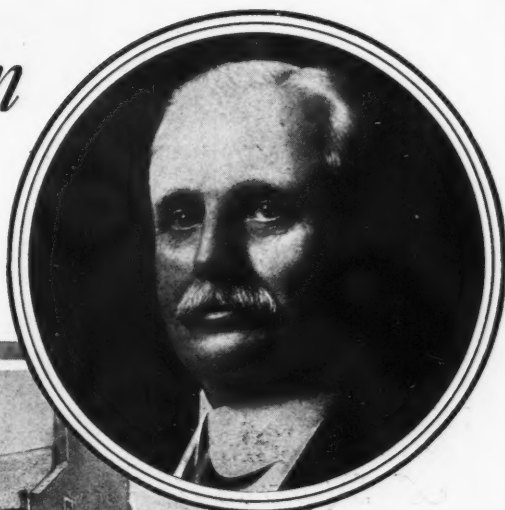
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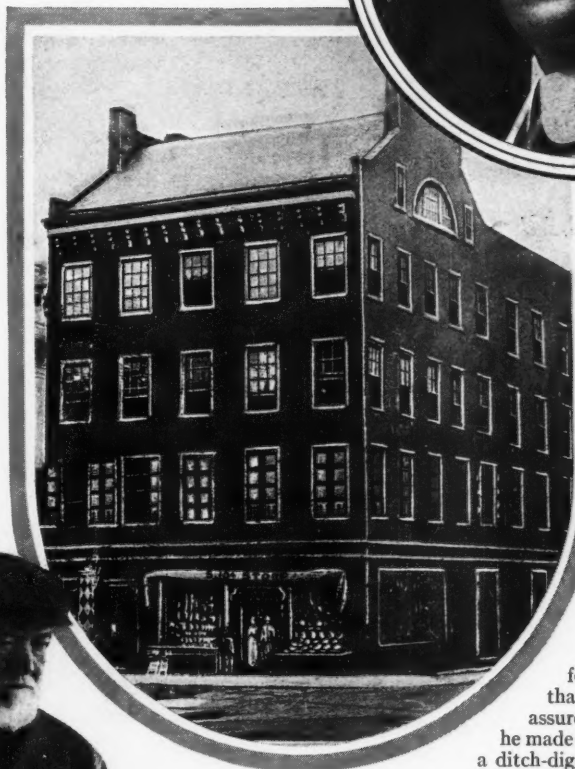
mind as disproof of this statement. Let me tell you a secret about John D. Rockefeller.

"Ever since my early manhood I have been a loafer," Mr. Rockefeller confided to me several years ago during an intimate chat while we were playing golf. "While the newspapers were picturing me as a slave to business, working day and night, the truth is that I wasn't working hard at all—at least, not at business. I was working hard very often, but not at twenty-six Broadway or at any other place of business, but at my home, near Cleveland, where my special hobby was the transplanting of trees, and where I did a lot of gardening.

"There was a private wire from the office in New York to my home, and they kept me posted on what was going on, but"—here Mr. Rockefeller laughed and his eyes twinkled—"I left others to do the hard work. After middle-age I rarely ever visited the office and it is many years



Frank W. Woolworth and his first store in Lancaster, Penn.



since I did any work whatsoever there."

When I asked Mr. Rockefeller to what he chiefly attributed his success, he instantly replied, "To others."

Let me explode another myth about Rockefeller. You doubtless have heard and believed that he worked so hard that his stomach ceased to function properly and that for many years his diet has consisted of milk and other invalid food. I have dined oftener than once with him, and let me assure you that on each occasion he made disappear enough food to keep a ditch-digger going. I did notice, however, that he sidestepped rich, fancy desserts and chose something less indigestible.

It may interest you to know the five Health Rules laid down for Rockefeller by his physician, rules which the Oil King has scrupulously tried to live up to:

1. Don't worry.
2. Don't acquire overweight.
3. Drink three quarts of water every day.
4. Exercise.
5. Sleep in fresh air.

Frank W. Woolworth, founder of the famous five and ten cent stores, told me that he owed his success to a breakdown in his health early enough in his career to leave him time to build up the most wonderful chain of stores the world has ever known. Woolworth made the mistake many strong, forceful, aggressive, dynamic young Napoleons make.

"The turning-point in my career came while I was lying flat on my back in a hospital for six weeks," Mr. Woolworth told me.

"I was struggling along with a handful of stores. I thought I had to do everything myself if I wanted it done right. I imagined that nobody could even open a case of goods as well as I could or dress a window.

Fortunately, I broke down. While lying in the hospital it came to me that I could never become a big businessman by trying to do everything myself. When I got better, I found that things had gone along quite smoothly without

(Continued on page 163)



Andrew Carnegie was by nationality a devotee of the favorite recreation of business giants.

By
Mary
Roberts
Rinehart

A Novel
of A House
With A
Thousand
Thrills

C Peter gave a long look
at the ghostly figure.



The RED

DRAW around you a magic circle with a triangle inside it, and I promise you no evil spirits can approach you," said Professor William Porter in teasing evasion of the women who asked him whether he believed in spiritualism.

The scholarly professor of English literature would never have displayed his knowledge of black magic so light-heartedly if he could have foreseen how the triangle in a circle would very soon put in jeopardy his life and liberty.

But at the time nothing more serious disturbed the professor's peace of mind than the discussion as to whether the Porters should or should not spend the summer at Twin Hollows, the old place which had been willed them by Uncle Horace.

Jane Porter did not want to go and made all sorts of excuses except the right one—that she had some strange psychic warning of evil in the place. Jane had a kind of second sight. She had seen Uncle Horace lying dead at Twin Hollows when she was miles away and had no reason to think that he was not alive and hearty. At the college reunion, too, after his death, she had

taken a snap-shot of the survivors of Uncle Horace's class, and on the print was an extra figure, vague and shadowy, but unmistakably Uncle Horace.

Professor Porter showed the picture to Lear, one of his colleagues, who told him it was probably a double exposure, but advised him to send it to Cameron. Porter didn't know Cameron very well, but he sent the negative on, nevertheless, for the dour Scotch professor was a member of the Society for Psychical Research and much interested in such exhibits.

It was Edith, Porter's niece, who finally settled the question of Twin Hollows.

"Let's rent the main house, live in the Lodge ourselves, and let Warren Halliday live in the boat-house."

Edith was frankly in love with Halliday, a young law student, and he with her, but he refused to marry a wife he could not support.

For the first few days after they had moved to the Lodge, the eerie experiences of the Porters could all be traced back to natural causes. Then Porter found a letter which Uncle Horace had evidently been writing when he was suddenly confronted with



LAMP

Illustrations by
W. D. Stevens

death. The last words were: "I appeal to you to consider the enormity of the idea. If you go on with it, I shall feel it my duty, not only to go to the police, but to warn society in general. I realize fully the unpleasantness of my own situation, even, if you are consistent, its danger. But—" There the letter ended.

What could he possibly have meant by "the enormity of the idea?" wondered Porter.

Jane knew nothing of the letter, however, and her courage had risen sufficiently for her to suggest that she go over to the main house, and with the red lamp which had such a spooky reputation among the natives, develop some pictures. Her husband accompanied her, and all went well until about eleven o'clock, when he, sitting in the kitchen, felt a cold wind about him and heard Jane moan. Rushing to the pantry which she was using as a dark-room, he found her in a dead faint. On recovering she insisted that she had seen Uncle Horace outside the window.

And the next day Starr, the constable, reported that half a dozen sheep on a near-by farm had been found with their throats cut, and that the slayer had run into the woods at Twin Hollows.

A few nights later more sheep were killed. In each case the sheep were neatly stabbed in the jugular and then as neatly laid in a row. The natives connected the gruesome happening in some way with the burning of the red lamp, but the detective Greenough, who questioned Porter about it, had a different idea.

"This triangle in a circle you've been talking about," he said meaningly to Porter, "is the mark our friend, the sheep-killer, has been leaving."

The Story Continues:

GREENOUGH was very cordial as he picked up his hat and prepared to depart. He was sorry to have had to trouble me; nice little place I had here. He understood I was fighting shy of the other house. He would do the same thing; he didn't believe in ghosts, but he was afraid of them.

And so out onto the drive, leaving me with a full and firm conviction that he suspects me of killing some forty odd sheep in the

last few nights, probably in the celebration of some black mass of my own psychopathic devising.

JULY 2

LARKIN thinks he has rented the house. I made a telephone message from him the excuse to go to town this morning. Mr. Bethel was not present, but his secretary was, a thin boy with a bad skin and with his hair pomaded until it looks as though it is painted on his head. He smoked one cigaret after another.

If tomorrow is fair, Mr. Bethel will motor out and look over the property. It appears that he is in feeble health. If the weather forbids, Gordon, the secretary, will come alone. It develops that, although the boy is a local product, and not one to be particularly proud of, Bethel comes from the West; Cameron's note to Larkin merely introduced him, but assumed no responsibility. As, however, he offers the rent in advance, the matter of references becomes, as Larkin says, an unimportant detail.

I get the impression from the secretary that the old man is writing a book, and wishes to be undisturbed, and if his choice of a secretary fairly represents him, he will be.

From Larkin I learned that he had heard of the circle in a triangle from Helena Lear herself, at a dinner table, and that he has no idea that it is at all wide-spread. He regards the use of it by the sheep killer as purely coincidence, which greatly cheers me.

Nevertheless, I went to the Lears, and lunched there. Helena has agreed to spread the thing no further, and I came away with a great sense of relief. Into the bargain,

Lear tells me that Cameron, after studying the photograph I sent him, is inclined to think it is the result of a double exposure.

"Double exposure or a thought image," Lear says. "He has had some success himself in getting curious forms on a sensitized plate. Got the number five once, after concentrating on it for an hour! I asked about Doyle's fairies, but he only laughed."

All in all, I feel today that I was unduly apprehensive last night. The weather is magnificent; Edith, in knickerbockers and a sweater, has been holding nails for young Halliday today while he repairs the float. Jane has taken over from Thomas the care of the flower-beds around the cottage, and has been busy there all afternoon with a weed-puller and a hoe, and I have found the sails for the sloop, mildewed but usable, in the attic of the Lodge.

No more sheep were killed last night. I understand Greenough has put guards on all the near-by flocks, and advised outlying farms to do the same thing. Maggie Morrison told us this

44



Edith proffers herself, simply and sweetly, in a thousand small coquetties; and young Halliday, gravely adoring her, holds back.

morning that they were doing it, but in, I gathered, a half-hearted manner. Most of them believe that by his very nature the marauder is impervious to shot and shell.

"Joe Willing," she says, "saw something moving around his cow barn a night or so ago, and he fired right into it. But when he ran up there was nothing there."

One curious thing, however, has been brought in by Starr, who stopped on his way past today. In a meadow not far from the Livingstone place two large stones, which had lain there for years, have been moved together and stood on their edges, and a flat slab of rock laid across them.

One can figure, of course, that here is an altar, erected by the same unbalanced mind which has been killing the sheep. But no offering has yet been laid on it.

Later: Halliday spent the evening here, and I walked back with him. He tells me that on his first night in the boat-house, he

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"Marsh gas burns with a thin blue flame, doesn't it? This was a small light, rather white. I waited an hour or so, but it didn't show again."

I have, since my return, looked up the book on the Oakville phenomena which I discovered on the desk of the main house. It is not significant, but it is interesting, to find that Mrs. Riggs produced fleeting lights, sometimes of a bluish-green from the cabinet, again a sparkling point which generally localized itself near her head. But I cannot find any record of a light persisting for any length of time, or following a definite course.

JULY 3

THE house is rented. As it rained this morning, the secretary came alone, and seemed very well satisfied.

But at the last moment my conscience began to worry me, and perhaps too, for few of our motives are unmixed, I was afraid he suspected something. He made some observation about the rent being low for a property of that size, and glanced at me as he said it, so I plunged.

"I think I'd better be honest with you, even if it costs me money," I said.

"The house is cheap because—it—well, it isn't an easy house to rent."

"Too lonely, eh?"

"Partly that, and partly because—a portion of the house is very old, and there have been some stories about it circulating in the neighborhood for years."

"Ghost stories?"

"You can call them that."

He seemed to be amused, rather than alarmed. He grinned broadly and took out a cigaret.

"Ghosts won't bother me any," he said rather boastfully. "What kind of a ghost?"

"I don't believe anyone claims to have seen anything. The reports are mostly of raps and various noises."

He seemed to take a peculiar, almost a furtive enjoyment, out of my statement, my confession, rather.

"Hot dog!" he said. "Well, raps won't bother me, and Mr. Bethel's got a deaf ear; he can turn that up at night if they worry him."

So the house is rented, unless something unexpected turns up, and I have done my part. But I confess to an extreme distaste for the secretary, and Edith may find herself with a small problem on her hands. For just before we left he spied her on the float, and gave her a careful inspection.

"That looks pretty good to me," he said. And although his gesture embraced the water-front his eyes were on her.

I have arranged with Annie Cochran, following Gordon's query about a servant, to resume her old position at the main house. She refuses to remain after dark, but I presume this will be satisfactory.

With that strange swiftness with which news travels in the country, already the word has gone out that the place is rented, and I lay to that our sudden popularity this afternoon. The first to arrive was Doctor Hayward, as nervous and jerky as ever, fiddling with his collar, and when for a moment excluded from

saw a light moving over the salt marsh, about three hundred feet away.

He was sitting on the small balcony of the boat-house, which surrounds it on three sides, and glancing toward the marsh saw a light there. It seemed to float above the marsh at a distance of three or four feet, and was intermittent.

At first he thought it was some one on the way to the beach, with a flash-light or a lantern, and he watched with some curiosity. Earlier in the evening he had himself walked along the edge of the swamp and decided it was not possible. But half way through the marsh the light stopped and then disappeared.

"I decided the chap, whoever it was, was in trouble," he said, "so I called to him. But there was no answer, and the light didn't appear again."

"Marsh gas, probably," I explained. "Methan, CH₄, of course."

the talk, gnawing abstractedly at his finger ends. Nothing escapes the man. I sometimes feel that he goes about on his rounds, collecting gossip as assiduously as he disperses the medicines he puts up in his small dispensary, and that his mind is similarly stocked with bits of gossip, put up neatly on shelves and in order, so that he can conveniently put his hand on them.

He addressed himself mostly to Jane—there is a certain type of medical man who wins his way into families by the favor of women, and is more at his ease with them than with the men-folk—and only beat a circuitous route to the subject uppermost in his mind, which clearly was that an elderly invalid had taken Twin Hollows and would probably require a physician.

In the course of this roundabout talk, however, I came finally to the conclusion that, like the detective, he was watching me. And, as had happened with Greenough, I became absurdly self-conscious. The very knowledge that, the moment I looked away, his eyes slid to me and there remained, made me awkward. As a result I upset my teacup, and he said:

"Pretty nervous, aren't you?"

"Not particularly. But I specialize in upsetting teacups."

"How are you sleeping?"

"Like a top," I assured him with a certain truculence, I dare say. But he is fairly thick-skinned. He passed it over by giving his collar a twitch.

"Dream any?" he inquired.

By heaven! The fellow was not only watching me; he was analyzing me. And with that peculiar perverse humor which, I feel tonight, may get me into trouble yet, I answered. I who seldom dream, and who have only the benign dreams of an uneventful life and an easy conscience, I answered: "Horribly!"

He leaned back and took to biting a finger, staring at me over it. "What do you mean by 'horribly'?" he inquired. But some gleam of reason came to me then, and I laughed.

"Sorry, Hayward," I said, "I couldn't resist it. I never dream; at least nothing I can remember. But you were being so professional——"

Jane's return prevented the apology which was on his lips, and he went back to the local gossip. Once I mentioned the matter of the sheep, but he rather dexterously side-stepped it, and finally brought the talk around to the renting of the house. But I am confident that Greenough had been to him about me, and has asked him to give him an opinion on my mental balance!

I was on guard after that, determined to exhibit myself in my most rational manner. But there is something upsetting in the mere thought that one's sanity is being brought into question. One's usually automatic acts become self-conscious ones. And tonight I could laugh, if I were not somewhat disturbed by it, at the care with which I placed my cigaret on the saucer of my teacup and flung the silver spoon into the grate; and at the sudden comprehension of what I had done, and my wild leap to recover the spoon; and at Hayward's intent expression as I turned from the fireplace, with the spoon in my hand, and muttered something about being the original man who put his umbrella to bed and stood himself in the corner. He was too absorbed to smile.

He left finally when the Livingstones arrived.

"You must take good care of this fine husband of yours, Mrs. Porter," he said, holding her hand in the paternal fashion of his type. "He's probably been overdoing it a bit."

IRRITATED at Hayward as I was, and annoyed at myself, I saw him to his car, and asked him the question which has been in the back of my mind ever since I found the letter in the library desk.

"By the way," I said, "you knew my Uncle Horace pretty well. Better than I did, in recent years. Did he have many friends—I mean, locally?"

He straightened his tie with a jerk.

"He had no intimates at all, so far as I know. I knew him as well as anybody. He rather liked Mrs. Livingstone, but he had no use for Livingstone himself."

"Well, I'll change the question. Do you know of any quarrel he had had, shortly before he died?"

"That's easier. He quarreled with a good many people. I imagine you know that as well as I do."

"He never mentioned to you that he had had a definite difference of opinion with anyone?"

Looking back tonight over that conversation, I am inclined to think that he had an answer for that question, and that he almost gave it. But he changed his mind. The purpose of his visit must have come to him, Greenough's story about that idiotic circle and my own lame explanation of it, and all the outrageous mess in which I had involved myself.

"I'd like to know just why you ask me that," he said instead. "He had never talked to you about calling on the police in some emergency?"

"Never. I see what you're driving at, Porter," he added. "I admit I had some thought of that myself at the time. But the autopsy showed that he wasn't murdered."

"The blow on the head had nothing to do with it, then?"

He glanced at me quickly.

"If it was a blow," he said, "it didn't help matters any, of course. But I prefer to think that the head injury was received as he fell." He hesitated. "Don't you?"

"Naturally," I agreed.

But there was a significance in that pause of his, followed by "don't you," which has stayed with me ever since. It was almost as though, in view of Greenough's visit to him, and my own questions, I had been somehow responsible for the poor old boy's death, and was seeking reassurance . . .

ONE A. M. I am not able to sleep, and so, O recipient of all my repressions, I come to you! I have repeated my little formula over and over, as some people count sheep. "Milton and Dryden and Pope," "Milton and Dryden and Pope," but without result. Yet I have seen whole classrooms succumb to the soporific effect of that or some similar phrase in early hours of a bright morning.

I have even been out in dressing-gown and slippers and wandered a way down the main road, where I was surprised by a countryman with a truck load of produce and probably recognized. If any more sheep are killed tonight . . .

What am I to think about this red lamp business?

Into every situation it insistently intrudes itself. It was burning when old Horace died; I had turned it on in the closed and shuttered den the day I received that curious message about the letter; Jane lights it to develop the pictures of the house for Larkin, and Nylie's sheep are killed. What is more, Jane sees a face, either outside the window or behind her in the pantry. From the moment of its entrance into the house, after eighteen years of quiet, the old stories of hauntings are revived, raps are heard, footsteps wander about, and furniture appears to move.

Is Greenough right, and am I ready for the psychopathic ward of some hospital? Is this accumulation of evidence actual, or have I imagined it? And yet I am sane enough, apparently. I listen, and I hear the familiar sounds of night time here—Jock moving about uneasily in Jane's bedroom next to mine; the rhythmic creaking of the runway to the float, as the wash of the tide swings it to and fro. I hear no voices whispering . . .

Yet Mrs. Livingstone was most explicit this afternoon. She clearly has no nerves, being complacent with the complacency of fat rapidly gained in middle age, and no imagination, or she would have taken lemon in her tea, and no sugar. But she sat there, ignoring little Livingstone's attempts to change the subject, and soberly warned me against renting the house.

Jane's face was a study. So far I had been able to keep from her much of the local gossip about the house, and all of the talk about the red lamp. But now she heard it all, garnished and embellished, and I caught her eyes fixed on me piteously.

"Is it too late, William?" she asked. "Must we rent it now?"

"It's all signed, sealed and delivered, my dear," I said. "But all is not lost. Tomorrow morning I shall take my little hatchet and smash that lamp to kingdom come."

Mrs. Livingstone took a slice of cake.

"I'm sure you have my permission," she said, "and as I gave it to your Uncle Horace, I dare say I have a right to say so."

"Perhaps you would like to have it back?"

"God forbid!" she said quickly.

"Oh, for heaven's sake," Livingstone put in irritably, "let's talk about something else. Mrs. Porter, won't you please show me your garden?"

I had a feeling that his wife had wanted just this, perhaps had given him some secret signal, for she settled back the moment they had gone and, so to speak, opened fire.

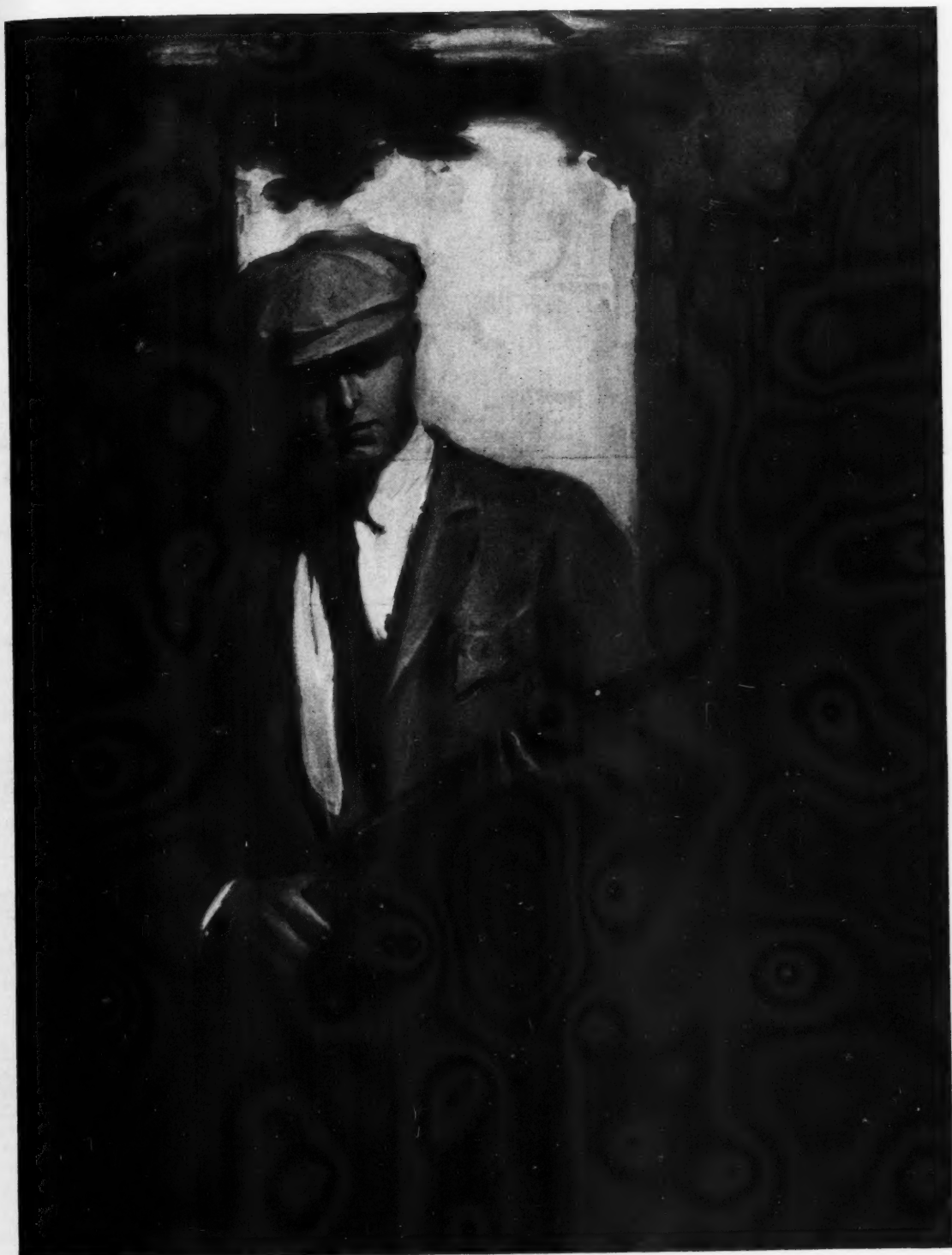
"You're not a spiritist, Mr. Porter?"

"I am a cynic; I am a carrion crow," I quoted. But I saw the words had no meaning for her. She may have felt some underlying amusement in them, however, for she stiffened somewhat.

"I have often wondered," she said slowly, "whether you have ever considered your uncle's death as—unusual."

"You mean that you do?"

"Personally," she said, looking directly at me, "I think he was frightened to death." She hesitated. She gave me the impression of venturing on ground which was unpleasant to her. "Either that or——" She abandoned that, and began again, hurriedly.



C. Young Carroway, armed with a rifle against the sheep killer, patrolled our highroad nightly.

"My husband dislikes the subject," she said. "But I will tell you why I believe what I do, and you can see what you can make of it. You remember that Mrs. Porter was not well when you both came out, the day he was found dead, and toward evening you took her home? Well, Annie Cochran would not stay alone that night, and I stayed with her. It was very—curious."

"Just what do you mean by curious?"

"That there was somebody in the house that night. I suppose since you claim to be a cynic you'll laugh, but I have to tell you."

Stripped to the skeleton of her narrative, she had been skeptical before, but the house had been strangely uncanny that night.

They had sat in the kitchen with all the lights on, and at two o'clock in the morning she distinctly heard somebody walking in the hall overhead, on the second floor. Doors seemed to open and shut, and finally, on a crash from somewhere in the dining-room, "like a doubled fist striking the table," Annie Cochran had bolted outside and stayed there.

At dawn she came back, and said she had distinctly seen a ball of light floating in the room over the den, shortly after she went out.

"And was the red lamp lighted while all this was going on?"

"That's one of the most curious things (Continued on page 232)"

I Have Tea With My Former Husband's Present Wife

By Fleta Campbell Springer

I CAME away from the telephone feeling—well, decidedly queer. I had just been asked to tea with my husband's new wife. And I had accepted the invitation of course, since, according to the code—is this not 1925?—it would have been quite too absurd to refuse.

It was a situation an author might invent in a story, and I had for the first few moments an illusion of *being* a character in a story, whose psychology had suddenly become confused and whose motivation was not at all clear. I could see it on the page, as if I were writing it myself—"She came away from the telephone. She walked across the room." . . . Well, what next? What were her thoughts? How did she feel? The story had struck a snag. I didn't know.

And I had discovered a queer thing. If she had been a character in a story, I should have known already, before I had written that far, just how she was going to think, feel, act. I should, in short, have known my character and the plot. But—and this was my discovery—I didn't know myself, and I didn't know my plot.

What purpose had Fate, the author of my story, in introducing this unexpected, this certainly novel, this—I had almost said this unnatural scene, into the narrative of my life? I didn't know. And I couldn't imagine—I, for whom so many stories are spoiled by the too early anticipation of the author's direction and purpose in introducing such scenes. I felt as if my author had abruptly deserted me—on a row of dots.

Then I found myself laughing. The situation had, after all, a touch of satire, a touch of sly burlesque. As if life had suddenly said, "I'll show you how to write an original scene!"

The usual thing, of course, would be that I should meet a strange woman at tea or a dinner party at the house of a friend, and that after talking a little while one of us should say, "Do tell me your name; I didn't catch it when we were introduced." And the name would reveal to us both at once the disconcerting fact that we had the same name, and that we had both, so to speak, come by it legitimately and by the same means.

But to be called up like this on the telephone, and to be asked by the man who had once been your husband, quite casually in the midst of a conversation about other things, to come to tea to meet his wife, "because you will like each other, I know, you two"—that is not the same thing at all.

I found myself laughing because, I said to myself, it was so exactly like Tom! He would need no reason for doing it. He had been born with more than a touch of genius, which is, so they say, to be touched also a little with madness, and he had never been moved by cold reason, as less gifted people are. I think it was one of the things he had always held against me, that I had so "logical" a mind.

As proof of his aversion to logic, there is the fact that on the night of our first meeting in San Francisco, Tom so thoroughly disliked me that he married me ten days afterward. (I was perfectly logical. I had liked him from the first.) As a matter of fact, on the very morning after our first meeting, he had called me up to ask me and my guest to lunch with him and a friend. And we four were no more than seated at the table when, to the astonishment of his friend, to whom he had confided his dislike, and needless to say of my guest, he announced to me that some business concerning the production of a play might take him to New York within the month, and would I marry him and go along? As if it were the natural sequence of disliking me!

The telephone conversation itself had come about in a curious way. I was planning to go abroad and had gone down to arrange for my passport at the Custom House. I had filled out the preliminary blanks, and had handed them, with my old passport,

to the official behind the desk, who looked them over and said that my old passport would serve for identification and proof of citizenship, and he would send it through at once.

"Unless," he added, "something's happened since your last passport."

"Happened?" My mind flew to wars, earthquakes, "acts of God."

"Unless you've been married—divorced—anything?"

Then, and only then, did it occur to me. "Why yes," I told him, "I've been divorced!"

He unfolded all the papers again. He didn't even ask me why I hadn't said so before; only looked resigned, as one accustomed to such stupidities.

"When were you divorced?" he asked, poisoning his pen.

I waited a minute. Then, "I can't tell you the date," I said.

"What year?"

"Year?" I said, "Year? Why, two or three years ago—about three, I think."

He looked at me a little queerly then, and I knew he suspected me of evasion, of not telling the truth.

"Do you know the court—what court was it in?"

Of course I couldn't begin to tell him that. I knew it was in California, in Oakland, but I hadn't an idea of the particular designation of the court. We had been living apart for several years, so that the legal divorce had made no change in my life.

He shifted his pen to another space.

"Well, when were you married?"

I tried to think, but my mind would not give up the date.

"You don't know?" he repeated, and then as if determined upon finding something I *did* know, he said, "Where were you married?"

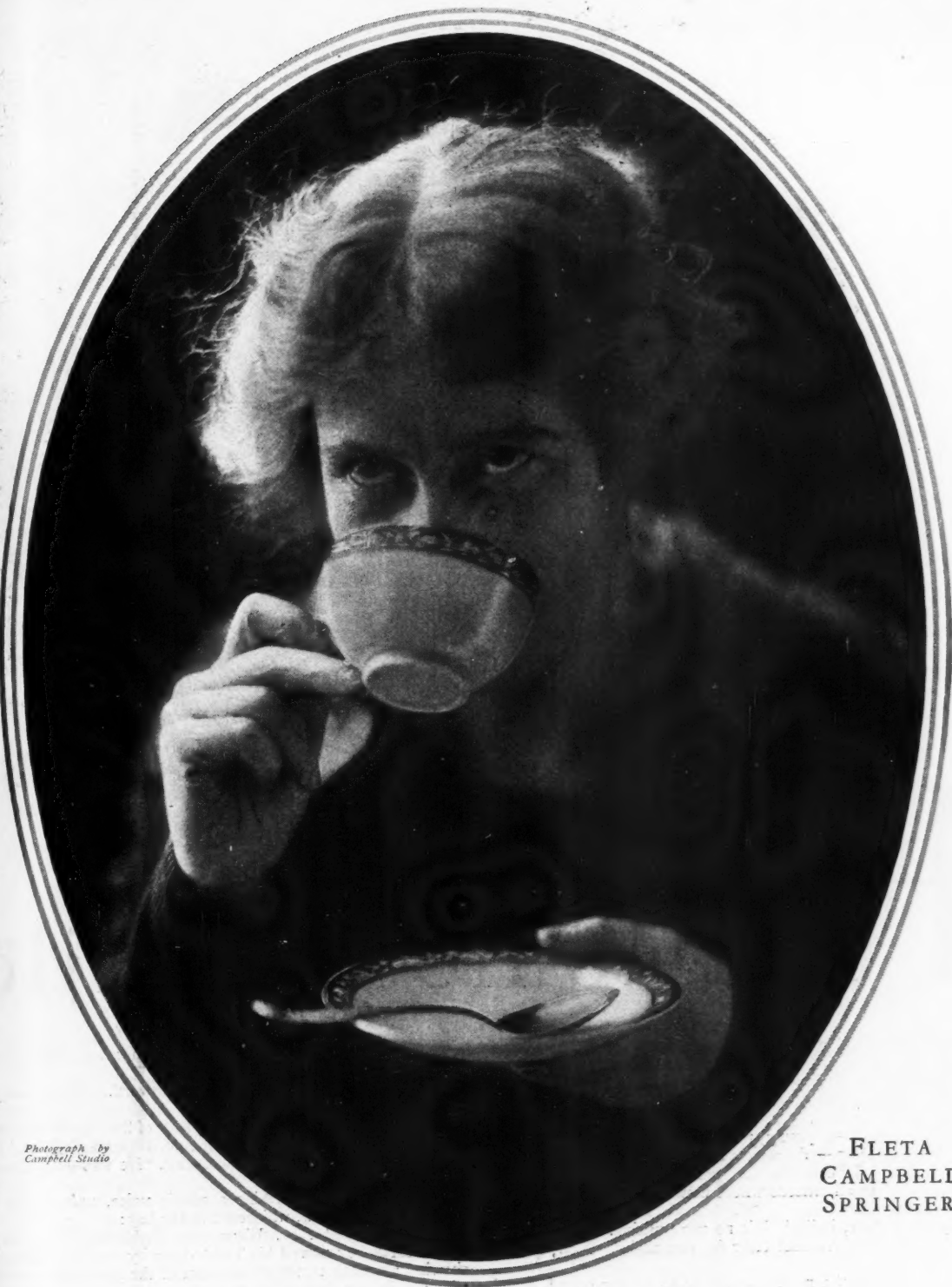
And, believe me or not, I could not remember the name of the town. It was somewhere across the bay from San Francisco. We had gone there on a boat. And I had never been there before that day or since.

WHEN I confessed that I didn't know *where* I was married, laughing at myself, for it *was* funny, the official I knew had me placed. I could see by his expression that he no longer suspected me of untruth. I was nothing so deep as that. I was merely one of those light and senseless women upon whom marriage and divorce rest so lightly that they do not even trouble to remember when they occurred. A scatterbrain, incapable of serious emotion, or of understanding the sacredness of any relationship.

And he was justified, I suppose, in thinking that, since one does not expect psychology of government officials, or any comprehension of the strange embarrassments of the human heart. He could not know that I had not forgotten the important things—the look of that strange little town, the broad flight of white stone steps that led up to the court-house entrance, and how, half-way up those interminable steps, I was seized by panic, and would have fled but for the persuasions and assurances of the two friends who accompanied us. The way it rained as we went in, and the way the sun shone suddenly as we came out, and the illusion that it all was an extraordinary vivid dream.

The passport official dismissed me rather sternly with the announcement that I must have those dates, and that he would hold my application until I brought them in.

There was of course my copy of the divorce decree, but that was locked away with other papers in my little house in the Berkshires where I spend my summers, now snowbound and inaccessible. There was barely time to rush through the passport before sailing day. I must have those dates at once. There



Photograph by
Campbell Studio

FLETA
CAMPBELL
SPRINGER

was only one other person who had them—Tom, who was somewhere in New York. Well, I decided to ask him; and, because time was so important, I called the number on the telephone.

A woman's voice answered, a full-toned, charming voice, and immediately I knew that I was talking to his wife. I hadn't, somehow, prepared for that. He had always been one of those enviable persons who answer telephones without resentment, as if he expected something pleasant to come over the wire.

"Is Mr. Springer in?" I said, very businesslike.

"No, he is not; I'm sorry. Who is this, please?"

And I heard myself saying, without the least hesitation, "This is Mr. Burke's office. I'm speaking for Mr. Burke."

There was no Mr. Burke. This moment, as I write it down, I realize that I have written it often before, and that it is, though I have never been conscious of it, a favorite name of mine for minor characters in fiction. And—how naive is the mechanism of our minds!—the last time I had used the name, the heroine of the story had answered her telephone, and the voice of an unknown man had said, "This is Mr. Burke whom you do not know. But I knew your husband years ago."

So that was where I had got my Mr. Burke!

The really likable voice said that Mr. Springer would be in for telephone calls between six and seven that evening. But I didn't telephone. That would have (Continued on page 185)

Illustrations
by
Rose O'Neill



The Harmonious Child

BY ELEVEN o'clock in the morning a policeman took up his position outside Smith's Hotel, Mayfair, and lined up the crowd—mostly women and press photographers—who were gazing with eager expectation at the first floor windows.

The policeman—a young man with a good-humored face above his chin-strap—addressed the women nearest to him with that mingling of authority and geniality which endears the London police to all citizens whose honesty is, for the moment, above suspicion.

"Now look here, ladies! It's no use pushing. Not a bit of good. Keep the pavement clear for passers-by. Now, Missy, stand back there!"

One of the ladies, a newcomer attracted by the crowd, asked a timid question.

"What are they all waiting for? Royalty?"

The policeman answered with a touch of humorous sarcasm. "Royalty? I don't think! It's some music-hall brat. The Harmonious Child they call him in the papers. Gets a hundred pounds a night for playing 'Pop Goes the Weasel' or something. Silly, I call it."

The timid lady received fuller information from a young woman standing next to her.

"It's little Val Sheridan. Just back from America after his triumphal tour. Surely you've heard? He's world famous! The child violinist. Better than Kreisler. And such a little dear! Devoted to his Teddy-bear, like any simple child."

Shrill cries rose suddenly from the crowd of women.

"There he is! . . . Oh, isn't he a darling! . . . And there's his Teddy-bear! . . . Hooray!"

The press photographers surged forward. There was the clicking of many shutters.

In the center window on the first floor of Smith's Hotel a small boy in a sailor suit with a shock of curly brown hair above a pale face stood staring down on the crowd. He was hugging a big Teddy-bear.

From behind the curtains a man's voice, unheard by the cheering crowd below, whispered to the boy:

"Smile! Smile! . . . Wave your Teddy-bear!"

The small boy waved his Teddy-bear by one leg and smiled, showing his teeth to the satisfaction of the press photographers who caught the flash of them.

"Kiss your hand!" whispered the voice behind the curtain.

The Harmonious Child said "Damn!"

It was unheard, fortunately, by the ladies who were still cheering in shrill voices.

Failing to kiss his hand, the small boy stepped back into the room, holding his Teddy-bear by the right leg until he flung it away from him with a sudden gesture of rage and disgust. It lay in the corner, on the polished boards, crumpled up dejectedly with one leg over its head.

Inside the room the table was laid with breakfast things for four people. Empty egg-shells and a crumb-strewn cloth showed that the meal had been finished, although the man who had whispered behind the curtains sat down again and drank a sip of cold coffee. He had a sharp-featured, clean-shaven face and

By SIR PHILIP
GIBBS



*The Story
of a
Child Genius
who Envied
Regular
Boys*

C "Drat my genius!" cried the Harmonious Child. "One day I'll kick my violin to bits. I wish I'd been born deaf."

well oiled hair, and there was a line of irritable amusement about his thin lips as he glanced at the boy.

"Got out of bed the wrong way?" he asked.

The boy's face flushed, and he scowled moodily.

"Why can't people leave me alone for a bit?" he asked in a low, sullen voice.

The young man at the breakfast table laughed as he lighted a cigaret and turned over a sheaf of press cuttings most of which bore the title of "The Harmonious Child," and all of which contained portraits of "Little Val Sheridan with his Teddy-bear."

"It's the penalty of genius," he said cheerfully. "The price of fame, laddie, which I, as your press-agent do my best to encourage."

"What's the good of it?" asked the boy. "I hate being famous."

The press-agent shrugged his shoulders with a sign of impatience. There were times when he wanted to box the ears of the Harmonious Child whom he had boosted into fame by very careful and strenuous work in England and the United States. Of course the boy had real genius, brought out and educated by old Stefani, his music-master—but it was due to Geoffrey Jennings, journalist and press-agent, that little Val Sheridan was known throughout the world as the Harmonious Child, that his portrait appeared in all the picture papers, that his Teddy-bear was shown with him in the movies, that a thousand anecdotes about the simplicity, the unselfishness, the pluck, the childish charm of this wonder child were printed in the world's press.

Lately the boy had been sulky and had failed to play the game as well as he ought to have done after so much coaching. He

had let the cat out of the bag regarding his age to the lady correspondent of the "Woman's World," and had told her that he was fourteen last birthday, instead of the official ten which appeared on all the programs. Fortunately Geoffrey Jennings had been able to square the girl with genial winks and nods and an appeal to her sense of humor. Fourteen was an impossible age for "Little Val Sheridan."

"I'm afraid you're getting spoiled, dear child," said Geoffrey Jennings, with a touch of sarcasm. "What more do you want, old boy?"

There was an underlying irritation in his voice, but he tried to conceal it by that "old boy." After all, Val was earning ten thousand pounds a year, of which Geoffrey Jennings, his press-agent, was getting ten percent. Some allowance must be made for his little tempers.

"I want to be—natural," the boy said gloomily. "I don't want lies told about me."

"Not lies, dear child," said the press-agent. "Publicity, Val, publicity!" He laughed with excellent good humor.

"I don't want to get photographed every minute of the day. . . . I'm sick of it all . . . Dressed up like a silly baby!"

There were tears of rage in the boy's eyes. He dashed them away with the back of his hand.

Geoffrey Jennings glanced at him anxiously. He hoped the boy wasn't unwell. It was necessary to keep him well until his London contract was fulfilled. Perhaps they had driven the boy a bit too hard. That American tour had been a triumph but tiring. "You want a rest, laddie," he said cheerily. "After we've

finished with London I'll tell old Stefani to give you a rest. He works you hard because he's proud of your genius."

"Drat my genius!" cried the boy savagely. "One day I'll kick my violin to bits. I wish I'd been born deaf!"

These words were overheard by an old man who came into the room in a silk dressing-gown and bedroom slippers. He was a hook-nosed old man with a pointed white beard and a very pallid skin wrinkled deeply about his eyes which were bright and searching under shaggy brows.

"Vot is dat I hear?" he asked. "You vish you had been born deaf? Deaf to all dat glorious Gott-given harmony which I haf taught you to draw out wiv de sweep of your bow from de eternal melody of divine sound? Dat is de most terrible t'ing for a young lad to say! It is blasphemy!"

"It's true," said the boy sullenly.

The old music-master raised those thin bony hands which had taught the Harmonious Child to finger his strings, to hold his bow, to play deep notes with a rich full sound, to fiddle up and down the scale like a fairy dancing on gossamer. As a small boy Val had been terrified of those hands when he had first been taught by old Stefani, who called himself a Germah then, though afterwards he became a Pole. Now he was only frightened of them in his dreams.

Stefani was afraid of him, since one morning a month ago when he had threatened to break his violin across the old man's head for daring to call him a little "Schweinehund." That was when he had forgotten some bars of a Tchaikovsky symphony, though he had not really forgotten them but was only wondering why he should practise six hours a day to keep a press-agent and a musical director and a drunken uncle who had adopted him after his mother and father had been drowned in the Lusitania.

"It is time we began our morning's work," said old Stefani. "Our audience tonight vill vish itself deaf if you do not blay better than yesterday. It vas a disgrace, my son!"

That was perfectly true. Val Sheridan knew that he had played badly—abominably, even. He was thinking that he would never play again in those idiotic baby clothes. He was fourteen years old. Almost a man. The Harmonious Child . . . What muck! . . .

"I wait for you, my son," said the old man impatiently.

Val Sheridan felt the color rise to his face and his heart thump to a quicker beat. But he spoke the words which he meant to speak—very calmly.

"I'm not practising this morning. I'm going to get my hair cut . . . short."

The old man stared at him incredulously, and then with a sudden anger in his eyes.

"You are not bractising dis morning? You are going to get your hair cut—short? But I say you will bractise! It is necessary dat you bractise six, seven, eight hours."

Val Sheridan shrugged his shoulders.

"I'm old enough to do what I like," he said aggressively.

Geoffrey Jennings, the press-agent, intervened with a startled expression.

"What's that about getting your hair cut? Good heavens! It would spoil the whole game. People wouldn't listen to you with short hair. You might just as well cut your throat as that mop of hair, laddie. Think of the press photographers! Think of the ladies! No, I'm damned if you do!"

"It gets into my eyes," said the boy. "It's ridiculous. Every-one grins at me . . . I intend to get my hair cut."

"De boy has gone daft," said the old music-master. "America has turned his brains. Ever since ve vent to de United States I can do noding vid him. He mock at me. He insult me. He menace to break my poor old head. Der is only von t'ing possible. A great big stick. Spare de rod and spoil de child, dis damn little Harmonious Child whose genius I make."

"Yes," said the press-agent. "Boys who won't play the game must be taught to play the game . . . A jolly good thrashing, laddie, if you dare let a pair of scissors touch that hair of yours!"

"If you don't let me get my hair cut, I won't play tonight," said Val Sheridan. "The audience won't see their Harmonious Child, I can tell you that! He'll be jumping on his fiddle behind the stage."

THOSE words, spoken rather breathlessly, with the grim determination of a boy fighting for some passionate purpose, seemed to frighten old Stefani and the press-agent.

"Look here," said Jennings weakly, "if you'll be a good little chap and do as we want you to do, I'll give you anything you've taken a fancy to. How about a new wrist watch, or—or a knife with six blades—or a gold pencil case?"

"I want to get my hair cut," said the boy.

Mr. Jennings breathed hard, and a dark flush spread over his face. "Then you jolly well won't!" he said harshly.

He strode over to the boy and seized him by his white collar. His nerves were all on edge. He was getting a little tired of this boy prodigy whom he had "boosted" into fame.

"Come and do your practising with Mr. Stefani, or I'll box your ears, you spoiled little imp!"

Val Sheridan breathed hard, struggled in Mr. Jennings' grip.

"Let me go! If you dare to touch me I'll smash the place."

Mr. Jennings cuffed the boy soundly on both sides of his head and tried to drag him across the room. There were no photographers present to record that incident in the life of the Harmonious Child.

The boy struggled like an eel, fought desperately, clung to the nearest object, which was the table-cloth on the breakfast table. Plates, tea-cups, saucers, coffee-pot, and the paraphernalia of an elegant breakfast in Smith's Hotel, crashed to the polished boards in one sweep of destruction.

It sobered Mr. Jennings, and left him pale.

"Very well," he said icily. "We'll leave you to your tantrums. Perhaps when you feel better—"



Guy Prichard did scrape out a tune. "Oh Lord! Oh crickey!" cried Val in agony.



C "What a shock to Miss Jenner," said Beatrice, "to come back and find me gone and this note in my French exercise book."

He was afraid he had gone too far with the boy. Foolish to lose his temper like that!

He beckoned to old Stefani, who had raised his hands to Heaven at the awful smash. They went out of the room gloomily—scared looking.

The Harmonious Child stood amid the wreckage he had made in the best suite of the most respectable hotel in London. His hair was in wild disorder and his face was flushed. He panted after that struggle, and gave a quick sob of rage. Then he listened to footsteps coming down the corridor outside the room. There was a fumbling at the lock of the door, followed by a click. Some one had locked him in. The footsteps went away again and he recognized the quick step of Geoffrey Jennings. The boy waited for a moment, and then went to the door and turned the handle. Yes, he was locked in! A prisoner!

The color ebbed from his face, and his lips trembled as though he might cry.

Other boys played games, slouched around in old clothes, and wore their hair short. Why should he practise six hours a day and dress like Little Lord Fauntleroy, and have cameras clicked in his face every time he went for a walk, or stood on a balcony, or appeared in public? He wouldn't do it any more. He'd rather die than go on like that.

He went to the window and peeped out and waited until the last of the women had passed down the street, tired of waiting to catch a glimpse of him. He saw his uncle come up the steps of the hotel with a tall hat at a rakish angle over his right eye, and swinging a silver-knobbed stick with a jaunty air. He had been to have his first cocktail after breakfast as the boy knew from long experience of his uncle's habits. By dinner time he would be fuddled, as usual, and in the hotel dining-room would begin to talk loudly of the enormous fees earned by his dear little boy, so that everybody would stare over at their table.

Then he would quarrel with Geoffrey Jennings, or insult old Stefani with boisterous good humor, until later on he would become maudlin and indulge in self-pity because his own genius as an artist went unrecognized and he had to travel round with a child who was the plague of his life and most ungrateful for all his

sacrifice . . . A few minutes later the boy heard his uncle's voice in the next room, and Geoffrey Jennings talking excitedly, and old Stefani shouting. They were holding a council of war. They were angry and alarmed.

The boy opened the window very softly and stepped out on the balcony while the wind blew his shock of hair wildly. No one seemed to be watching him from the street below where there was a swirl of taxicabs. The balcony stretched the whole length of Smith's Hotel, divided by stone parapets, and he climbed over two of these partitions until he stood opposite the windows of another suite of rooms. They were inhabited, he knew, by the girl with red hair who had exchanged smiles with him in the lounge.

He had rather liked the look of her because of her boisterous ways and her comical sulkiness with a thin-lipped governess who tried to prevent her from eating too many cakes and sitting with her legs curled up in one of the big armchairs and rushing about with the hotel kitten. Once she had made a grimace at the governess behind her back and Val had caught her eyes and they had laughed together in an understanding way.

HE PEERED through the closed window and saw Beatrice, as the governess called her, sitting at a table with a number of books in front of her. But she did not seem to be reading them. She was cutting up some paper with a big pair of scissors.

The boy tapped at the window and called out quietly. After the second tap the red-haired girl looked up, startled. Then she jumped up from the table and came to the window and looked out with her face so close to the glass that the end of her nose was flattened. "What do you want?" she called out.

"I'll tell you when you let me in. Hurry up!"

"My governess would be very annoyed if I let in a strange boy, even though you are the Harmonious Child. She would think it most improper!"

The boy was abashed by this reference to his newspaper name and blushed angrily. "I'm not the Harmonious Child. If you call me that I'll smash the window."

The red-haired girl withdrew the (Continued on page 213)

The Man Who Wouldn't Hurt A Fly

By W. Somerset Maugham

*who will travel half around the world
to meet a strange character*

FOR thirty years now I have been studying my fellow men. I do not know very much about them. I should certainly hesitate to engage a servant on his face, and yet I suppose it is on the face that for the most part we judge the persons we meet. We draw our conclusions from the shape of the jaw, the look in the eyes, the contour of the mouth. I wonder if we are more often right than wrong.

Why novels and plays are so often untrue to life is because their authors, perhaps of necessity, draw their characters all of a piece. They cannot afford to make them self-contradictory, for then they become incomprehensible, and yet self-contradictory is what most of us are. We are not all of a piece. We are a haphazard bundle of incongruous qualities.

I shrug my shoulders when people tell me that their first impression of a person is always right. I think they must have small insight or great vanity. For my own part I find that the longer I know people the more they puzzle me: my oldest friends are just those about whom I don't know the first thing.

These reflections have occurred to me because I read in this morning's paper that Edward Hyde Burton had died at Kobe. I knew him very little but he intrigued me because once he gave me so great a surprise. Unless I had heard the story from his own lips I should never have believed that he was capable of such an action. It was more startling because both in appearance and manner he suggested a very definite type.

Here if ever there was one was a man all of a piece. He was a little fellow, not more than five feet four in height, and very slender, with white hair, a red face, much wrinkled, and kindly blue eyes. He was about sixty. He was always neatly and quietly dressed in accordance with his age and station.

Though his offices were in Kobe Burton often came down to Yokohama. I happened on one occasion to be spending a few days there, waiting for a boat, and I was introduced to him at the British Club. We played bridge together. Burton played a good game and a generous one. He did not talk very much, but what he said was amiable and sometimes amusing. He seemed to be popular at the club and afterwards, when he had gone, they described him as one of the best.

It appeared that we were both staying at the Grand Hotel and next day he asked me to dine with him. I met his wife, fat, elderly and smiling, and his two daughters; it was evidently a united and affectionate family. I think the chief thing that struck me about Burton was his kindness. There was something very pleasing in his mild blue eyes. His voice was gentle; you could not imagine that he could possibly raise it in anger; his smile was benign. Here was a man who attracted you because you felt in him a real love for his fellows. He had charm.

There was nothing mawkish in him: he liked his game of cards and his cocktail, he could tell with point a good and spicy story, in his youth he had been something of an athlete, he was a rich man and he had made every penny himself. I suppose one thing that made you like him was that he was so small and frail; he aroused your instincts of protection. You felt that he could not bear to hurt a fly. His gentleness excited your chivalry.

One afternoon I was sitting in the lounge of the Grand Hotel, in one of the large leather armchairs they had there (this was before the earthquake) and my eyes rested on the harbor that faced me. It was a charming sight with its crowded traffic. There were the great liners on their way to Vancouver and San Francisco or to Europe by way of Shanghai, Hongkong and Singapore; there were tramps of all nations, battered and sea-worn, junks with their high sterns and great colored sails,

and innumerable sampans. It was a busy, exhilarating spectacle, and yet, I know not why, restful to the heart. Here was romance and it seemed that you had only to stretch out your hand to touch it.

Burton came into the lounge presently and caught sight of me. He seated himself in the chair next to mine.

"What do you say to a little drink?" he said. He clapped his hands for a boy and we ordered two gin fizzes. A man passed along the street outside and seeing me waved his hand.

"Do you know Turner?" said Burton as I waved a greeting. "I've met him at the club. I'm told he's a remittance man."

"Yes, I believe he is. We have a good many here."

"He plays bridge well."

"They generally do. There was a fellow here last year, oddly enough a namesake of mine, who was the best bridge player I ever met. I suppose you never came across him in London? Harry Burton he called himself. I believe he'd belonged to some very good clubs. He was quite a remarkable player. He seemed to have an instinct about the cards. Quite uncanny. I used to play with him a lot. He was in Kobe for some time."

Burton sipped his gin fizz.

"It's rather a funny story," he said. "He wasn't a bad chap. I liked him. He was always well-dressed and smart looking. He was handsome in a way, with curly hair and pink and white cheeks. Women used to like him. Of course he drank too much. Those fellows always do. A bit of money used to come in for him once a quarter and he made a bit more by card playing. He won a good deal of mine, I know that."

BURTON gave a kindly little chuckle. I knew from my own experience that he could lose money at bridge with a good grace. He stroked his shaven chin with his thin hand; the veins stood out on it and it was almost transparent.

"I suppose that is why he came to me when he went broke, that and the fact that he was a namesake of mine. He came to see me in my office one day and asked me for a job. I was rather surprised. He told me that there was no more money coming from home and he wanted to work. I asked him how old he was."

"Thirty-five," he said.

"And what have you been doing hitherto?" I asked him.

"Well, nothing very much," he said.

"I couldn't help laughing. I'm afraid I can't do anything for you just yet," I said. "Come back and see me in another thirty-five years, and I'll see what I can do."

"He didn't move. He went rather pale. He hesitated for a moment and then he told me that he had had bad luck at cards for some time. He hadn't been willing to stick to bridge; he'd been playing poker, and he'd got trimmed. He hadn't a penny. He'd pawned everything he had. He couldn't pay his hotel bill and they wouldn't give him credit. He was down and out. If he couldn't get something to do he'd have to commit suicide."

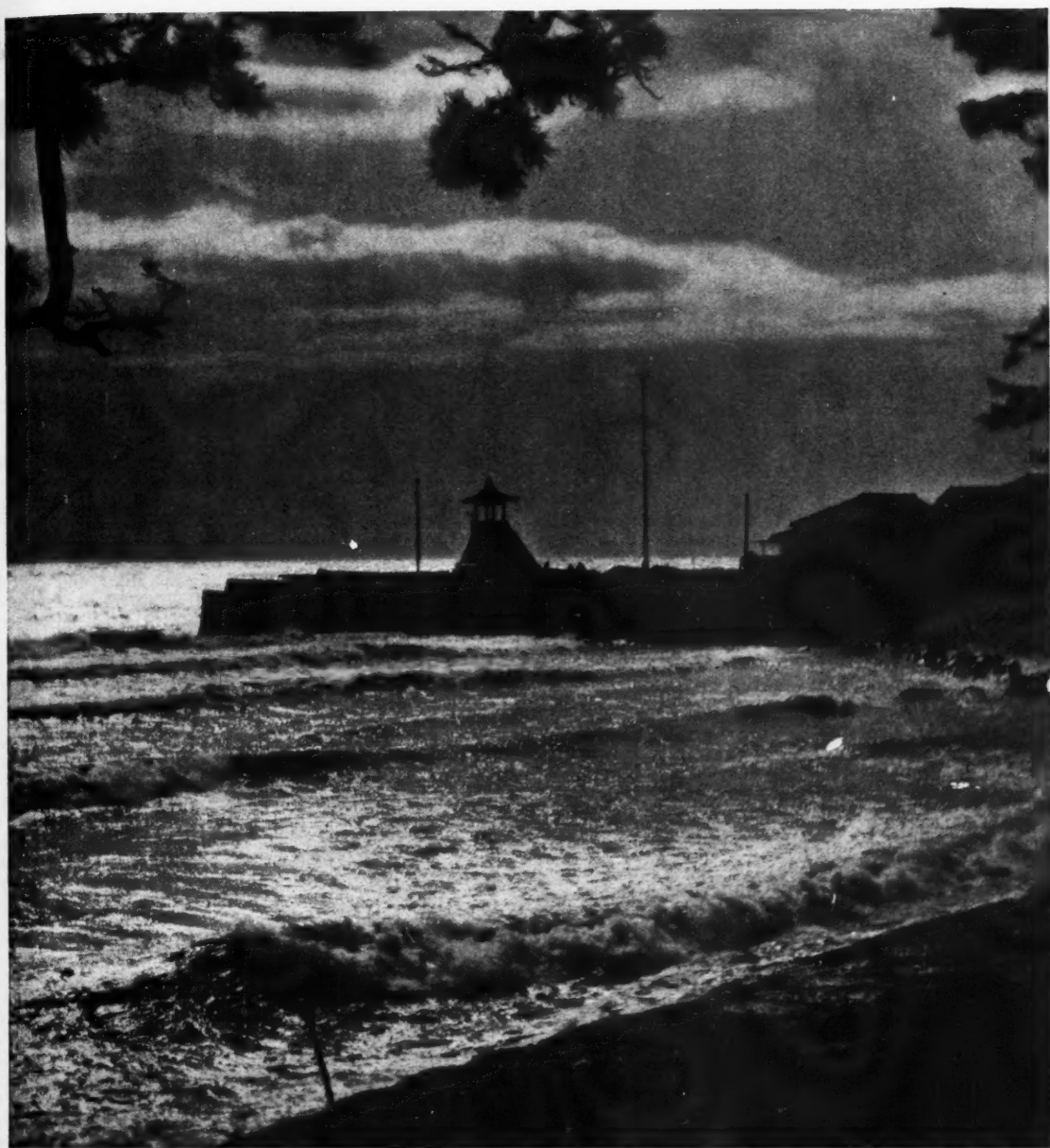
"I looked at him for a bit. I could see now that he was all to pieces. He'd been drinking more than usual and he looked fifty. The girls wouldn't have thought so much of him if they'd seen him then."

"Well, isn't there anything you can do except play cards?" I asked him.

"I can swim," he said.

"Swim?" I cried. I could hardly believe my ears; it seemed such an insane answer to give.

"I swam for my university."



Photograph Courtesy Canadian Pacific Ry. Co.

C The lighthouse at Kobe: "It's over three miles and a difficult swim," said Burton. "I told my namesake that if he'd do it I'd give him a job."

"I got some glimmering of what he was driving at. I've known too many men who were little tin gods at their university to be impressed by it.

"I was a pretty good swimmer myself when I was a young man," I said.

"Suddenly I had an idea."

Burton turned to me.

"Do you know Kobe?" he asked.

"No," I said, "I passed through it once, but I spent only a night there."

"Then you don't know the Shioya Club. When I was a young man I swam from there round the beacon and landed at the creek of Tarumi. It's over three miles and it's rather difficult on account of the currents round the beacon. Well, I told my young namesake about it and I said that if he'd do it I'd give him a job.

"I could see he was taken aback.

"You say you're a swimmer," I said.

"I'm not in very good condition," he answered.

"I didn't say anything. I shrugged my shoulders. He looked at me for a minute and then he nodded.

"All right," he said. "When do you want me to do it?"

"I looked at my watch. It was just after ten.

"The swim shouldn't take you more than an hour and a quarter. I'll drive round to the creek at half past twelve and meet you. I'll take you back to the club to dress and then we'll have luncheon together."

"Done!" he said.

"We shook hands. I wished him good luck and he left me. I had a good deal of work to do that morning and I only just managed to get to the creek at Tarumi at half past twelve. But I needn't have hurried, because he never turned up."

"Did he funk it at the last moment?" I asked.

"No, he didn't funk it. He started all right. But of course he'd ruined his constitution by drink and dissipation. The currents round the beacon were more than he could manage. We didn't get his body for about three days."

I didn't say anything for a minute or two. I was a trifle startled. Then I asked Burton a question.

"When you made him that offer of a job, did you know he'd be drowned?"

He gave a little mild chuckle and he looked at me with those kind and candid blue eyes of his. He rubbed his chin.

"Well, I hadn't got a vacancy in my office at the moment," he said. "And didn't I do the merciful thing, after all?"



By BASIL IMMOR

What Does the

Illustrations by

THE points I am about to raise are extremely delicate. I am only raising them, however, leaving it to the reader to settle them. Mine will be the privilege of asking questions; his the duty of answering them. In that way I get the chance to open a closed door, letting in the air, while dodging the responsibility.

For many years I have been wondering if in our society, our churches, our civilization generally, we are not somewhat at sixes and sevens as to the big subject of morality and immorality. In our common use of terms does not the word immorality stand for one thing, and one thing only, instead of for a broad condition? Are there not one or two failings we condemn with all the force of social and religious disapproval, while others much more corroding to the character go relatively unrebuked?

In other words, I am inclined to ask if in our American moral code, as generally entertained, we know of more than two sins—"immorality," as it is technically called, and the drinking of intoxicating liquors. Since about the last there is some difference of opinion we might even reduce the list of moral offenses to a single item. To no other do I ever hear the word "immorality" applied. The inference is that nothing else is immoral.

Perhaps our confusion of thought is due to the fact that there is no fixed standard of morals, and never has been one. A glance at history, a glance at the pages of the Bible, a glance at any modern newspaper, will show that it is so.

For what, after all, is the meaning underlying those habits we know as morals? We find it in the Latin word from which our English word is derived. *Mos*, genitive *moris*, meant a custom. It was no more than that. Custom is never so fixed that it cannot change. The fluidity of morals, the tendency to change, is one of the striking features in the history of man.

The ancient world had not the same moral standard as the modern world. The Oriental world has not today the same moral standard as the western world. The western world has not the same moral standard everywhere within itself. The moral standard of Europe is in many ways different from that of America. It would probably amaze some Americans to learn that in Europe the American moral standard is considered low. The American on the other hand considers low the European standard, thinking his own superior.

But the same moral standard does not obtain throughout America. There are millions of us who think it a breach of the moral code to dance, to go to the theater, to play cards, to drink wine. There are millions again who consider that all these acts can be consistent with the highest morality. Millions honestly believe that divorced persons who remarry are living in adultery. Other millions believe with equal honesty that to divorce and remarry are privileges inherent in human liberty, and sanctified by common sense.

Moreover, our morals, as I have said, are continually in a state of flux. To no two generations are they quite the same. Our view of right and wrong is no longer what it was to the age of the Inquisition, let us say, or to the age of the Puritan Fathers, or even to the generation that lived fifty or sixty years ago. We have another standard. The generation that will be living fifty or sixty years from now will have another standard still.

And of this modification I find no example more striking than that which the American people has presented to us any time within twenty years. More and more,

KING REALITY!

Word Mean to YOU?

Walter Jardine

it seems to me, the forces considered moral train their guns against two offenses, and two offenses only. Their aim would seem to be to send the "immoral" man to Coventry, and the man who drinks intoxicants to jail. I ask if under this new morality all other breaches of the Ten Commandments are not treated with sympathy or indifference.

Murder, for example, hardly ever extracts a protest. Having reached among our national habits the place of a pastime or a sport, it rarely brings from any source an expression of regret. A year ago the American Bar Association published an appalling statement as to the number of murders committed beneath the Stars and Stripes within a given twelvemonth—as many, if I remember rightly, as in all Europe, exclusive of Russia, put together—but I could never see that from any minister of religion or member of reforming sisterhood it drew as much as a sigh.

Shocked to the heart by this publication, I myself, as a humble individual, talked of it in season and out of season, to clergy and laity alike, trying to elicit at least one shocked look in return; but quite in vain. A mild, and sometimes amused, indifference was the only response, till a lawyer gave me the tip that "nobody cares," and I ceased to speak. Nobody did care.

THE French have a convenient phrase by which they express their acceptance of that of which they once used to disapprove: *C'est passé dans nos mœurs*—it's become part of our morals—and to no small degree this seems to be the case with regard to murder in the United States. We have grown used to the killing of human beings. It no longer causes us a shock. Rather we enjoy the thrill of it. As served up to us by the newspapers it brings the gladiator's show right to our own firesides. In what we call a "good" murder our interest is so dramatic that we hardly know that morals are involved.

And lest we put our sins on the head of our favorite scapegoat, the large foreign population, the Bar Association is careful to point out that those of old American stock, of Anglo-Saxon origin, measure up in crime to their full responsibility. Anyone who, like myself, lives in New England will bear witness that this is so. There are few of our lovely, elm-shaded villages, in which everybody knows and loves everybody else, that has not its murder tale, often its murder mystery. The more it is a mystery the more glamour it sheds on the community.

But my point is not that murder is so common; it is that being so common our teachers of morality raise no protest against it. They give no warnings on the subject. And yet the "slayers" come for the most part right out of their own flocks. There is no special training for a murderer; he is not a genus apart. In perhaps the majority of cases the candidates, respectable gentlemen and ladies, are sitting in their pews for a good many Sundays in the year. Not a few of them are church-workers, choir-singers, clergymen. Surely there must be a way of reaching them before they rush to extremes. I venture therefore to ask if the brothers and sisters who are doing us all good are not so engrossed with the seventh and eleventh commandments as to lose sight of the sixth and eighth.

And speaking of the eighth, another failing no longer classed under the head of (Continued on page 201)



By James Oliver
Curwood

A
Romance
of the
Canadian
North
Woods

The
Ancient
H
ighway



C The Story So Far:

CLIFTON BRANT had to fight down an impulse to kill Ivan Hurd, Canada's unscrupulous timber king; for Hurd had not only ruined his father, but hired an assassin to kill Clifton in China. Eventually the two met face to face in Hurd's office in Montreal, and Clifton beat Hurd to a pulp after exacting a humiliating confession. Then a girl's laugh, at Hurd's battered appearance, apprised him that there had been a hidden witness to the terrific struggle.

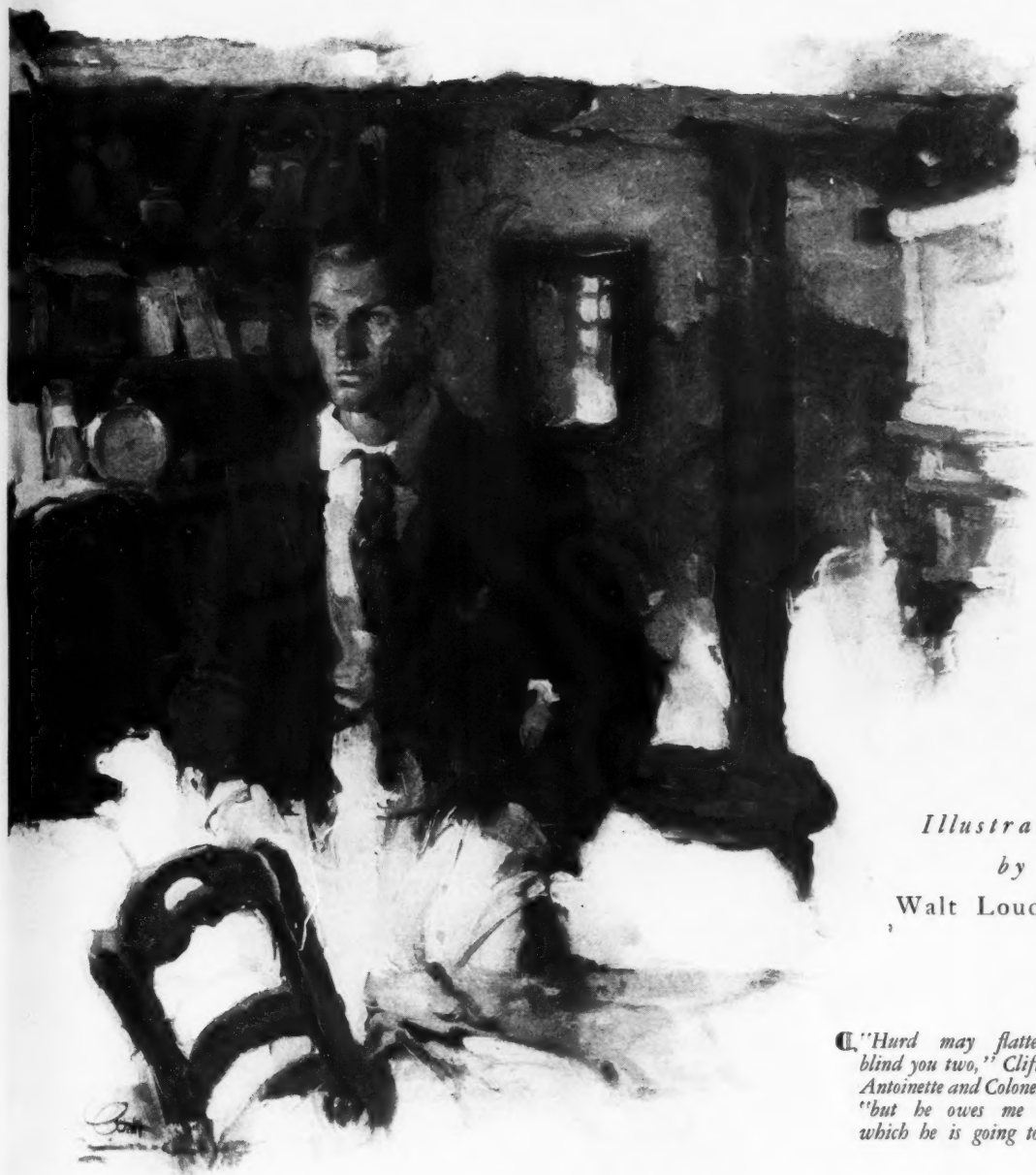
The girl proved to be Antoinette St. Ives, proud descendant of an old Quebec family, and herself engaged in a struggle against Hurd. The timber king, indeed, was in process of wrecking the old and honorable Laurentian Paper and Pulp Company, in which Antoinette had an indirect interest; but more important, he had conceived a brutal determination to have Antoinette for himself. This Clifton learned after he had met her and fallen head over heels in love. Thereafter he threw himself heart and soul into the battle.

In the Canadian north woods Hurd's gangs of hired roughnecks were attempting to crowd out the Laurentian men. Thither went Clifton, who as a professional forester was to take charge.

Thither came Antoinette too, and her huge and lovable brother Gaspard, and Gaspard's loyal companion, the twisted little monk Alphonse (who, Clifton found, himself cherished a hopeless love for Antoinette), and Joe, the homeless waif Clifton had picked up in his travels. For Antoinette had determined to fight Hurd with the weapons of decency, putting up forest schools and bringing on the women and children of the woodsmen. She even sent on two teachers, Anne Gervais and Catherine Clamart. Anne made an immense appeal to Clifton, and when she told him she loved Gaspard he agreed to help her, first by delivering a letter.

Gaspard, however, was in love with an Angeliqne Fanchon, who apparently would have none of him; whereupon he determined to fight his supposed rival Ajax Trappier. This he did, the fight being arranged by Alphonse, who had supposedly posted Angeliqne as a witness in her father's kitchen window. But when the gigantic conflict was over, Gaspard found that the witness was not Angeliqne but a servant; and he read the letter Clifton brought and it proved to be from Angeliqne herself, in the north woods under the name of Anne. In it she confessed her love; and Gaspard was like a madman for joy.

Now it should be said that Clifton considered his own love for Antoinette quite hopeless.



Illustrations

by

Walt Louderback

*"Hurd may flatter and
blind you two," Clifton told
Antoinette and Colonel Denis,
"but he owes me a debt
which he is going to pay!"*

At their first meeting and on several occasions thereafter he had declared himself with fervid impetuosity, and met only rebuffs, sometimes cool, sometimes fierce; so that he had decided he must never see Antoinette again. Imagine, then, his feelings when he read the ending of Angelique's letter, referring to Antoinette and himself: "Truly, Gaspard, I think she is shamming, and that she loves him."

C. The Story Continues:

CLIFTON did not hurry after he had read Anne's letter. Like Gaspard he read it a second and a third time and by the end of the third perusal the surprising effect of the discovery that Anne Gervais was Angelique Fanchon had given way to a warm and thrilling sensation produced by the last line and a half she had written.

Had any other person expressed such an opinion, either verbally or in writing, Clifton would have given it short attention, but the fact that Anne herself had put the words on paper lifted him above the grimly set resolutions which he had accepted for himself. Now that she was Angelique Fanchon he was still

thinking of her as Anne. Crudely impossible as the hope seemed to be, it was like a breath of sweet air after long duration in a place that had suffocated him, and his heart rose up suddenly out of a debris of broken things.

He followed in the direction Gaspard had taken, with the letter in his hand. When he came to a point where he could see St. Ives at his bath he waited until the other had dried himself and was dressed. Gaspard did not speak at once but took the letter again, with fingers that were clumsily gentle, and for a time his eyes seemed to linger on each word.

"I am not worth that," he said then, without looking up. "I think I have been a little mad. But reason has returned to me. A little while ago I was filled with the desire to destroy Ajax before Angelique's eyes. Now I am praying God that neither she nor my sister will ever hear of this fool thing I have done. Will you help me keep it from them?"

"If it is possible, yes. But there are others to remember—Ajax, the girl in the window, Adrien and Alphonse——"

"I am going back," interrupted St. Ives. "I am bound to tell Ajax I am sorry. He is a big-hearted fellow after all, when I speak truth about him, and along with that he won't want the story of the affair to get out. Between us we will fix it up with



C "I've been counting the days and the hours—" Clifton cried. Then he saw there was no softening glow of welcome in Antoinette's eyes.

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the girl and Adrien. If you can find Alphonse, and keep his tongue quiet—"

"He ran away with Trappier's horse—to escape your wrath for the trick he played on you, I think," said Clifton. "Who is that coming into the edge of the field over there?"

"It is Ajax!" exclaimed St. Ives. "I will go and meet him. Good-by, my dear friend. You know what is in my heart, so tell as much of it as you can to Angelique—and that I shall come to her the happiest man in the world the instant my sister's work and mine is finished. I would go now, but I know she would not like that."

"You are sure that you and Ajax will not become engaged in another fight?" interrupted Clifton doubtfully.

"Yes, I am sure."

"Possibly I should go back with you."

Gaspard laughed, and shook his head. "It would humiliate me greatly to have you hear the apologies I am going to offer Ajax." For a moment they stood with hands clasped. "You have—some word for my sister, Clifton?"

"The best of good wishes."

He watched St. Ives as he returned limpingly across the great field. Ajax came more slowly, and at last stopped—probably anticipating further hostilities, Clifton thought. He could see Gaspard waving his hand in a friendly fashion, and after that they came together. For several minutes they stood without movement, and at the end of that time turned about and walked side by side toward the Fanchon barns. Twice Gaspard waved to Clifton. A third time and Ajax waved a hand. Clifton smiled. The dove of peace had strangely spread its wings.

ALONE he returned into the woods, found the buggy, and came out upon the winding highway, thankful that he was started upon his lonely journey back to the Mistassini forests—and Anne Gervais. He felt a new sense of restfulness—was glad to get away from St. Ives, glad the monk had disappeared. He wanted a little time alone, to dream, to hope, to build his castles high up once more, as he had built them not so long ago.

After a little he tried not to think of them any more. It was folly—a folly which would leave an abiding bitterness behind. Antoinette despised him. He knew, while the others could only guess. Yet he could not get rid of Anne and her faith. They rode with him in the buggy. They sang with the birds along the way. They were a part of the flowers he passed.

He had almost come to the turning of the back road onto the main highway when a figure darted out from a cover of underbrush ahead of him. It was Alphonse!

He was dusty and covered with perspiration, and he nervously looked up and down the road as Clifton reined in his horse. Then he smiled. Clifton did not return his greeting. Suspicion of the monk and the unpleasant effect of his sudden appearance at the roadside were revealed clearly in his face and attitude. He made no attempt to hide them. But Alphonse passed them over with a mirthless cackle as he climbed into the buggy.

As he drove on Clifton became oppressed by a strange sensation. Something about the monk began to stir him deeply. The little man looked straight ahead and his hands twisted nervously on his knees. He seemed to be trembling, too, and looking down at him Clifton saw his lips moving silently, and age had settled more than ever in his face, leaving it pinched and thin and sickly white. What Clifton saw was more like sickness than fear.

Until they came to the turning of the road into the main highway silence rode with them in the buggy. Clifton's tongue clove to the roof of his mouth as he thought of madness and fancied that he saw it in the other's face. Then Alphonse seemed to come out of himself with a struggle, and looked up at him, and laughed. But there was no humor or lightness in the laugh.

"Where is our friend Gaspard?" he asked.

"Making apologies to Ajax Trappier," answered Clifton. "They held a love-feast after you ran away—and both are anxious that no rumor of this foolishness reaches the ears of Mademoiselles St. Ives and Fanchon. I accepted the obligation of guaranteeing the secrecy of your own tongue. Was I right?"

"Perfectly," nodded Alphonse. "I have no reason for telling Angelique, and I never expect to see Antoinette again."

Coldly and clearly spoken the words were a shock to Clifton.

"I think my work is coming to an end," the monk went on in a strangely even voice. "And you are the one man in the world who should know a little something about it, Monsieur Clifton, because there is between us a bond which even my ugliness and what you think is half madness cannot break—our love for Antoinette. Mine will die with me. Yours will go on living.

But I am not mad, as you think, and as Gaspard sometimes thinks. There are times when I can see too far, too clearly, too deeply into matters which others cannot see.

"That is why I brought this fight about, and made the girl take Angelique's place in the window. I knew that until the feud between Gaspard and Ajax had burned itself out there would be no peace in Gaspard's mind, and one thing alone would destroy their enmity and make friends of the two—a spectacle which, when over, would prove them ridiculous in their own eyes.

"So when Antoinette suggested schools in the woods I secretly plotted with her to make Angelique one of the teachers. Mademoiselle Fanchon did not guess my part in the scheme, and so she almost betrayed herself when we met on the Mistassini, for she had come up there under the name of Anne Gervais for—I don't know what reason. That is her secret and Mademoiselle Antoinette's. Anne Gervais is a pretty name, but Anne Gervais herself is a skinny old maid of Quebec who has pestered the life out of Gaspard with her adoration. No matter what Angelique's reason for taking another's name may have been, it has helped me. There is one more task ahead of me, and then—"

"What?" asked Clifton, as the other hesitated.

"My work will be done. And when it is over—when my work is finished—I want enough of the truth to be known so that you, and those two I love, may sometimes be kind enough to pray for the salvation of a soul that once inspired a man of God and which now struggles weakly in the body of a sinner. Monsieur—there is a spring of cold water in the corner of this wood. Are you thirsty?"

"No, but I will wait for you," said Clifton, stopping in a patch of shade.

For a moment he was laboring against an almost irresistible impulse. It was not common for him to feel affectionately inclined toward men, so that he desired to put his hand on them. Benedict was the big exception. But in this moment of strange emotion that passed over him it was only a little thing that restrained him from placing an arm about the monk's shoulders, as he would have done in comforting Joe. And before that instant of self-repression was gone the little monk stood in the road. He looked up and tried to smile. Then Clifton watched the dusty and broken figure as it passed through the roadside thicket and over the fence into the wood, and his heart was filled suddenly with compassion and sympathy.

HE WAITED. As far under the roofs of the trees as he could see Clifton caught the mellow gleaming of golden pools and streams of sunshine on the cool earth.

In among these the monk had gone, and he did not come out again. Clifton listened for his footsteps and the sound of disturbed brush. It was taking the monk a long time, he thought.

He got out and fastened the horse to a poplar sapling. Then he climbed the fence and came upon a tiny trickle of water which he trailed back for a hundred steps or so until he found its birthplace—the spring.

The monk was not there, and he had not been there, for no trace of footsteps was left in the soft mold about it. Clifton called his name and his only answer was a mysterious hushing of the wood about him.

He stood silent as the truth grew upon him. The monk had not come for a drink. He was gone, and had no intention of returning.

Yet Clifton waited for half an hour at the spring. After that he returned to the buggy and drove eastward on the dirt highway that led to Saint Methode. From the cool stillness of the byway he found himself suddenly in a moving stream of life and light and laughter. The habitants were returning from church. He could not get the monk out of his mind, or the strangeness of his disappearance, and behind the gaiety and happiness of the country folk who passed him there remained a cloud which gathered itself more about him as the day lengthened. It was after midnight when he reached the Mistassini.

Alone in his room he sat as sleepless as he had ever been. Half a dozen times he looked from his window to the unlighted cabin in which Angelique Fanchon and Catherine Clamart were sleeping. Had there been light or movement he would have hazarded a call even at this hour of night, for the bond between himself and the girl he had first known as Anne Gervais seemed to have become an inseparable part of him with the passing of each hour of that day. It was she who had roused the greatest hope in his breast.

When he went to breakfast in the morning he had slept only three or four hours, and he did not leave his room until he saw Angelique and Catherine come from the door of their cabin.



C. "We were sunning our hair where we thought no one would see us down

booted and dressed in riding-breeches and khaki shirts, each with a diminutive pack-sack over her shoulder. As he hurried to meet them his heart warmed at their sportsmanship. They were prepared for roughing it.

Angelique's face and eyes filled his vision. Her greeting, though she tried to make it as gay as Catherine Clamart's, was subdued by what he saw there. She wanted to know about St. Ives; how her message had been received, and what word he had sent to her in return. When breakfast was finished Clifton asked her for a few minutes alone.

THEY walked toward the river, leaving Catherine with the young engineer who had horses waiting, and who was to guide them on their first journey among the camps and jobbers.

"We had planned to start an hour earlier," said Angelique to Clifton, "but Catherine could never quite finish fussing with that hair of hers. It's glorious, and I don't blame her. She is desper-

ately in love, and so is young Vincent, and each is trying to hide it from the other until a decently proper time has passed. Yesterday he blundered on us when we were sunning our hair where we thought no one would see us down among the rocks, and it was funny to see the look of incredulity and abject adoration in his face. It was all for Catherine. She was a veritable golden goddess aflame with a smother of tresses almost to her knees. If I hadn't been there I think Vincent would have fallen on his knees. Isn't it silly for a man to feel like that?"

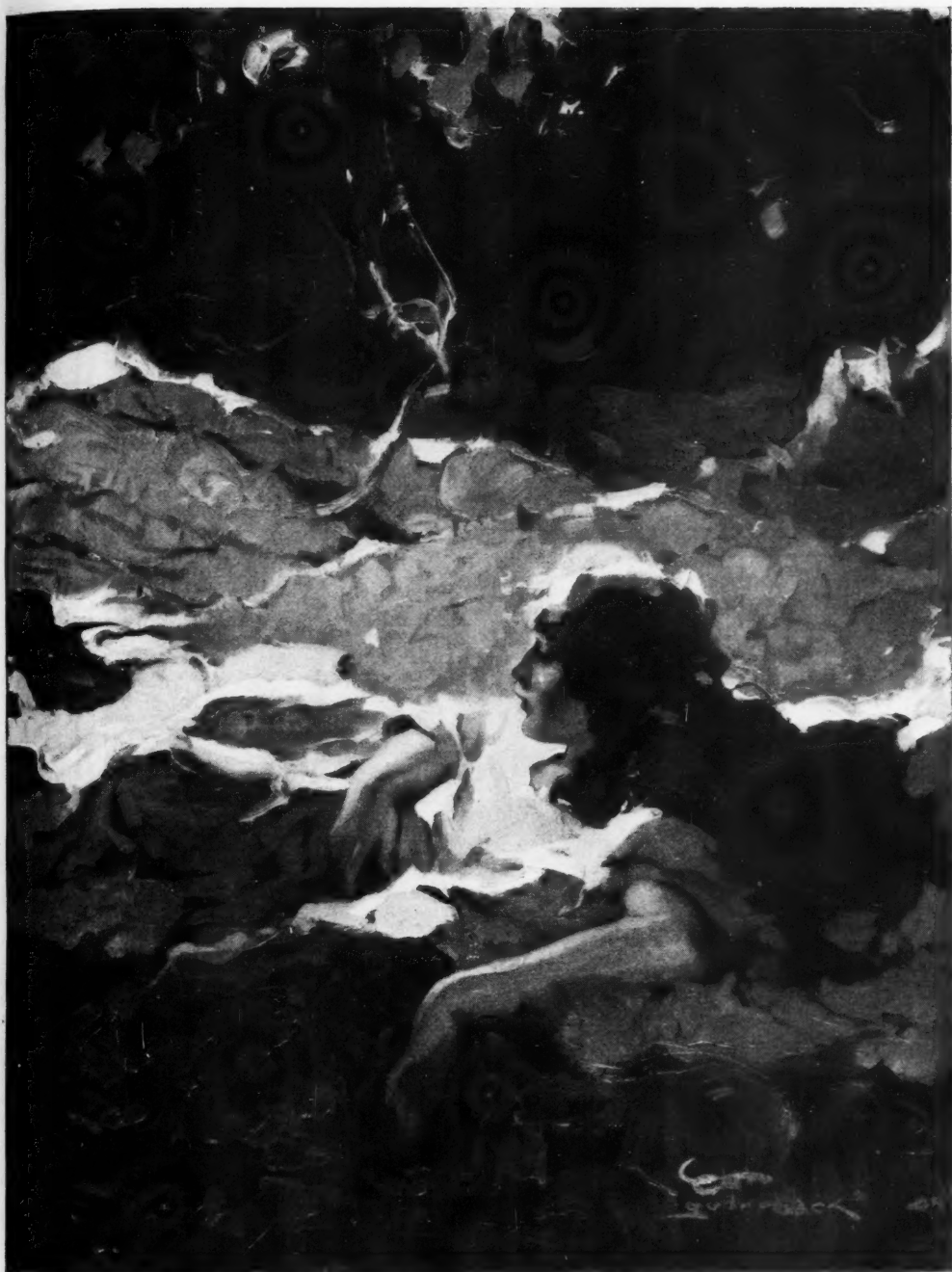
"Maybe it is," he said; "men will persist in making fools of themselves, if not in one way then in another. There is Gaspard St. Ives, for instance. The first day I met him he raved to me about the hair of some little country girl—Angelique Fanchon I think her name was—and when I smiled at his enthusiasm he wanted to fight me. But I never heard him breathe a word about a girl named Anne Gervais!"

"I have been foolish," murmured Angelique.

"Very," agreed Clifton.

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among the rocks, and Catherine was a veritable golden goddess, when Vincent blundered on us."

"You—gave Gaspard the note?"

"When I told him I had a letter from Anne Gervais he refused to accept it."

"What!"

"But I forced it on him, and he read it."

Angelique gave a deep sigh of relief. "And then—are you playing with me, Monsieur Brant? If you are—if you think it is so very amusing to keep me in suspense——" and a little dark flash of lightning passed up to him from her eyes.

"Play with you?" Clifton laughed softly. "Only because I am happy in your happiness, little friend! I don't think I ever knew St. Ives until he read that letter. It was like a flame that showed me the true depths of him for the first time. I believe he had grown a little hopeless, and your letter lifted him shoulder-high with the gods. He gave me this message— 'Tell her that I shall come to her the happiest man in the world the instant my sister's work and mine is finished. I would go now, but I know she would not like that.' And—he let me read the letter!"

He could feel the tremble of Angelique's small hand on his arm.

"He let me read the letter," he repeated.

"Yes, I understand," replied Angelique, and her head was bowed so that he could not see her face.

"In it you spoke of me," he went on. "I am grateful for your good opinion of me. And if it is true that you think Made-moiselle Antoinette has not this feeling against me—well, if you tell me that, I think I shall be almost as happy as Gaspard St. Ives. But if you wrote the lines thoughtlessly——"

He looked down to meet Angelique's eyes, beautifully soft and glowing. "They were true," she said. "I am more certain of it now than when I wrote them. You have done something terrible, Clifton, and Antoinette is trying to punish you, as I tried to punish Gaspard, and it is hurting her as much as it is hurting you. If that were not true, why should she——"

"Please go on," entreated Clifton, as she hesitated.

"Why should her eyes be red at (Continued on page 241)



Photograph by Campbell Studio

MRS. SHERWOOD & ROBERT E. SHERWOOD

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How's The Weather UP There?

By Robert E. Sherwood

*who thinks that the troubles of Fat Men are
nothing to those of Tall Ones*

FAT men have always had plenty of opportunity to air their troubles in public, to utter plaintive pleas for sympathy from the soft-hearted: Irvin Cobb, Heywood Brown, Don Marquis, Bill Johnston, G. K. Chesterton and all the other prominent figures in literature have seized every possible opportunity to capitalize their excess weight. Whenever they run short of legitimate ideas for stories or articles, they sit down and compose essays on "How it feels to be fat."

But tall men have never had a voice. They have been compelled to suffer meekly in silence while their more corpulent brethren have shed their crocodile tears all over the library shelves. Which is patently unfair because, in point of fact, tall men have grievances beside which the worries of the stout seem wan and willowy. I, being six feet seven inches in height, am in a position to know.

By far the most galling feature of the whole unfortunate business is the fact that average persons seem to consider tallness an enviable state. "Oh, I'd give anything to be tall!" is a statement that travels frequently to my ears, and I notice that heroes in romantic novels are always described as big, strapping six footers. The gods were exceptionally lofty, I am assured, and so were all the mortal heroes of mythology. I am supposed to be in luck.

But so far as I have been able to ascertain, there is only one conceivable advantage in height—and it is a doubtful one; tall men do get to see all the parades. Even when the mob is thickest along the sidewalk, I can always look over their heads and watch the Loyal Order of Beavers, Canarsie Local No. 10, march past to the strains of "It Ain't Gonna Rain No More."

But who wants to watch parades? Certainly not I. Speaking as one who, man and boy, has observed thousands of parades from the vantage point of seventy-nine inches, I can say in all solemnity that they're not worth the effort involved in growing that far. When you've seen one, you've seen them all.

So much for the advantages.

We now turn to the red ink side of the ledger and find a series of pages that teem with interesting data.

There is, for example, the subject of sleeping accommodations. I have, in my home, a bed that was especially constructed for my own personal use, and in that I am at liberty to stretch as far as I please. Unfortunately that happens to be one bed in a million, and I can't stay home all the time.

The hardware dealers who supply beds to hotels are under the impression that these hostilities cater exclusively to the theatrical troupe which is known as Singer's Midgets. I doubt that anyone of normal height—say five feet seven—could possibly relax in the average hotel bed; and when I crawl into one, I am compelled to fold up like a jack-knife. The same restrictive rule seems to apply to the couches that are to be found in guest rooms.

Even if the beds were long enough, as they never are, the blankets and sheets would still be far short of adequate. If, on cold nights, I try to pull the covers up around my shoulders, I find that my feet are exposed to the elements and vice versa. Often I have worried far into the night in an attempt to decide which end of me needs the warmth most.

As to the berths on sleeping-cars or ocean liners—well, a joke is a joke and there is such a thing as going too far, even in fun. I might add in passing that hotel bed manufacturers are also responsible for the seats in theaters. Whenever I go to see a play or a movie, I have to double up so that my knees are on a level with my chin.

The actual expense of tallness is an item that is not to be dismissed lightly, for together with excessive height go several

abnormalities of form which demand specialized treatment. Of course, my suits have to be made to order, but so do my shirts, my socks, my shoes, my overcoats and various essential undergarments. About the only articles of attire that I can purchase at ready-to-wear prices are hats, neckties and collar-buttons. There are so many fat men in the world that clothing manufacturers can afford to make sizes to meet their needs. But apparently there are few if any unfortunates besides myself who wear 13 D shoes and 14 socks.

"Can't you send in a special order to the factory?" I ask the shoe salesman after he has measured my foot and had his laugh.

"No," he assures me hopefully. "They don't even make shoe machinery that large."

So my dogs must be clothed by hand, and at a price ranging from thirty dollars a pair up. Thus the cost of living mounts in proportion to the extent of my deformities, and the reader will understand why I have to write articles like this to keep body and soul within hailing distance of each other.

I have explained that my hats could be acquired at normal prices—but even here there is no economy. The wear and tear on my headgear, and on my head, is something terrible, what with continual bumping on low doors and scaffolding.

I THINK I should be willing to stand the expense, however, and even the discomfort, if I could only be spared the kidding of those wits who consider that height is comical. Not that I am unappreciative of a good joke—at least, not very; but it is hard to have to listen to the same jibes over and over again.

"How's the weather (or air) up there?" is the most recurrent query. It is hurled at me by small boys wherever I go, at home or abroad. For some unknown reason it has been handed down from generation to generation as the standard taunt for all those who had the ill-luck to grow not wisely but too well. It is the first thing I hear when I arrive in Boston, in San Francisco or in Coffeyville, Kansas. Worst of all, it is always offered as a brand-new conception and it invariably occasions gales of laughter—I need hardly add, at my expense. In reply to it, I can only grin foolishly and pass on as hurriedly as possible.

Companion to "How's the weather up there?" are such flippant phrases as "Throw me down a match," or "Hand me down the moon." There is also the inevitable reference to Mutt and Jeff, made whenever I walk with some little shaver of five feet seven. That is always screamingly funny and delightfully original and succeeds in making me see red. This particular "hot one" has gained materially in favor since I started walking out with my wife, who is barely five feet.

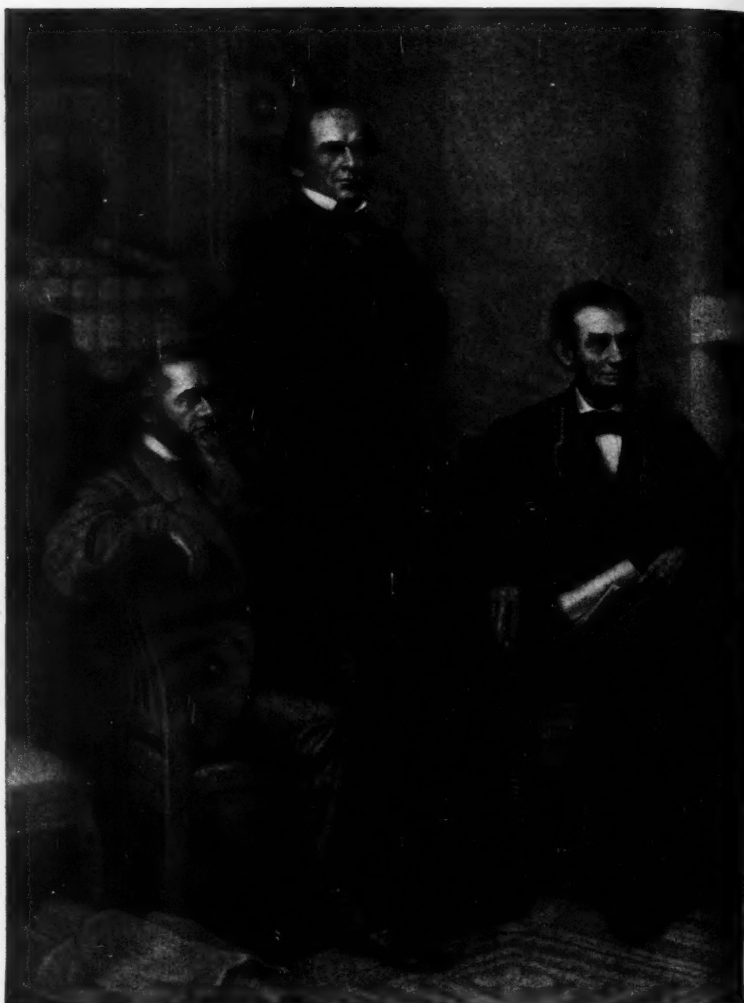
Of course, if I ever openly resented any of these remarks and turned on my oppressors, I'd be more of a goat than ever. "Aw, you big bully," they'd jeer, and "Why don't ya pick on some one yer own size?" As it is almost impossible for me to find anyone my own size, this last injunction is practically useless. So I have to try to be a good fellow about it.

On rare occasions I have the good fortune to hear jokes that are really worthy of utterance. When, for the first time, a friend cautioned me to stop smoking cigarets as they would stunt my growth, I did join sincerely in the general merriment; that one, however, has subsequently died on its feet. After the eighty-sixth repetition, it has lost some of its sparkle.

Once, while I was walking for some forgotten reason along a crowded street, I encountered a towering figure on stilts who was carrying aloft a placard which announced (Continued on page 178)

By BRUCE
BARTON

3 Suggestions to Insure Your Happiness



From a painting by F. B. Carpenter

THERE was a disastrous factory fire one night. No lives were lost, but the loss in machinery and inventory totaled more than a million dollars.

The next morning the president of the big corporation which owned the plant stepped into his office at the usual hour. He lighted a cigar, opened his mail and received reporters, who found him notably serene.

Orders were issued to speed up production in the other factories, and the engineering department was told to get busy with plans for rebuilding. Then the president took his golf sticks and rode out to the links.

The other three men in the foursome remarked that he played even better than usual.

That same week the same man arrived at his office in a state of intense indignation, which did not subside until after luncheon.

A taxicab driver had overcharged him fifteen cents.

This, I submit, is an interesting exhibit and worthy of notice. What is the explanation? Does this president take his business less seriously than he takes himself? Is the fire of small concern because the loss is borne by stockholders?

Not at all. The fire was of small concern because, in a sense, it had been foreseen. "We carry our own insurance," the president explained to the reporters. "We have a fund of several million dollars accumulated through the years for just such times as this. Of course we would rather not have the fund used up by catastrophes, but if the catastrophes come, why, that's why the fund is there."

For his business he sets up ample reserves; for himself he has none. He is prepared for a fire that may burn a plant, but never for a fire that may scorch his morning bacon.

The loss of thousands in the raw material market can be written off, but the loss of a collar button ruins a day.

He can stand a hurricane that may wipe out one of his plantations in Cuba, but is always surprised and exasperated by a rain that wipes out his Sunday game of golf.

Nothing in the office catches him off his guard; but every personal disappointment is wholly unexpected. And death, the final disappointment, will find him unprepared.

Ralph Waldo Emerson had a friend who traveled often abroad. After the first few trips he learned wisdom and thereafter increased his enjoyment very much at very little increased expense. This was his rule:

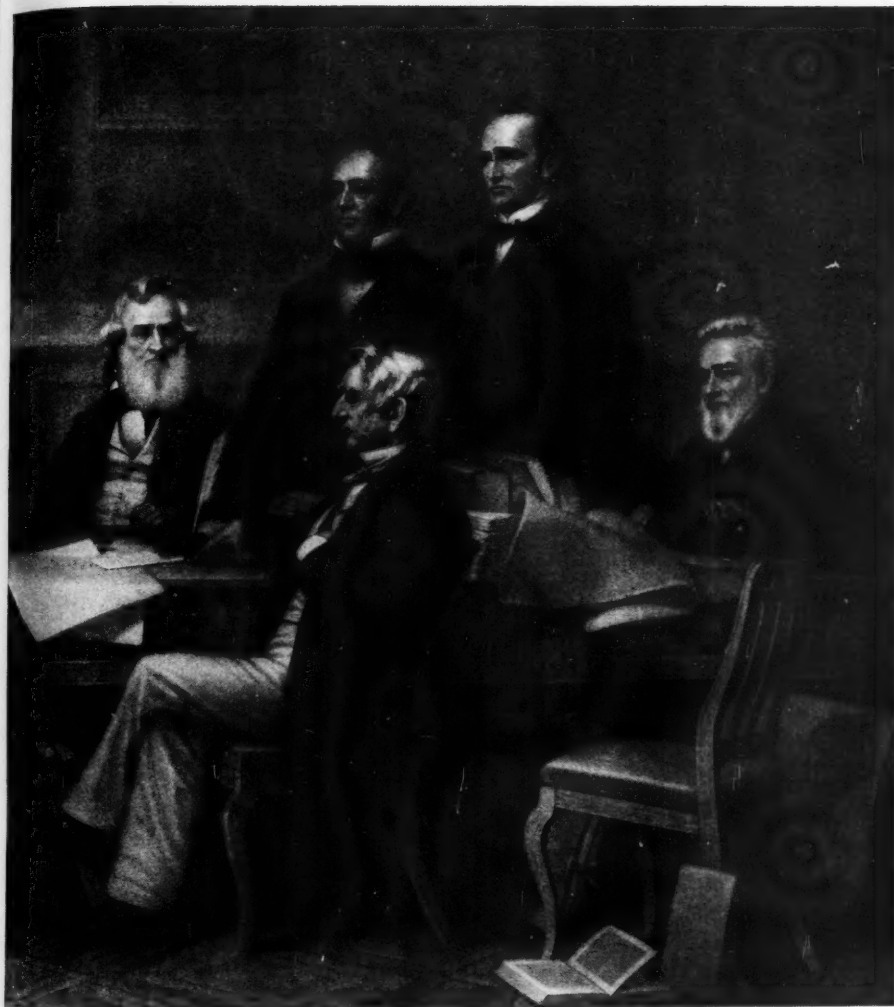
"When I estimated the costs of my tour in Europe I added a couple of hundreds to the amount *to be cheated of*, and gave myself no more uneasiness when I was overcharged here and there."

In commenting on the example of this wise man, Emerson recalls Madden's rule to Doctor Johnson about having fruit enough in an orchard—"Enough to eat, enough to lay up, enough to be stolen, and enough to rot on the ground."

Emerson was a philosopher, which most of us are not. He lived serenely to a very old age and died in a calm second childhood. And one lesson of his life is this, I take it: Most of us raise enough fruit to eat and lay up; but none to be stolen and none to rot. We make no spiritual provision for the inevitable losses and disappointments of our personal lives. And for this serious omission we pay in wounded pride, in angry hours and in high blood-pressure.

How would it be if we ran our lives as wisely as our businesses? If, at the beginning of every year, we set up some such personal reserves as these?

I "To be robbed of." Life is a series of financial annoyances. No one has ever explained why are head waiters, but they all expect to be tipped. You buy a pair of pajamas for \$2.65; tomorrow its mate is in the window marked *Special* \$2.11. A friend gives you a tip on a "good thing" which goes bad. The income tax department writes you in its courteous way about your long since forgotten return for 1909. A customer comes to town and you have to buy theater tickets from the speculators.



Lincoln
understood the
3 rules
of living.
This shows him
reading the
Emancipation
Proclamation
to his Cabinet.
Before he read it
he said,
"With the
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upon me,
if I did not
laugh
I should
die."



Every month you think "Next month I'll get ahead," and next month there is a Drive or a new disease that your children have to be inoculated against. A plumber spends a pleasant afternoon in your bathroom at your expense; and your dentist does a bit of canal work, which—in for inch—makes General Goethals look like an amateur.

How foolish to let these matters keep you in a constant stew! For one thing you yourself are overpaid; we all are in these halcyon days.

And as long as you continue to collect too much from the world, how unfair to grumble if the rest of mankind collects a little too much from you.

Moreover the total of all these exactions is small, a few hundred dollars a year at the most.

You wouldn't use the few hundred wisely if you kept them; and how could you use them *more* wisely than in buying peace of mind?

Once in an article on Justice Brandeis I read this wonderful line: "It was a rule of his father that *money* should never be mentioned in their home."

There are homes with an annual income of more than \$25,000 where a one cent rise in the price of eggs, or fifteen cents on the electric light bill, will be a subject of acrimonious debate for days.

And this in a world where hearts "like muffled drums are beating funeral marches to the grave."

2"To be disappointed in." People are what they are; and when you have made up your mind to that you are a long way on the road to serenity. You hire a gardener and treat him kindly. You tend him through a long illness; you send clothes to his children, and dainties to his wife. And in the spring, when you depend upon him, he leaves you cold to go to the city and become an efficiency engineer.

A man whom you have liked for a long time borrows a hundred dollars from you, and never even writes you a note of thanks. A relative—but space does not permit!

Every year brings some disappointments, but how much greater the surprises! The folks who turn out better than you ever supposed they could! Wisdom counsels us to rejoice in the surprises and, by setting up a mental reserve, discount the disappointments in advance.

3"Wasted days." By nature many of us are methodical. We like to lay out a schedule and stick to it. But there are always the interruptions unforeseen; and—I do not know how it may be with you—with me there are a certain number of days in every month when I am not worth a hoorah. Once I fretted through these days and tried to drive myself to work, but no more. When such a day dawns now, when I wake up utterly lacking in pep, I accept the verdict blithely.

Sometimes I take books and cigars and go back to bed. Some days I walk around in unfamiliar parts of town; some days I play golf or ride.

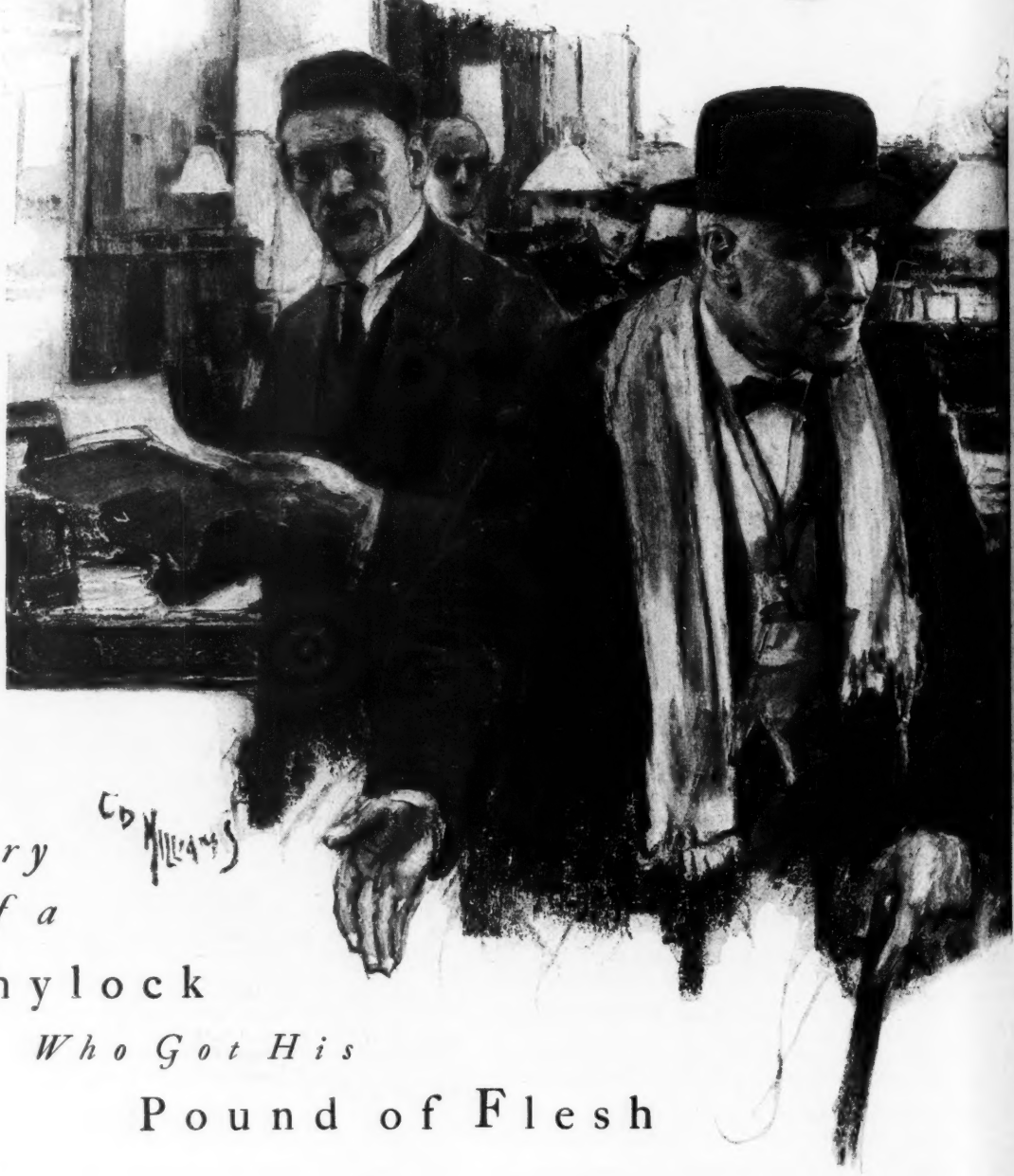
And at evening I am refreshed and I say, "One more day to charge up to the reserve for wasted days." And invariably the next day I feel fine.

The human race has been alive a long time, but only a few in any generation seem masters of the art of living. Lincoln was one. When he was about to read the first draft of his Emancipation Proclamation to his Cabinet he prefaced the reading with a chapter from the humorous works of Artemus Ward.

"Gentlemen, why don't you laugh?" he exclaimed. "With the fearful strain that is upon me night and day, if I did not laugh I should die; and you need this medicine as much as I."

When problems piled so heavily on his shoulders as to seem almost unbearable, he would say, "This too will pass." Which meant—"This is just one of those things that you've got to expect—one of the troubles I provided for when I set up my reserves."

The Principle



A
Story
of a

Shylock

Who Got His

Pound of Flesh

COMING into Mr. Bleke's office, Sparks, the managing clerk, wore a troubled look on his face. As a matter of fact such customarily was the sort of look he wore. The Scriptures said it for him: he conspicuously was one of those who are born for trouble. Old Sparks Fly Upward was what a wag in the bank called him once. Once was enough; the tag stuck and lasted.

It lasted much longer than the sportive youth who thought it up. It was felt that this latter person was too flippant-minded for employment in an establishment of the character of John W. Bleke, Private Banker, Loans & Investments. By his general walk and conversation he continually gave offense. So finally,

after he put a pinnacle to a long list of misdeeds by saying that when he got down on Monday mornings he always expected to find a widow's cow in the outside office, they let him go without the customary two weeks' notice.

"You'll never do for this line," Sparks said to him in parting. "You're too—too—well, you'll just never do, that's all."

"Oh, I don't know," the departing culprit said airily. "I think I've picked up the rudiments. A good sharp razor and some promissory notes that'll stand shaving right down to the quick would be about all I'd need at the beginning, starting up on my own hook. Only, for the benefit of customers I'd have a first-aid

e of *the* Thing

By Irvin
S.
Cobb



Illustrations by
C. D. Williams

kit handy by the front door on the way out, to check bleeding. That's a friendly hint you might pass along to Greatheart. Well, good-by, Sparksy, and give my fare-well regards to the old bloodsucker, will you?"

Greatheart was that pert youth's pet title for his late employer, Mr. Bleke. The grievous Mr. Sparks predicted then and there that yonder went a young chap who would come to some dismal end. But Sparks was more competent as a managing clerk than he was as a prophet. The discharged one broke into the advertising game as a writer of slogans and blurbs and did very well.

That bygone incident has nothing to do with the present case except as casting side beams. Entering his chief's presence on this particular afternoon, Mr. Sparks presented a face of an even more troubled aspect than usual. Constantly he seemed, this overdriven and underpaid man, to be fearing the worst.

Now it might be gauged that these fears had been realized. "Mr. Bleke," he said, "our cash is short somewhere between

three thousand and thirty-five hundred dollars." His voice had an agitated tremor in it.

Mr. Bleke peered over his glasses at him. Mr. Bleke seemed neither greatly shocked nor greatly distressed.

"When did you find this out?" he inquired.

"Just now. I came to you immediately. I haven't found out the exact amount, but I'd say nearer thirty-five hundred—"

"And who have you told besides me?"

"Nobody, sir, nobody at all. I thought I should come right away to you before I went any further."

"That's very good, Sparksy," said Mr. Bleke, "very, very good."

"It must have been"—Sparksy fumbled over the word—"been taken by some one right here in the bank."

Mr. Bleke hesitated before he obeyed. Mr. Bleke, noting the momentary fumble, chuckled inwardly.

The Principle of the Thing

"Naturally!" Mr. Bleke spoke with a thin irony and chafed the palms of his hands together with a little dry crispy sound, which to a more imaginative person than Sparks might have suggested the small rustling a snake makes dragging its belly over dead autumn leaves. "Naturally and inevitably. Money doesn't get up and walk out of a place like this of its own accord. And you need not be afraid to use the right word, either, Sparks. That money was not taken; it was stolen—that's what you mean, isn't it, Sparks?"

"Yes, sir, of course, sir. You'll excuse me, sir, but"—again Sparks floundered a bit—"but you seem to be taking it pretty calmly."

"Perhaps so. I've been taking things calmly all my life, Sparks—the good news with the bad."

"But nothing like this has ever happened in my time here, sir, and—"

"Nothing like this ever happened before in anybody's time here, Sparks. Still, I see no occasion for getting unduly excited. The first thing to be done, as I see it, is for us to find out who the thief is—and then to fix his guilt absolutely on him—and then to get the money back if he hasn't spent it—and then to see to it that he is properly punished for what he has done."

MR. BLEKE spoke this last slowly, with breaks in between where the sentence was joined together, and he laid a pious, almost an affectionate emphasis on the key words of it—on *thief* and on *guilt* and especially on *punished*. He lingered with that word and rolled it on his tongue, like a man testing the juices of a nice morsel.

"Have you any suspicions who the guilty party is?"

"Yes, sir, I have. Without any direct proof, though, I hate to name anyone."

"You needn't be concerned over that part of it. It can't hurt an innocent man. And if it's the right man he'll be named in court and in all the newspapers, too. I'll see to that myself. Go right ahead, Sparks."

"Well, sir, the way I figure it, it narrows down to one of two men."

"And those two are?"

"Winkler possibly is one."

"You said two?"

"I know I did. And young Harry Treve is the other."

"So far so good. We haven't a very large staff to choose from; that ought to help. And why do you say Winkler?"

"Excuse me, sir, I haven't said Winkler. I—I only mentioned him as a possibility. And it's the same with Treve." Occasions were rare when Sparks permitted himself to be human. This was one of them. His professional sense of obligation bade him be frank. His private sense of decency made him regret that he must play the rôle of an accuser. He wriggled unhappily. "I like that boy. He's a bit flighty sometimes and inclined to be careless, but he's likable. And besides—well, you know him yourself, sir; he's been received at your house, I believe. And Winkler's a hard-working, conscientious fellow. I hate to think of either one of them being mixed up in this mess and yet—"

"And yet what?" Mr. Bleke did not wait for the answer. "Our personal feelings are one thing; our duty is another. It's not so much the amount of money involved, even though three thousand dollars is three thousand dollars. But if it were my own brother—or your own brother—I'd go after him and I'd get him and I'd put him in jail just the same. With me, Sparks, it's the principle of the thing. So you can just leave all other considerations out of it and stick to the main issue. For the second time I'm asking you, why Winkler?"

"Well, sir, you'll remember that he didn't take his regular ten days off this summer. He said he needed the money on account of sickness in his family—his wife was operated on, I know that much—and he himself suggested that he stay on and earn a little extra money in addition to his vacation allowance. There's the old saying about watching a man in a bank who refuses to go on a vacation. And so—well, it's common gossip here in the place that he's chronically hard up—doctors' bills and all. Only rumor, sir, but it goes to show."

"So? Then we'll try out Winkler first. Go tell him to step in here a minute. And you come along back with him. But you needn't say anything—I'll do the talking. Go on," he added, seeing how his head man hesitated. "I'm not going to accuse him to his face. I'm merely going to ascertain whether these suspicions of yours are well-founded, that's all."

In a minute Winkler came—a tall, shabby-genteel, middle-aged man with harassed and near-sighted eyes blinking from

behind spectacles, and a frayed collar and a bookkeeper's stoop in his shoulders and a skin that was pasty and white like bleached celery, made so by an indoor life. At his entrance Mr. Bleke swiveled about in his chair and leaned back and looked at him cunningly across a corner of his desk.

"Winkler," he said, "I've had my eye on you lately."

Winkler achieved about half of a discreet and self-abasing smile. "Have you, sir?" he said inquiringly.

"Yes, I've had my eye on you," repeated Mr. Bleke. He paused and fitted the fingers of his right hand against the fingers of his left hand, adding up the result, and seemed mildly surprised to find that the figures came out even, then pointed the mated totals at Winkler and sighted at him, like a marksman taking aim, over the tops of his thumb-nails. "You didn't take any vacation this year."

"No, sir, I couldn't afford it."

"Well, you're looking seedy—run down, I mean. I've noticed it lately. I think maybe you need a little rest. I think maybe I'll give you one. I haven't entirely made up my mind yet, but what would you say to the proposition if I told you that almost any day now Sparks here may be running you out of the office for, say, a week so you can take a little trip somewhere—eh?"

"Well, now, Mr. Bleke, I'd like that first-rate," said Winkler. "I'd like to take my wife away. A change might do her good. But about the money part of it—to tell you the truth, right at present I need every cent I can rake together."

"If I do decide to send you away your salary will go on as usual while you're gone," stated Mr. Bleke.

"Oh!" There was relief and there was gratification, both of them plainly genuine, in the exclamation. "Why, then in that case I'd be glad to go and everlastingly grateful to you, sir," said Winkler.

"That'll be all, then. Sparks will let you know my decision in a day or two. We're short-handed here and after all I may not be able to spare you just at this time. Still, I'll consider it further before deciding. That's all, Winkler."

The door closed on Winkler's rounded back. Mr. Bleke disposed of Winkler and Winkler's predestined disappointment with an economical shrug.

"That's a fool, but he's no thief," commented the banker. "He's a fool for not knowing that I wouldn't upset the rules here merely on his account. But he's got nothing to hide, nothing to be afraid of by being absent from his job—you saw how he fell in with the idea of a leave as soon as I proposed it to him. Well then, that brings us down to our young friend Treve. I'll be very glad to take our young friend Treve in hand."

"I'M SORRY about Treve—I'll swear I am," confessed Sparks. "Er—shall I fetch him in?"

"Oh, you're sorry for him, are you?" echoed Mr. Bleke, and the glance he aimed at his deputy was not one of approbation. "I would suggest that you save your sympathies until he really begins to need them. Because he's going to, or I miss my guess. And you needn't fetch him in. I've another little plan for this young man. For different natures you need different plans, and the one I'm going to try on him I've been carrying on in my head for just such a situation. Oh, yes, indeed, I've been carrying it there in my head for quite a long while. A beautiful little plan, if I do say so."

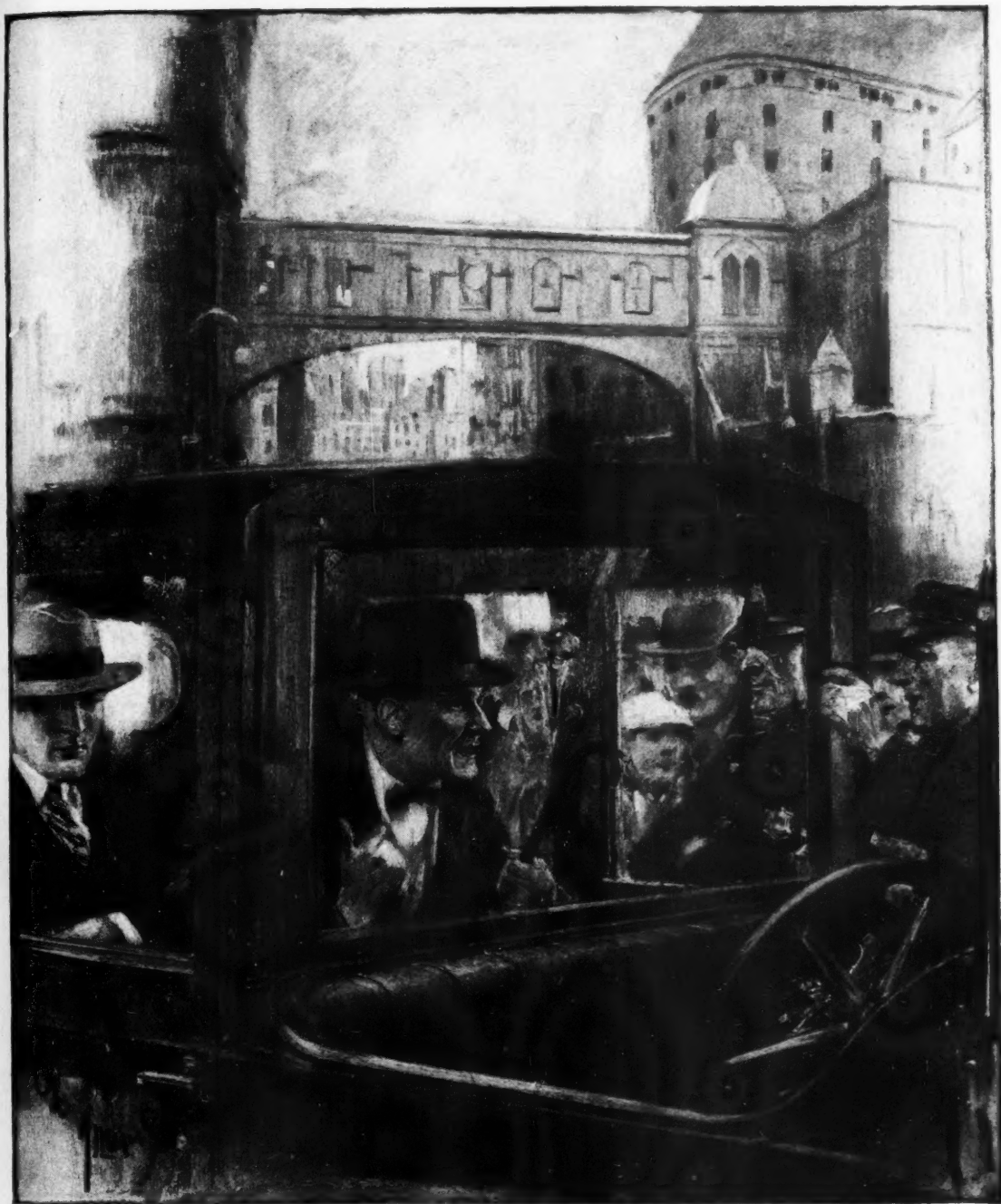
"Sparks, have you ever heard of the way they used to get a confession out of people by the water treatment, as it was called?"

"Didn't they do that in the Philippines at one time?" asked Sparks, startled that the talk should have taken this turn.

"Oh, no, I'm thinking of a much older way than that. That way was crude—and mussy. The thing I'm thinking of dated clear back to the Spanish Inquisition, I believe, but it's been used almost up to the present day. Those old Spaniards had some great notions, Sparks. I've read up on them, odd hours. Sometimes I've thought to myself that if only I'd lived in those days I could have taught them some special little tricks for persuading people to talk. Of course that's been only an idle fancy of mine. He made the admission shyly and squinted, rather with the air of one baring a cherished and not altogether unpleasant secret.

"Only an idle fancy. Still, I've thought about it . . .
"No, the water treatment was an improvement on some of the earlier methods—no blood, no breaking of bones, no racks or thumbscrews or anything of that sort, but very effective, they claim. It sounds harmless, too; you wouldn't think it would work. They merely took you and tied you down, hand and foot, in an armchair and fixed your head in a kind of a vise arrangement so that you couldn't move it a fraction of an inch from the

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C. "Officer," said Mr. Bleke, "this young man has just confessed to stealing nearly thirty-five hundred dollars from me. He'd better be locked up right away."

position it was in, and then at regular intervals of a minute apart, say, or half a minute, they let one drop of water—just one drop—fall a few inches on a given spot right on your forehead.

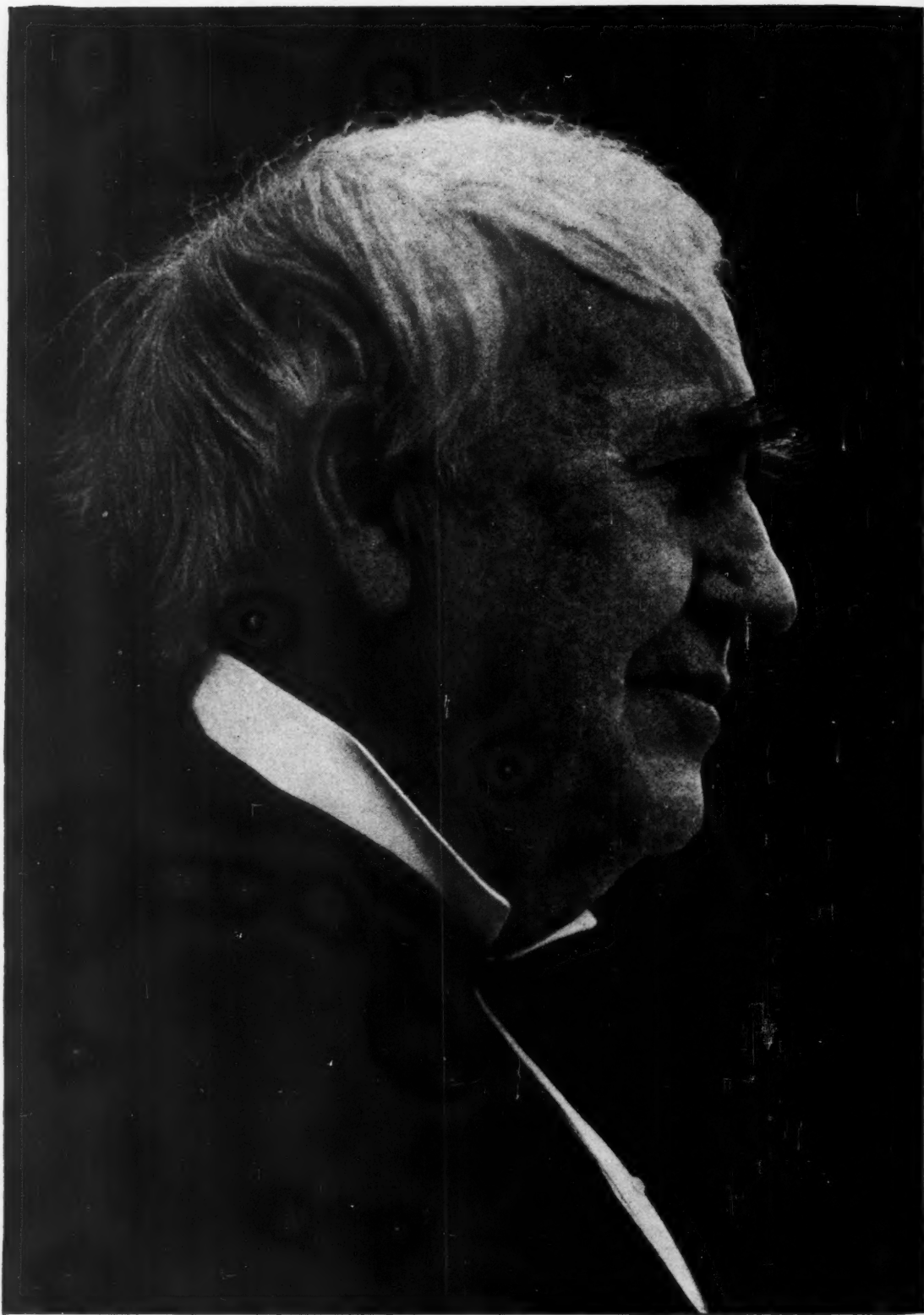
"Nothing very painful about that, you'd say, wouldn't you?—nothing to be dreaded. But after a while that single drop of water coming just every so often begins to get on your nerves. It begins to strike each time as though it weighed a ton and it begins to burn you like so much melted lead. You can feel it boring and burning right on through your skull into your brain—like a gimlet, you know, or a red-hot auger.

"And sooner or later you break down and you talk. You tell them what it is they're waiting to hear from you. You'll tell them anything if only they'll turn that water off and untie you. It's a wonderful thing when you come to think about it, Sparks—just the monotonous, spaced repetition of the same simple little thing occurring over and over and over again. It must have been a very brilliant man who first originated it.

"Well, in a way of speaking, Sparks, that's the device I'm going to apply to our young friend Treve—not the actual thing itself, of course, but just the germ idea of it. And unless I'm badly mistaken I think I can promise you some gratifying results, Sparks. Oh, yes." Once more he grated his hands together as though they were rusty on their insides and he would get the rust off by a bland friction.

Sparks felt sick at his stomach. He didn't know why he should, but he did. Finding no words to speak, he looked at his employer and his sudden nausea mounted in him. There was nothing physically formidable about Mr. Bleke. On the contrary, he generally conveyed the impression of a mildness of disposition and a body not any too strong for the burdens of this world. He was a very slight, short man, thin and flat-chested, with eyes of a faded gray, with not much hair and it white and stringy, with a fancy for wearing old-fashioned plain clothes—

—you never saw him abroad without a (Continued on page 225)



Photograph by John E. Garabrant

Thomas A Edison — who says that deafness
not only helped him to perfect the phonograph and the telephone,
but to win a wife and to make money

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My Deafness Helped You to Hear *The Phonograph as told*

By Thomas A. Edison to Edward Marshall

MR. EDISON told me the story of his deafness in the exact kind of place a deaf man never would be expected to possess—a great building devoted exclusively to making records of sound for his own invention, the phonograph. In this room Mr. Edison told me the story that follows:

I became deaf when I was about twelve years old. I had just got a job as newsboy on the Grand Trunk Railway, and it is supposed that the injury which permanently deafened me was caused by my being lifted by the ears from where I stood upon the ground into the baggage car. Earache came first, then a little deafness, and this deafness increased until at the theater I could hear only a few words now and then. Plays and most other "entertainments" in consequence became a bore to me, although I could imagine enough to fill in the gaps my hearing left. I am inclined to think I did not miss much. After the earache finally stopped I settled down into steady deafness.

There were no great specialists, I presume, in that region at the time, but I had doctors. They could do nothing for me.

I have been deaf ever since and the fact that I am getting deafer constantly, they tell me, doesn't bother me. I have been deaf enough for many years to know the worst, and my deafness has been not a handicap but a help to me.

From the very start, after the pain ceased, deafness probably drove me to reading. To compare the affliction of deafness with that of blindness is absurd, in spite of the fact that blind people usually seem rather above the average of happiness.

My refuge was the Detroit Public Library. I started, it now seems to me, with the first book on the bottom shelf and went through the lot, one by one. I didn't read a few books. I read the library. Then I got a collection called "The Penny Library Encyclopedia" which was published in Dublin, and read that through.

I read Burton's "Anatomy of Melancholy"—pretty heavy reading for a youngster. It might have been, if I hadn't been taught by my deafness that almost any book will supply entertainment or instruction. By the time I tackled "The Anatomy of Melancholy" I could enjoy any good literature, and had found that there was virtually no enjoyment in trash. Following the Anatomy came Newton's "Principles."

Amidst a wilderness of mathematics there were intervals of ordinary English literature of the better kind. But I kept at mathematics till I got a distaste for it. In that time I had all I really needed, but I had not carried my development as far as I had meant to.

That reading was the only education I ever had in mathematics, and I am not a mathematician, but I can get within ten percent in the higher reaches of the art. I remember an expert employed by Smith, Fleming & Company, a great Scotch firm of merchants, whom I, when I was rather young, had been sent across to see in regard to some experiments connected with the ocean cable. I got to talking with that expert concerning a problem of static. He worked four hours. I worked only half an hour and was only ten percent out, which was right enough for my purposes.

While I was a newsboy on the Grand Trunk I had a chance to learn that money can be made out of a little careful thought, and, being poor, I already knew that money is a valuable thing. Boys who don't know that are under a disadvantage greater than deafness. That was a long time ago. The Civil War was on and the Battle of Pittsburgh Landing, sometimes called the Battle of Shiloh, was in progress—and I was already very deaf. In my isolation (insulation would be a better term) I had time to think things out. I decided that if I could send ahead to outlying stations a hint of the big war news which I, there in Detroit, had learned was coming, I could do a better than normal business when I reached them.

The combat, we in Detroit knew, was terrific. The bulletins would apprise the people of it. They would be eager for the

newspapers telling how sixty thousand men had fallen among the armies of the North and South.

I therefore ran to the office of the Detroit Free Press and asked Mr. Seitz, the man in charge, if he would trust me for a thousand newspapers. He regarded me as if perhaps I might be crazy, but referred me to Mr. Story. Mr. Story carefully considered me. I was poorly dressed. He hesitated, but finally told Mr. Seitz to let me have the papers.

I got them to the station and into the baggage car as best I could and then attended to my scheme. All along the line I had made friends of the station-agents, who also were the telegraphers, by giving them candy and other things which a train-boy dealt in in those days. They were a good-natured lot of men, too, and had been kind to me. I wired ahead to them, through the courtesy of the Detroit agent, who also was my friend, asking them to post notices that when the train arrived I would have newspapers with details of the great battle.

When I got to the first station on the run I found that the device had worked beyond my expectations. The platform literally was crowded with men and women anxious to buy newspapers. After one look at that crowd I raised the price from five cents to ten and sold as many papers as the crowd could absorb. At Mount Clemens, the next station, I raised the price from ten cents to fifteen. The advertising worked as well at all the other stations. By the time the train reached Port Huron I had advanced the price of the Detroit Free Press for that day to thirty-five cents per copy and everybody took one.

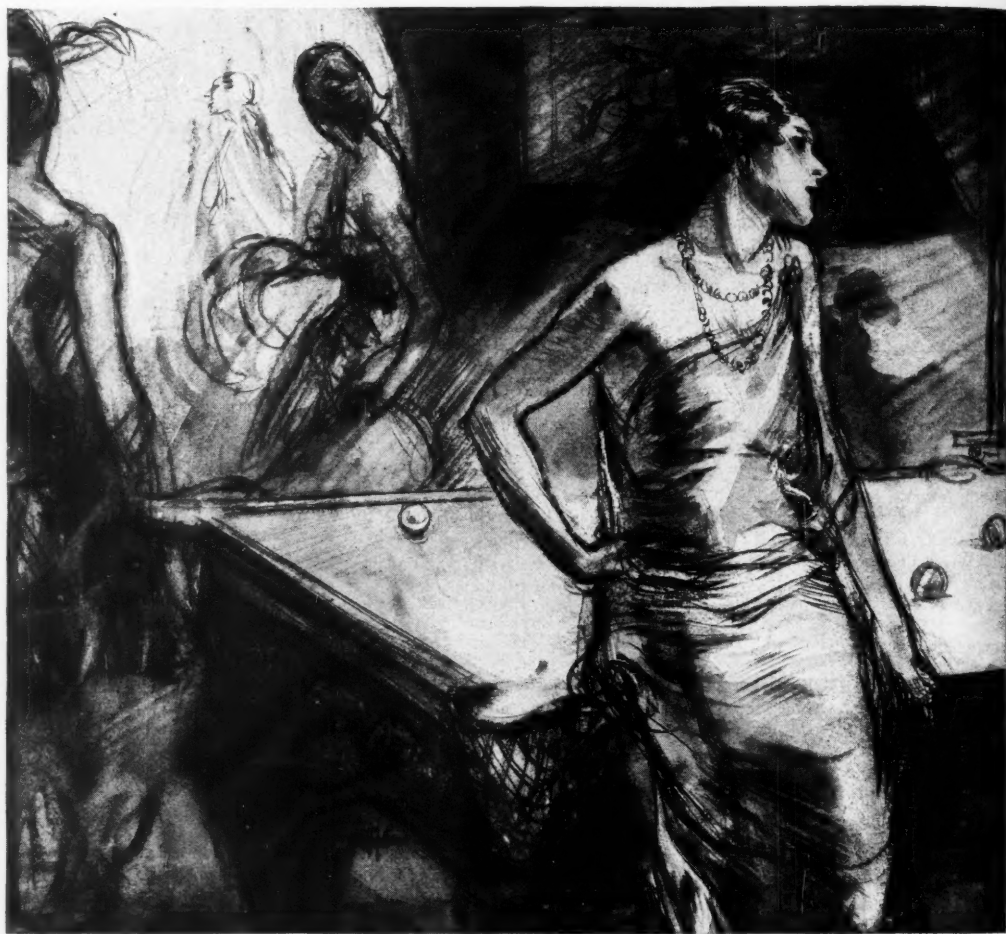
Out of this one idea I made enough money to give me a chance to learn telegraphy. This was something I long had wished to do, for thus early I had found that my deafness did not prevent me from hearing the clicking of a telegraph instrument when I was as near to it as an operator always must be. From the start I found that deafness was an advantage to a telegrapher. While I could hear unerringly the loud ticking of the instrument, I could not hear other and perhaps distracting sounds. I could not even hear the instrument of the man next to me in a big office. I became rather well-known as a fast operator, especially at receiving.

IT MAY be said that I was shut off from that particular kind of social intercourse which is small talk. I am glad of it. I couldn't hear, for instance, the conversations at the dinner tables of the boarding-houses and hotels where after I became a telegrapher I took my meals. Freedom from such talk gave me an opportunity to think out my problems. I have no doubt that my nerves are stronger and better today than they would have been if I had heard all the foolish conversation and other meaningless sounds that normal people hear. The things that I have needed to hear I have heard.

I think it is because my nerves have not been bothered that now I am able to write without a tremor. Few men of my age can do that. Steady nerves are perhaps an advantage of themselves great enough to offset impaired hearing. To me, when I go over there from Orange, New York seems rather a quiet place. Not even that city is a strain upon my nerves. Most nerve strain of our modern life, I fancy, comes to us through our ears.

When the Ninth Avenue Elevated Railway first began its operation in New York there was much complaint about its noisiness. Some people were literally up in arms. I was hired to go to the metropolis and make a report on it. The fact that my hearing was not perfect enabled me to find out what the trouble really was. I heard only the worst of it, you understand, and this helped me to determine that the difficulty lay in the rail joints. Other experts had not been (Continued on page 177)

By MEREDITH



“My happiness began,” said Mort, “the moment I

And They Lived

A Novel of Married

MORTON CRANE and Alice, his wife, had married young—she at eighteen, he at twenty-two—with love and hope as their main assets. When an unexpected inheritance gave her \$30,000, he invested it in a job printing concern where he had been employed since leaving high school.

Happy during the first few years of their marriage, Mort and Alice found themselves drifting gradually apart. On the day when they celebrated their seventeenth anniversary Alice attacked him bitterly because he had not been as successful in money-making as some of their guests for the evening.

Mort realized that he lacked initiative. He cared nothing about the business side of the Spencer Press, but the artistic

work delighted him. He liked the home he was paying for on the edge of town, but Alice chafed because it was not larger and in a more fashionable section.

Then Alice drifted into an intimacy with Howard Spencer, a good-looking, unscrupulous bachelor, who owned the controlling interest in the Spencer Press. Spencer respected Mort's artistic ability, but thought he had no business sense. Mort objected to a scheme of Spencer's for greatly enlarging the Press and substituting quantity for quality in the work. Alice supported Spencer, and Mort resigned and told his wife that henceforth she must look after her own investments.

Mort suspected nothing of the clandestine meetings of Alice and Spencer, but his pride had been aroused and he determined to get into work where money could be made rapidly.

“The Story So Far:



saw you." "I don't know just what it is we're doing," replied Helen, "but this must be our last meeting."

Happily Ever After

People's Morals

Illustrations by John La Gatta

He finally took a job as a bond salesman with Joe Weston. Weston represented the new and pushing element in the city and was making a great flourish of prosperity. His wife, a handsome, intelligent woman, watched apprehensively Joe's growing greed. She resented the prosperity which had helped to coarsen him.

Alice and Mrs. Weston were acquaintances, and their children were close friends. Mort and Mrs. Weston liked each other instantly, and their few meetings had left Mort with a sense of wonder at her fineness. His heart warmed at the thought of her.

One day Weston asked Mort to be present at a banquet where a new project was to be launched—the Doremus Corporation. The affair was characterized by much back-slapping, liquor and the presence of a number of handsome, hardened women whom Weston designated as "scenery."

Mort found himself sitting next to a girl named Ruby. She asked his name, and when he had told her she said:

"I met a girl named Crane, Alice Crane, at a party at the Two Pigeons. She was there with Howard Spencer. You know Howard always has some girl."

Dazed and heart-sick, Mort felt as if his last resource had been swept away.

MORTON CRANE found the weeks slipping by with incredible swiftness. He had never before been so busy—not even in busy seasons at the Press; and he had never gone to bed

CThe Story Continues:

at night so satisfied or jumped up in the morning so keen to be again at work. It was lucky for his peace of mind that his time was so completely occupied. The domestic routine ran along in the Whitcomb Place house much as usual but he felt himself to be only a tolerated guest. The astounding disclosure of Alice's disloyalty, coupled with the fact that it was Howard Spencer who had ensnared her affections, created a condition that he felt himself impotent to deal with. Yet there had been no visible change in Alice and Freida prattled of her affairs and quizzed him as to his experiences in quite her old fashion. Amelia, the colored woman of all work, hung on in spite of Alice's oft-reiterated threats to get rid of her, and it was she who provided his favorite dishes on evenings when he was sure to be at home.

Outwardly his relations with Alice were much as they had been for several years. At the table they permitted Freida to keep the talk going, but after she went to bed they found little to say to each other. Often as they sat in the living-room Mort caught himself watching her, with a vague idea that in some way she would betray herself.

He derived an ironic satisfaction from the knowledge that he knew and that she didn't know that he knew what she was doing. Her snubs, her flippancies, the veiled stabs she gave him before Freida hardly irritated him now. Freida! Here was the thing that hurt most of all—that after all her bitter criticisms of his inability to realize the importance of making money to lift Freida to a higher social plane, Alice had embarked upon an affair that might easily destroy the child's hopes for a happy life . . .

Alice was already a receding figure, no longer recognizable as the girl he had married to share his life; who now, half-way on the journey, had betrayed him. But it wasn't the past and their early years of happy struggle that held his thoughts, but the beclouded, impenetrable future. He was like a man caught in the ruins of his illusions and unable to extricate himself from the debris. Money. He would make money. Not a little money but a great deal of it! In money he saw an ease for the wounds fate had dealt him. He dreamed now in terms of dollars as he planned the launching of the Doremus enterprise.

MORT was already established in the new Doremus Corporation offices in the Central States Building, but he preferred for the composition and designing of his publicity matter a quiet room in the Weston suite where the archives were kept. He was busy one afternoon at a long table covered with the layout for a Doremus prospectus when the office boy ushered in Mrs. Weston.

"I didn't wait for you to ask me in! Joe promised to shop with me for a wedding present and I'm early or he's late. I thought I'd bother you till he shows up. My, but you look frightfully literary!"

She smiled at his perturbation, loosened her coat and sat down in the chair he placed for her. She exhaled something of the freshness of the cold air outside blent with a faint odor of violets.

"It's mighty good of you to think of me!" he exclaimed. "I was wishing some one would interrupt me."

"I used to look in on Joe frequently in old times, before the business outgrew me," she remarked.

Her chair was a rigid affair and she minimized its discomfort by crossing her knees and turning to rest her arm along the back. From her white-gloved hand she dangled an oblong bead purse. To Mort she was never twice the same, but she always displayed this same serene acceptance of the immediate situation. It was a question whether anything could greatly shake her poise, and yet her expressive dark eyes might easily kindle with indignation and her lips, that smiled so graciously, closed at times quite irrelevantly in a manner which suggested that her finely cultivated restraints might break under severe provocation. That she was not to be humiliated by a husband who made vulgar exhibitions of himself but reserved her strength for larger matters Mort knew. She played powerfully upon his imagination, and he waited, toying nervously with a pencil, fearing to speak lest he betray his happiness at seeing her.

"What on earth is that!" she demanded, eyeing the long table with the text and illustrations he was fashioning into the prospectus.

"Doremus!" he said with a wave of the hand. "Don't you know about Doremus?"

"I've known Doremuses—went to school with a Doremus. What's Joe doing with Doremus?"

"Heavens! Is all our publicity wasted! Don't you read the newspapers? We're about to launch Doremus preferred; an absolutely gilt-edged investment. Indiana industries; state

pride and all that are in the sketch. It's my business to hit the world in the eye with this chaste description of its glories. Not possible you don't know Doremus!"

He spoke jubilantly, assuming that of course Weston had told her of his great venture. He paused when he saw a look in her eyes that he hadn't seen before, a puzzled look that became a fleeting frown of disapproval.

"Joe *did* mention it," she remarked carelessly, "but I didn't know it was such a world-beater. A woman's judgment of financial problems is never important, you know. The less a wife knows about her husband's business the better."

There was an edge to this which her smile failed wholly to blunt. She spoke immediately of Freida, expressing the hope that Junior wasn't too frequent a visitor at the Crane home.

"My boy is devoted to that lovely daughter of yours! You know Junior is in business now—quite grown up. Joe wouldn't hear of college for him; has the idea that boys ought to go to work as early as possible. So Junior's with the Preston-Hopkins Company. Learning the business from the ground up! He's really quite fine about it; goes to work every morning at seven and comes home at six looking like a coal miner."

"Yes, I've heard Freida speak of Junior's labors," Mort replied.

"I'd wanted Junior to go to college," she continued. "I think it's a pity for a boy not to have a chance at what we call—foolishly, no doubt!—the better things of life. It does seem foolish to chuck a boy into a foundry to learn to make castings when there are so many more amusing things to learn. I wanted Junior to like the things I like and help me to understand them! It's droll, very droll, how helpless we are!"

She hadn't spoken complainingly, but musingly, in a way that made it appear that her inability to direct her boy's education according to her own preferences was something of a joke. He judged that her failure to educate Joe Junior in the light of her own tastes and aspirations was typical of other frustrations in her life. But by this time he knew that it would be an error to offer her sympathy even in the mildest conventional phrases.

"If a boy wants literature, art and things like that he'll get them anyhow," Mort suggested. "I'm a little skeptical about the colleges myself; they're only of use where a student's got a real yearn for those things."

"There's some comfort in that," she assented. "There's the case of my brother Tom to support your side. Tom wouldn't go to school, but he knows a lot. And he just must paint! And here you are, getting up a masterpiece on Doremus. The artist won't down!"

He held up the design for the prospectus cover and asked her opinion of the color arrangement.

"What does that amazing figure represent?" she demanded.

"That's modern industry as represented by Doremus!"

"How remarkable! I thought it was Jupiter picking strawberries!"

"You thought nothing of the kind! I'm disappointed. I thought you'd get the idea with a single glance!"

"Of course it's fine," she replied soberly, holding it off for a more serious inspection.

HE TOOK up the first page of the text and told her about the type, a new design, and showed her samples of papers he was considering. She drew off her glove to feel the texture of the papers and rose to run her eye over the proofs of the illustrations spread out on the table.

"How interesting! The labor and taste ought to be exercised on an art catalog or something like that. It seems wasted on machinery."

"But Doremus is a worthy object!" he insisted. "Here's a table of prospective earnings—it's a perfectly safe investment. Dividends absolutely sure!"

"Yes; the dividends," she repeated with a curious sententiousness. "There's always the dividends. But we mustn't think too much of dividends. There are a few—just a few in this life that can't be guaranteed!"

Her smile imparted to this something that was a little beyond him. She turned the subject quickly upon her brother Tom, who had exhibited some of his water-colors in Chicago and to his delight had sold one. She was speaking of Tom's work, the delicacy and sympathy he brought to it, when Weston came in and stood listening, his hat on the back of his head and a cigar in his mouth.

"What's all this? Helen, are you delivering a lecture on art!"

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C Mort's wife and Spencer—there was no question of their identity as Mort saw her lift her face for his kiss.

"Well, it's a good lecture," said Mort, who in his absorption hadn't heard Weston's step in the corridor.

"I'll say this for Mr. Crane, Joe, that he *listens* to my lectures and you never do!"

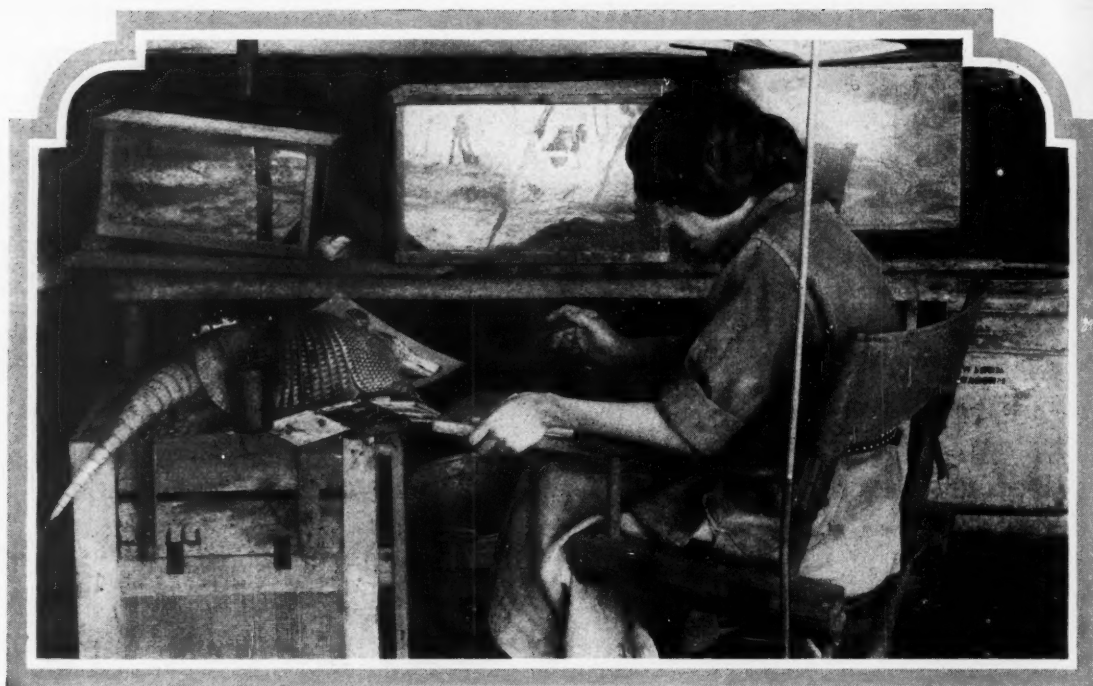
"That's because I never understand 'em!" replied Weston with a grin. "Helen's stuff is always over my head!"

They went out together, and Mort stared at the vacant chair and wondered more than ever about Helen Weston.

If Mort was watching Alice, she on her side was observing him carefully, but only for signs that he had failed with Weston.

She had expected him to fail, and Spencer had encouraged the idea. However, Mort had continued to give her with his old regularity the monthly check to which she had been accustomed. This deprived her of the joy she had found in nagging him about his indifference to her needs, and the fact that the check was always forthcoming and that he never talked business at home enveloped him in a haze of mystery. She had always found him so obvious and she was angered by his continued silence.

Spencer of late had spoken disparagingly of Weston, even intimating that he was badly crippled (Continued on page 204)



C. An armadillo does his best to assume a graceful attitude in my jungle studio.

I Have the Most Peculiar Job in the World

By Isabel Cooper

I HAVE the strangest job in the world—probably the only one of its kind for a woman. It may be truly called unique. I don't think there are many wild animal painters whose speciality is making the portraits of rare and fantastic wild creatures in their own native haunts.

For the last seven years I have traveled to desert islands and to tropical jungles as scientific artist with the Tropical Research Expeditions of the New York Zoological Society.

The Tropical Research Department is the most recent activity of the Zoological Society; and it adds the advantages of tropical laboratories to the long established Zoological Gardens—at the extreme north of the City of New York—and the famous Aquarium at the Battery. Our work is carried on, under the genius and direction of William Beebe, at the Tropical Research Station at Kartabo Point, British Guiana; also on numerous supplementary expeditions to various parts of the world. Its object is to study the lives and habits of wild creatures at first hand. My share of the work is the recording of their appearance, in faithful and

meticulous water-color drawings; life-size, as often as possible, or very much enlarged when the creatures are so small that their beautiful colors and patterns do not appear to the naked eye.

These drawings constitute a record of living aspects more accurate, and much more graphic, than the most exhaustive notes. They are kept on the files of the Tropical Research Department, and are exhibited from time to time.

I am very often asked how I came to do this work and my answer always is "by accident." And, strange as this may seem, it is true. I had spent a number of years at such diverse occupations

as studying drawing, portrait-painting and modeling; I had done a bit of rug-designing and stage-costuming; had worked at some of the least fascinating phases of interior decorating; did some strenuous and unimportant landscape sketching. So that when Mr. Beebe made the delightful suggestion that I try sketching animals for him in British Guiana, my only qualifications for this new endeavor were a well trained hand and a vast amount of enthusiasm;



C. The parrot snake poses out-of-doors.



Q. *The lazy three-toed sloth is the perfect model. He stays where you put him.*

only a little more preparation than I would have had if I had spent my life as, say, a lady motor-cyclist or a seamstress.

But the work has proved to be most interesting. It has been varied, colorful, fascinating, and I have found that the world at large never fails to be pleasantly horrified at the more blood-chilling details of my daily round.

I am afraid that, wrapped in the absorbing familiar midst of it, I have ceased to regard my profession as supremely odd or outlandish. But every once in a while along comes one of those thrilling hazards, those hairbreadth escapes that my friends are forever craving to hear about.

It was one of these perilous episodes that modified my regard for a favorite retreat in the midst of the Lower Camaria Rapids of the Cuyuni River, South America, last spring. It was a beautiful place of rocks and moss, with slowly trickling streams, and a geological arm-chair in a glade of beautiful trees. I spent many a peaceful hour there, busy with my paints and brushes painting birds, and never suspecting that it was the habitat of a bushmaster—the largest and most deadly snake of the South American jungle. One day I was strolling through this glade when suddenly I found myself balanced rigidly on one foot, with the other as rigidly frozen in the middle of a stride which would have terminated in the very center of a heap of black and brown and russet coils.

The great venomous creature was calm and dignified and inquisitive. It merely raised six inches or so of its neck—with the same grace and subtle power that dwells in the Russian back of Pavlova—and looked at me.

A moment like this seems to bring out the superlative qualities of one's brain. What a pity that you cannot always think with the rapidity and clarity and deadly accuracy that come in the immeasurable instant before you realize that you are badly scared!

A remarkable moment this for me—standing there with my paint-box under one arm, hemmed in by the giant forest trees, looking into the quiet yellow eyes of death. I wish I knew what the snake was thinking then. Whether he said to himself: "Horrors! Here is a New Yorker that I may have to bite, and how I hate 'em!" or "Why must these humans racket about my peaceful bush?"



Photographs by courtesy of the New York Zoological Society

Q. *With a rainbow boa wound around my arm, I try to copy the peculiar coloring of its head.*

Of course the most sickening fear followed rapidly upon this unnatural reverie. I got my forward foot back, and down, and myself off a few feet, with the stealth of a gentleman crook who withdraws into the shadow of the safe just as the heroine enters with the wobbling revolver. I remember hoping earnestly that none of the reptile's relations had accompanied him, and I tried to get up the nerve to catch him. But a bushmaster on a rock is a problem for even a cool person, and (Continued on page 146)

By
Hermann
B.
Deutsch

FLAMING stars—greater and lesser suns—went wheeling after their fashion across the black firmament, as the Slothwell lifted to the surge and swell of the Gulf and throbbed to the rhythmic thrust of the propeller. Over the face of the jet waters the staunch little steamer drove, trailing a fiery wake of tattered phosphorescence.

A deep and slumberous peace brooded over the seas. From the cabin space, abaft the bridge, came the tinkle of silver and glass and the brittle music of laughter. The officers and the eight passengers aboard the Slothwell were at dinner.

Ragnar Stiverssen, first mate, kept the bridge, pacing slowly back and forth. There was a soft-footed liteness about the big mate's tread which seemed to belie his stature and the great bulk of his muscle-sheathed frame. Glancing now and then at various dials, he gave an occasional low-voiced order to the steersman.

"Port a little."

"Port a little," droned the seaman dutifully after him.

"Stea-a-ddy!"

"Steady she is."

A long silence, broken at length by a wisp of laughter—the light laughter of a girl.

Six crisp strokes of a bell came into being at the chronometer housing and went winging into nothingness over the smooth black waste of the night. Ragnar put forth a huge paw—a hand that looked pudgy to those who did not realize that the swelling rondures of it were tough fibers of unbelievable strength—and jerked a bell-cord, tolling the mellow ship's-bell six times.

"All lights bright and clear," responded the look-out in a minor wail.

"Very gude," boomed Ragnar. He turned to greet the man who came leisurely up the bridge to relieve him.

80



¶ Cannice screamed with horror at the sight of the

The Roughneck

Ragnar descended to the cabin deck while the other officers and the eight passengers came strolling from the dining-saloon to the awning-sheltered foredeck. Therewith it became apparent why this should be a red-letter voyage for the Slothwell. One of the eight passengers was R. Chapworth Hinchley Third.

He wasn't so much to look at, but he happened to be the son of the owner of the Trident fleet of freighters, newest of which was the Slothwell. Ragnar called him a "fonny liddle faller" and let it go at that. Ragnar did not approve of the way R. Chapworth Hinchley's sleek hair was cut rat-proof. He did not approve of R. Chapworth Hinchley Third's girlish softness of curving jaw nor of the wisp of black hair adorning the Chapworth

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Illustrations
by
Herbert M.
Stoops

Cannice had been queen of a carnival ball during the past season in New Orleans. She had been quite properly abstinent during the sober Lent that followed gay Mardi Gras, attending only strictly informal luncheons, bridges and dances. With the setting in of early hot weather, she had eagerly fallen in with Chappie Hinchley's suggestion that she and her aunt, as his guests, make a round of various picturesque Latin-American ports aboard the newest of his father's ships.

That invitation, incidentally, was the result of as much sustained thought as R. Chapworth Hinchley Third could devote to a given problem.

Cannice of the tawny hair and the no less tawny eyes, and the full, slow smile, was one who kindled the fires of great desire, and this incandescence was by no means confined exclusively to the breast of R. Chapworth Hinchley Third. So R. Chapworth went into executive session with himself and emerged with a plan the central idea of which was a month of tropical moonlight and no competition.

Whether it was the moon which, night after night, they watched as it waxed and grew wide and waned; whether it was the dance at Puerto Cortez or the drive into the mountains at Progreso; whether it was just plain propinquity or the absence of competition or what not—there was now that in the tawny eyes of Cannice Rivarde when she allowed them to rest upon R. Chapworth Hinchley Third which filled him with a boundless enveloping delight.

They two were stepping over the high sill that barred the passage from the dining saloon to the main deck as Ragnar Stiverssen descended from the bridge. Steamer chairs were folded and stacked at one side, and R. Chapworth took one of these,

sharks. "Man-eaters both, they rolled between the castaways and the only store of food.

& The LADY

Hinchley upper lip. And he most thoroughly disapproved of the sports shoes of white canvas and sharkskin which R. Chapworth Hinchley Third seemed to regard as indispensable to proper seafaring toggery, of the gleaming white yachting cap, of the impeccably valeted white flannels, of the binoculars R. Chapworth Hinchley wore swung at the left hip.

But the disapproval of Ragnar Stiverssen for all these things was impersonal. One took owners—and owners' sons—as one found them, when one followed the sea in these days of restricted shipping. Besides, Ragnar realized quite well that only the presence of Chappie Hinchley accounted for the further presence among those aboard the Slothwell of Cannice Rivarde.

intending to place it where Cannice, at ease, might later watch a full moon, yellow as butter, climb out of the black Gulf and drive a shifting path of gold across the shining jet of the waters to the ship.

The chair was afflicted with a swelling of the joints—a complaint that is not uncommon among those who follow the sea. This particular case happened to be an aggravated one, and so R. Chapworth Hinchley Third presented the not too flattering appearance of seeming to wrestle Greco-Roman with a steamer chair. Mightier and mightier grew his struggles. His coat sleeves crept upward along his arms; a sudden jerk of his head sent his white yachting cap tilting forward.

Then Ragnar came striding up and took the offending steamer chair from the son of the owner of the Trident fleet. He opened out that chair as you or I might unfold a paper napkin and, smiling shyly, placed it where Cannice could see the moon, rising all yellow and dripping gold from the star-stained sea.

For a brief instant the tawny eyes of Cannice Rivarde swept the mate's broad form, and he touched the brim of his cap—a rumpled, leather-visored affair pushed far back on his head in a welter of crisp curls. But the tawny eyes, as they swept him, were cloudy with unseeing indifference, like the eyes in a painted photograph. It was to R. Chapworth that Cannice turned.

"Thanks, Chappie," she said with that soft slurring of consonants that is the hallmark of the Southland. Ragnar moved on uncertainly, but he caught quite clearly the girl's next remark: "What a splendid, hulking animal that mate is!"

Ducking his head and stepping high over the sill, Ragnar made his way to the little dining saloon where the second engineer was already at table. His great size stood out here, emphasized by the diminutive room which was crowded to capacity when twelve persons were seated about the board. Out in the open, his splendid proportions masked his huge bulk—the spreading shoulders, the massive torso, the great corded arms. It was an effort for him to squeeze between the table and the settee which seated four persons beneath the forward port-holes.

In moody silence he waited for the Chinese steward to bring him food. Bitter thoughts moved ponderously about the recesses of his consciousness. It was a querulous bitterness, directed without focus at forces he could not grasp. Animal—hulking animal; not that he blamed the girl; she was such an exquisite creature that her fine fiber must necessarily shrink from him and his kind. But why? Why?

There were the girls in Gallatin Street. They were satisfied with him as he was; provided, of course, that he had just been paid off and would lavish his earnings on them. After that they transferred their favors to the next one with money still unspent.

Heavily he tried to formulate thoughts, but they would elude him, and his wide brow puckered as he stared in sullen complaint down at the table-cloth. Was this, after all, what it amounted to—his life and his place in the world? Here he was, threshing over one shoulder of the earth across the Gulf from Costa Rica to New Orleans—five hundred mahogany logs in the hold and three hundred more above, and after these had been delivered there would be another journey for more—and more—and in between whiles the girls in Gallatin Street or the snicker and understanding grin of the rickshaw coolies in Yokohama—no matter where.

All the same—all alike—no matter where. Once his pay was riotously sown in the vast acreage where that hardy perennial, the wild oat, vegetates but never comes to seed, the girls would desert him at once for the meanest and mangiest scrub of the seas if the latter was fresh from a ship with his pockets well lined. Always. And to the other kind—as to exquisite Cannice Rivarde—he was an animal—a great, hulking animal. Or could it be that even this girl—the other kind of girl—passed him by and lavished tenderness upon a mean little scrub like Chappie Hinchley because Chappie Hinchley's pockets, scrub or no scrub, were so very well lined?

That thought his mind rejected ere it was well formed, and swung ponderously back to the starting point.

Animal—hulking animal—was that all he was ever to be? Mechanically he ate of the food that had been set before him, the while he sought to crystallize the slow seethe of fermenting thoughts.

A Chinese cabin-boy burst into the little dining-saloon clucking. "Cap'n say you tumble up like 'way," he chattered to the mate. "Cap'n want you up on blidge plenty quick."

Ragnar acknowledged this with a grunt, twisted from between the table and the settee and moved out upon the deck. He took

The Roughneck and the Lady

the companionway three steps at a time, for when the skipper wanted his first officer up on the bridge between watches, something unpleasant was in store for somebody—or everybody. He found the Captain staring unbelievably at the barometer.

"Hell's opened up som'ers. Look at that glass, mister," said the master.

Ragnar looked at the German barometer and found that the needle had been sinking rapidly from *Veränderlich* to *Sturm*. There was a wide space between the moving needle and the fixed brass pointer which had marked its position a short time before.

He looked uncomprehendingly out across the water. Save for the barely perceptible swell which is no more than the ocean's peaceful breathing, there was no movement on the Gulf. The stars shone down, clear and untroubled, from a sky that was serenity itself. He became conscious of the skipper's mighty roar. The Captain had stepped out along the bridge and was shouting back to the wireless room.

"Sparks! Oh, Sparks!"

The operator's head—one of the clamping phones lifted from his ear—peered out from the door.

"You getting any storm warnings from anywhere? The bottom's fallen clean out of the glass."

The operator shook his head. "Can't hardly hear a thing, sir," he said. "Static's something awful. Funny, too, on a clear night like this. I'll see what I can pick up." He released the lifted phone with a snap and the head disappeared within.

"I wonder if that damn barometer's gone crazy," murmured the Captain.

But the instrument was sane enough. Even as the Captain spoke, the Slothwell was lifted, ever so gently, higher and higher. Just as gently she settled back into the sea, seeming to slide backward down a very gentle slope, while flecks of the frothy wake she had trailed across the Gulf went spinning away ahead of her. Neither the Captain nor the mate wasted any time.

"Sling her over hard," commanded the skipper. But even more quickly the mate had bounded across the bridge to the steersman, had brushed him aside, and was twisting the wheel over while a brass indicator went spinning to the right over the face of a graven brass quadrant. Gradually, in an almost interminable curve, the ship turned upon her track, until she faced the point where an enormous black smudge, rising from the horizon with incredible speed, was blotting the stars from sight.

"A following sea! And we were doing a good ten knots. Whew! What next?" the skipper asked of the empty spaces.

The question was answered almost at once. Next was a milky boiling of the jet water—a drive of rain—and all the winds of the world let loose together. After the first shock, which hit the Slothwell in the nose and seemed to stun her for an instant, she pitched under the lash of the seas like a maddened horse. And then the thing happened.

UNPREPARED for the very father of all hurricanes which had come down out of nowhere upon the Gulf without warning, the great mahogany logs had been piled high over the cargo hatches of the Slothwell, after the hold had been filled. Such stowage was not meant to outwear the unleashed fury of a sea gone mad, and it did not. Lashings snapped, holding stakes crumpled like wet cardboard, and the great logs began to thresh about in the heavy seas which fell out of everywhere upon the Slothwell's deck. With a rending crash that even the howling of the wind and the roar of the seas could not silence, the foremast with its cargo booms was carried away.

One enormous log, uptilted on the scornful crest of a great wave, catapulted end over end and came crashing down through the engine room skylight, which—the weather having been so very fair—was unprotected. Others went hurtling against doors and hatchways and after them came the flooding seas, smothering the fires down in the stokehold and sending the engine-room crew swarming like monkeys up the gratings and into the froth of waters that deluged what was left of the Slothwell. The electrics changed from white incandescence to cherry red as the engines died, and the whining dynamos came to rest; and then there was darkness.

The Captain had already left the bridge. As soon as it had become apparent that the Slothwell was past saving, he had gone down to the boat deck, with a curt word to the big mate, and there had supervised, as best he might, the launching of life-boats. Still, there was little apparent order. Davits buckled and twisted. Life-boats smashed. And in that wild confusion men floundered about like so many squirming moles in a drop of water beneath some Titan's microscope.

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C"A ship," Ragnar whispered. "But he iss toe far away." A shudder ran through Cannice and she nestled instinctively against him.

Ragnar Stiverssen had clung stubbornly to the wheel and had held the Slothwell's bow bitterly to the wind and the seas as well as possible when these seemed to come from everywhere at once. He did this as long as the engines were turning enough to give the vessel steerage way and as long as there was steam enough to operate the rudder mechanism. When this failed, he swung down the companionway rail to the boat deck. From the tangle of lashings and crumpled davits he freed a life-boat. Fumbling with deft swiftness, he lashed two oars and two sails to the seats. Then, single-handed, he sent the boat outboard.

It was all planless. Though he could see but little in the blinding smother, he knew other boats were being launched; could feel that the Slothwell was filling and settling by the stern; could sense that the boat was in imminent danger of capsizing and being rolled over and over at the sport of the furious waves.

A form staggered up out of the creaming welter of froth that sluiced the boat deck. Unceremoniously he seized it and dropped it into the wildly tossing life-boat below. Came another; and another. Blindly he lurched across to the cabins and battered into doors, shouting to know if any were left aboard.

He found Cannice, screaming senselessly, and dragged her to the rail, waiting for the lift of the sea to raise the life-boat almost to a level with him before he let her body drop from his grasp. Another form—a man in clinging, dragged white flannels; and Ragnar tossed him down, careless of whether he fell into the lifeboat or into the crazy sea. A thunder of more logs breaking loose and threshing wildly. Then Ragnar leaped overside, landed heavily upon one of the life-boat seats, drew his knife, cut the line that had kept the squat double-ender from drifting away from the stricken Slothwell, and abandoned himself to fate.

Night and the waters erased the Slothwell from their sight at once. Shouting himself hoarse, Ragnar crept about the tiny boat, showing the four men how to hold continuously to the looped life-line about the thwarts. With the girl he took no chance. A length of thin line was trailing from a cleat at one end of the boat, where the tackle that had held it to the davits had given way. Noosing this about the girl's chest, he bound the other end of the leash about his own waist.

It was well that he did so. The life-boat had filled with water immediately, of course, and only the air tanks forward and aft kept her afloat. She was riding low in the waves when a wild comber struck her squarely abeam and rolled her over as a sudden eddy rolls a water-soaked log.

Clinging to the life loops, five men and a girl waited until another wave rolled the boat keel down once more. Four times during the night they were thus capsized. The last time it was the giant mate who, impatient of delay, hurled himself upward against one submerged thwart and seemed literally to lift the boat back upon her keel with his tremendous strength.

Dawn came to show the torn and shredded clouds racked over the sea from horizon to horizon. But the wind had dropped, and the seas were subsiding sullenly. Ragnar Stiverssen took stock in that pitiless dawning: The girl, spent and apparently lifeless, huddling in the water breast-deep between two seats, for the wash of the combing billows made a mock of their efforts to keep the life-boat bailed out. The son of the owner, his once sleek black hair now plastered about in a straggly tangle. A giant negro, his forearm crushed to a ghastly pulp where it had been caught between the life-boat and the Slothwell at the peak of a flinging surge of the waters. A stubby and freckled fireman—Irish by the look of him. A nondescript seaman of uncertain lineage, who had been washed up by some tide on the beach at Pago-Pago, and had gone down to the sea in ships as his only means of leaving that blasphemy upon the Samoa Islands.



Photograph by Campbell Studio

Rheta Childe Dorr

SEVERAL extraordinary characters contributed to the amazing rise of Hampton's Magazine before the evil days that resulted in its failure. There was Ben Hampton himself, Harris Merton Lyon, a genius at short stories if ever there was one, Jud Welliver, and most interesting of all, Rheta Childe Dorr.

I have never seen so much energy, ambition and determination housed in one body as was in hers. She was absolutely tireless as a reporter. Many and many an article on which some one else had fallen down saw light because she pointed the way.

Since those days, Mrs. Dorr has "covered" women's activities in all parts of the globe, seen all phases of the war at first hand, written reams of exceptionally readable material, and an absorbing autobiography.

She has done everything except marry again. She remains single because, as she puts it, she can't afford a man. Which isn't very complimentary to us men, but which does arouse our curiosity. She explains in an article next month. I learned much about my sex from reading the manuscript. [R. L.]

Food—none. Water—none. Abroad, the gray waste of the sea and, far off, where tumbled clouds met tumbled water, the squat hulk of what had once been the Slothwell. Only the forecastle head projected above the gray waves in the brief glimpses that were vouchsafed him between tossing billows.

"The logs is holding har opp," said Ragnar. "We go back toe har. There we have plenty toe eat and we fix it for water."

In a trice he had set a small sail to a stumpy mast, which he stepped in its appointed clutches. One of the two oars he used as a steering sweep. The Slothwell was nearly six miles off across an unstable and shifting world. The other five in the boat said nothing and did nothing. There was upon them the inertia of a great exhaustion and a dull hopelessness as they sat in the life-boat, breast-deep in water.

It was night before, struggling against the seas with a strength and a vitality that no hardship, no exposure, no labor seemed able to sap, Ragnar brought the life-boat up to the Slothwell's derelict hull. But for the five hundred mahogany logs in her hold, the vessel would have been at the bottom of the Gulf long since. As it was, the cargo decks were awash; here and there splintered hatches showed momentarily above the waves. The wrecked bridge was still standing. The fo'c's'le head and some of the stern housing remained intact. The rest had been carried away in that maniac threshing of logs that came with the storm.

The five prepared stiffly to get aboard at once, but Ragnar would have none of this, and it was not strange that no one questioned his right to give orders and exact obedience.

"The sea is yet toe bad," he explained. "And anyway, there is sharks, I know. We wait till morning. It will not be so easy to get aboard. Then we eat plenty."

All night he stayed untiring by the little sail and the steering sweep, and kept the life-boat hard by what had once been the newest freighter of the Trident Fleet. With the dawn he brought the boat right on to the well deck and up to the forecastle head companionway. Stiffly, moving like poorly jointed automatons, the five got aboard. Securing the life-boat to a twisted stanchion, Ragnar scrambled up after them.

Utterly spent, the rest lay down and fell into deep stupor even as they lay. They were an unlovely sight—the sprouting beards on the faces of the men, and the bedraggled, unkempt and watery slovenliness of them all, hiding even the charm of Cannice Rivarde.

As they slept, Ragnar set to work. First he crudely bandaged the crushed arm of the giant negro with rough splints and the tatters of his own sea-soaked shirt. Then he splashed down into the fo'c's'le to explore. He made a number of trips back and forth.

On the first he brought back with him a shining copper chemical fire extinguisher. Unscrewing the top, he emptied the polished metal cylinder and washed it carefully in the sea. On his next trip he was gone much longer. Even at best, it is no light or swift task to tear from decks and bulkheads the hollow steel tubing of electric light conduits, though the hands that wield the levers are so heavily muscled as to look pudgy to the casual eye.

It was with twelve feet or so of this conduit tubing that Ragnar Stiverssen returned to the foredecking where his five companions still lay as they had dropped. The same hands which had ripped that tubing from the walls now began to fashion it into a coil—an asymmetric coil, an affair of kinks (Continued on page 138)

By *Wyndham Martyn*

Love Rides Up In A Flivver

Illustrations by
John La Gatta



*Valerie—"the word alluring,"
Drina had said, "was coined for her."*

DRINA VENNING, a course or two late, rushed into the dining-room and addressed her family.

"My dears," she began enthusiastically, and included her mother, two brothers and a younger sister, "I have seen the most perfectly exquisite creature in the world. You know I rather loathe women because I despise parasites, but this wonderful thing has given me back faith in my sex."

"A moving picture actress?" Mrs. Venning asked.

"She was a picture but not a moving one," Drina returned. "I think it was her perfect tranquillity in this jazz age which first attracted me." Drina diverted her conversation. The butler, anxious to get the meal finished, was assuming she would skip the first two courses. "Because I am late does not mean I am not hungry. Please bring some soup." Drina turned to her family again. "The most exquisite creature I have ever seen."

Her brother Phil, a Yale sophomore and therefore versed in all the arts of woman, grinned. "Kind words from Drina," he said. "She must be a peculiarly choice pippin."

Drina was not seeking to awaken Phil's ready interest in attractive girls. She aimed her words at Roger, the immune from matrimony, the eligible, the kind of heart, the chivalrous but wary elder brother.

"I'll tell you everything," Drina said, pausing ere she attacked the entrée. The butler stood remote from all, a melancholy man.

Late that afternoon Drina had determined to tire out a riding-horse which had of late been inclined to run away. This exercise took her over mountain bridle-paths and brought her near the former home of a close girl friend. The house—long closed—showed signs of habitation and the impetuous Drina had dashed up the drive hoping to find her friend back from Madrid where her father was secretary of the Embassy.

"Vixen was done up," Drina said, "so I tied her to a post and went in. There were a few servants but I flew past them intent on finding Joan. Then I saw her."

"Joan?" Mrs. Venning asked.

"No, mother, not Joan, but this amazing and lovely creature. Joan is merely pretty, but Valerie is unique."

"Valerie!" said Phil. "That soothes my ear. Russian?"

"No. Either an American who has lived long abroad and speaks delightfully, or else English. I think she is American. She was sitting on a divan in the music-room as though she had been trained to sit and be worshiped. She did not ask who I was or why I was there. I simply raced to her and said, 'You marvelous person, what is your name, where do you come from and why haven't I been told about it?'"

"Rather impetuous of you," said Mrs. Venning.

"Typically Drinaesque," said Roger. "So you two got on together wonderfully, and she's coming over to play tennis tomorrow and stay to luncheon. I'm to be introduced and Phil is to fall in love as usual! Sorry to disappoint you, Drina, but that new polo pony has a devilish temper and I'm going to ride it off."

"How badly I must describe things—or else how dense you are—that you think she plays tennis, proffers friendships or calls on people! She did not speak to me. A tall, rather distinguished man came in. He called her Valerie and asked what I wanted. I said the house had been a sort of second home when the Partons lived there and I thought they'd come back from Spain."

Valerie's father listened politely but he made it quite plain that I had committed a dreadful *faux pas*. I left the house feeling about a foot high. Vixen looked a hundred hands tall."

"But my dear child," said her mother, "it was rather a stupid thing to do. At least one rings the bell."

"If she doesn't play tennis or ride or swim," Phil said, "I can't add her to my visiting list."

"She isn't your type," said Drina; "I wish Roger could see her. He's always ranting about the extinction of the feminine girl. Roger, Valerie gives me the impression that her one occupation is to charm men. The word *alluring* was coined for her."

"She is the only girl," said Roger, "whom you have not described minutely. Usually we should know her every feature and the details of her costume by this time."

"That's a proof she overwhelmed me."

"Probably hadn't time to see her clothes and make-up because you were being thrown out of the house by the old man," Phil remarked.

Drina shrugged her shoulders. "Hear me all," she exclaimed. "I have failed. Phil seems to think I am trying to describe some one of the many ladies the loathsome Levenson is reputed to hide in Manhattan apartment houses of the shadier sort." She looked across the table to Roger. "Do you think that, too?"

"For your satisfaction," he returned, "I will admit that the things you haven't said have interested me very much, but honestly, Drina, I wish they were people we could know."

"Mr. Parton will probably write and ask us to call," Mrs. Venning reminded him.

"I'll cable to Joan asking all particulars," Drina asserted. "Joan will tell me everything, and as the Embassy will pay for the cable she won't hold anything back."

ERE Drina sent her cablegram, a letter came from Mr. Parton. As he was a conscientious diplomat he merely implied that his tenant was not one he could advise near and dear friends to call upon. "I met Mr. Herkimer last year at Algeciras where he had a villa. He is undoubtedly a New York Herkimer but of the upstate branch. It seems he married Vanessa Malden when she was dying in Florence. He must have sunk low financially for her poor fortune to have attracted him. Joan saw the daughter, Valerie Malden, but Herkimer (he is her stepfather) never permitted her to become friendly with her own countrywomen. The girl is amazingly beautiful in her languid, graceful, bored way. There was talk about her wedding a grandee here but insufficient marriage settlements put the thing off. One hears that former Grand Duke Stephen would gladly see her hismorganatic Grand Duchess, but Herkimer was furious when the message—delivered very tactfully, you may be sure—was brought. Ill-natured people speculated what his answer would have been in the old days when Grand Duke Stephen flung his rubles by the million at those who pleased him."

"Personally, Herkimer was courteous. He seemed very anxious to know about California—terra incognita to him—and I talked freely. I am not sure that I had not him in mind as a tenant for my house. But, dear Mrs. Venning, I made no mention of your family, and this singular omission was owing entirely to the feeling that it would not be well to grow friendly with them."

Mrs. Venning read the letter to Roger and Drina.

"This settles it," she remarked. "Graham Parton always says less than he knows."

Drina sighed. Although high-spirited and individual, she was loyal to the conventions of her set. For some reason or other the Partons who were close and esteemed friends had taken the trouble to warn them. "I felt there was something mysterious," she remarked. "Mr. Parton accuses them of being professional adventurers. I'm sorrier for Roger than I am for myself. He will never see her now."

"And will do very well without it," he said smiling. He went from the breakfast table to a big room, half library, half office, where he had frequent consultations with lawyers and agents on business concerning the Venning estate.

"As Roger is colder than ice," Phil remarked aggrieved, "why not bear me in mind? You haven't interested him at all."

Mrs. Venning looked at her children and smiled a little. Not interested Roger at all! Was it given only to a mother to see the sudden interest that had obsessed him and then been as quickly cloaked?

Half an hour later Roger appeared in riding kit. "I'm going to take the devil out of that new chestnut pony," he said.

Ten minutes later she saw him astride the fiery, intemperate beast. She knew as certainly as if he had told her that he was

headed for those same mountain trails that had been ridden only yesterday by Drina. No roads could be better adapted to make a hard-mouthed, pulling pony realize its own weaknesses than those which led to the Parton home.

What a curious thing, thought the horseman, that these strangers who had been used to staying in Europe's fashion centers should come to spend a summer at Lago Encina. Had they come to Caridad with its young society, its dances and sports, he could understand it. Parton in his eagerness to rent his house had not told them that they would be living in a colony controlled by the sinister Cerradura Club. The notorious Levenson, of whom Drina had spoken last night at dinner, was the dominating director. Roger reined in his quieted mount and looked at the great Levenson house on the hilltop.

Rockland was Levenson's nearest neighbor; Rockland, whose daughter had shot him in his Long Island home and had been unanimously acquitted although she admitted she had shot to kill. Roger could just see the gabled peak of the Tandy house whose owner was debarred from most decent clubs. What neighbors for Beauty!

Roger tied his pony in the grateful shade of a eucalyptus tree. He was a trifle ashamed of this curiosity in one who had previously so little of it. There seemed something almost underhand in it. His plan was to catch one glance of the strange being. That done, on some pretext of the moment, he would be rid of this inquisitiveness.

He walked unnoticed among the luxuriant flowers until he came to the patio. In the Partons' day it was open to the sky. Now he saw it was covered with an awning. California's blazing sun no longer beat down on the fountain undiluted. Soft rugs covered the stone-paved yard and comfortable chairs, cushion-filled, lent to the place a tinge of Oriental luxury.

Two people were in the patio. One, a tall man in a suit of light-weight white serge, was undoubtedly Herkimer. He had a handsome, cynical face. Roger's eyes passed him by and centered their gaze on the girl. The two were talking earnestly. Conscious only that he must see her more closely, Roger Venning came nearer. When he was so close that he could see them distinctly he was aware that he was hidden from them by a trellis of flowers. Herkimer's words made him an eavesdropper and a listener.

"We dine with Levenson on Sunday," Herkimer said. His voice was pleasantly modulated but his eye was cold and hard. "I need not remind you that it was for this we left Europe."

"I know," said the girl wearily. "It will not be pleasant."

"Business rarely is," said her stepfather. "At least that has been my experience, but you may be quite sure that I shall protect you. Rockland will be there, too, and Tandy. There should be some competition."

She smiled faintly. "That is a very tactful way to put it."

"When one plays for very big stakes," he reminded her, "one must ignore personal comforts. You and I are playing a game for which we have long been in training."

It seemed to the onlooker that there was some anxiety on Herkimer's face as though he feared opposition. When she had answered him by no more than a shrug of the shoulders he smiled.

"I am going to take my siesta," he said. "Unless it is necessary I prefer not to be in this great heat." He turned on his heel, walked past Roger without seeing him and disappeared.

DRINA had not exaggerated. Valerie Malden was the loveliest creature beauty-loving Roger Venning had ever seen. A little above woman's average height, she was slim and graceful. Not for this strange, mysterious girl the sports clothes and short skirts of the athletic American girl. Roger saw that her costume was of gray crêpe de Chine. The edgings were of narrow bands of chinchilla. All her ornaments were of green jade. The gray stocking rising from small narrow shoes of suede had jade beads worked on the instep. There was a quaint girdle of jade about her and she wore green carved bracelets.

Her hair was of copper gold and the long eyes were of jade, too. Her face was pale but it was not an indication of ill health. Her arms and hands were just as white. She walked as a graceful woman does who has been trained to walk well. There was nothing of Drina's vital energy in her carriage. There was instead languorous indolence. Drina had said there was nothing "vampy" about her. He knew in a moment that his sister had been right. Here was no woman trained to flaunt sex before avid men. Here was one exquisitely lovely who needed no courtesan tricks to make men worship.



C "Why not come back with us tonight—now?" said Drina. "Oh, if I might!" Valerie cried, almost childishly. The prospect of losing these friends appalled her.

And she was to dine with Levenson on Sunday. The thought was revolting, abhorrent, nauseating. Men had sometimes told him of the sort of dinners Levenson gave. Roger remembered Levenson well. A big, heavy, gross man, still enormously strong, and vain of his power as men are who see it as a key and a buckler where lesser men stand outside closed doors or are beaten down by the stronger. The Cerradura Club owned thousands of acres and it was all fenced. No local help was employed. What scandals occurred in it were kept from newspaper and public comment. Herkimer had said he would protect her. What did Herkimer know of men like Levenson, Tandy and Rockland who had long been drunken with power?

HE DID not yet know what to do; but to break in and warn her was plainly absurd. She would not listen. He would be asked to leave. His position would be intolerable. After that he could never hope to gain access to the house.

It was late in the afternoon when Mrs. Venning reading by the Lotus Pond saw Roger coming toward her. How extraordinarily he reminded her of his father. The same tall figure and easy way of walking, the same bright eagerness in his eyes.

"Mother," he said, sinking into a chair at her side, "I've seen her. Drina was right. She is the most lovely thing in all the world. I don't know what possessed me to go to Lago Encina. It was as though I couldn't help myself, but all my complacency has gone. Lord, what a fool I was to think I wanted to escape!"

Mrs. Venning was silent. Roger had the heritage of unswerving fidelity. His father and she had been members of families bitterly opposed in politics and finance, modern Capulets and Montagues. Of what avail would it be for her to plead with her son to marry in his own set? His mother had deliberately cut herself adrift from her family, and his father had thrown aside all his prospects to marry a girl his parents objected to. Would Roger, the splendid fruit of this love match, weaken when opposition faced him? He did not seem to expect comment.

"Mother," he said, "did you ever know Mrs. Herkimer?"

"I remember her when she was Vanessa Malden. She was a great beauty and very unhappy, but I knew her very slightly. Your father and I dropped out of society when we married because we had no money. Later, when your coming reconciled our families, we had lost the taste for society. Naturally I heard a lot about her. In those days New York society was not so unwieldy. Her marriage brought only wretchedness. It was agreed amongst women that it was her fault. But I am not so sure." Mrs. Venning went back a score of years. "I remember her distinctly at a De Reszke night at the Metropolitan. She was tall and slim. If human eyes are ever really green, then Vanessa Malden's were."

"Her daughter's are green as jade," he said, "and she is slim, too, and as unhappy as her mother." He hesitated a moment, "I don't want the others—not even Drina—to know. I feel as if the real me had been asleep for years and was only just awake. I am confused as people are (Continued on page 131)

"My DAD"

By O. O. MCINTYRE

PERHAPS I am prejudiced but I think my father is one of the truly great Americans. For nearly forty years he has been the landlord of a country town hotel.

There are very few guests stopping at the Laclede Hotel in Plattsburg, Missouri, who did not leave with a friendly feeling for H. B. McIntyre, the proprietor.

Now my father is not the "mine host" of fiction greeting the new arrival with low sweeping salaams and unctuous rubbing of hands. He has the gruffest exterior of any man I know.

He weighs in the neighborhood of 250 pounds, has a great shock of white hair and unless he goes out of town never wears a hat. It was not until recently, when he retired to a peaceful cottage on a quiet residential street, that he wore a necktie. Also he eats pie for breakfast.

He is a strange combination of surliness and sweet temper. I have seen him order a suspender drummer from Indianapolis out of his hotel office for smoking a cigaret and a half hour later drive twenty miles through a blinding snow-storm to St. Joe to get his old darkey Hannibal out of jail for whooping it up with whisky.

He is extremely violent in his likes and dislikes. Once he forms a dislike for a person nothing will ever change him. But I know of no one who will go further for a friend.

My mother died when I was young and I was reared by my grandmother in Ohio. My early memory of my father was his semi-annual visits—a very big man who brought me a bright silver dollar. No boy in that town had more than I. I had the first Bicycle, the best clothes and more spending money than most boys.

At twenty when I was out of school he sent for me. It was his ambition that I should succeed him as a hotel landlord. It was not to my liking. I had no talent for it. I told him I wanted to be a newspaper man.

I think it would have pleased him more had I told him I was going to take up safe blowing as a life pursuit. He thought newspaper men were worthless. His opinion was based on one experience. Some circulation boosters came in from St. Louis, remained a week, and departed suddenly without settling their bill. Hence anyone who worked on a newspaper was no good.

I idled about the town for a year and one day my father called me around to a vacant lot at the side of the hotel, gave me twenty dollars, and suggested that travel broadened the mind. For five years I did not write to him. I was aggrieved. Nor did he write to me, yet he was in constant touch with me, through others, during my migrations as a roving newspaper man.

Today, looking back, I see the remarkable wisdom he displayed. Had he permitted me to remain there I would probably be out whittling in front of Biggerstaff's grocery store, for I am inherently lazy. I needed the shock of being cast adrift to find myself.

I have had some little success perhaps as a writer, yet during all these years my father has never referred to this fact. Not once has he ever praised me for anything I have written. Yet, until this appears, he will not know that he bores everybody in town talking about "my son."

He has several boxes filled with things written by me and about me and now and then his old friends say, "Let's go up to see Henry and hear him brag about Odd." And father gets out the boxes.

A number of years ago Irvin Cobb was on a lecture tour and stopped in Plattsburg. When he alighted from the hack my father greeted him with, "I am Odd McIntyre's father." Cobb is a good friend of mine today, but we had not met then. He probably didn't know whom my father was talking about, but at my father's insistence Cobb stayed at his home. Cobb played "straight" while my father invited the neighbors in to hear the big literary man from New York talk about his son.

Another time he came to Cincinnati to see me. I had somehow or other been made city editor of an afternoon newspaper. I was perhaps the youngest and freshest person of my age in the State

to hold down such a desk. I wanted my father to come down to the editorial rooms, see my big roll-top desk, and watch me boss the reporters around. Briefly I wanted to show off and impress him.

He dodged my invitations for several days and finally one night I insisted that he accompany me to the office next morning. He came into my bedroom as I was dressing and said grudgingly, "Where is this printing office of yours?"

He met at the door an old fellow he used to know in Ohio who was then the janitor of the building and talked to him for an hour without coming up-stairs with me. That night he sent a telegram to Cousin Sennett Young which read, "My son is one of the biggest newspaper men in the Middle West." I may add parenthetically that I wasn't by a long, long shot.

They had new city editors on this newspaper every second week and the owners happened to be in Europe while father was in Cincinnati. When they came back as I remember it I went back on the undertakers' run.

IT HAS always been a disappointment to my father that I cast my lot in cities. He insists that Plattsburg—which has about 1,500 people—is too big for him. He would rather "just live in a wide place in the road with six houses and a general store."

Plattsburg is to have a "Plattsburg Home-coming Day" at their annual Chautauqua meeting next August. I have been invited to be the guest of honor and the principal speaker on this occasion. Judge Shoemaker writes me that my father is very proud of this. He is writing hundreds of personal letters to friends to come back to Plattsburg on that day.

He is about the busiest man in town booming this event. Yet in a letter to me he says: "The Chautauqua has been trying to get somebody to speak here on Plattsburg Day. I guess they have been unable to find any one and they are going to ask you. Don't wear any of those loud clothes of yours out here."

My father in his earlier days was a most elegant cusser. He had the rare gift of making impolite words poetical. He also liked his liquor straight and alternated smoking big black cigars with a chew of tobacco. When he was forty he went to bed for three days. Since then he has never sworn, drunk or used tobacco. He never goes to church, yet his best friends are preachers. He goes fishing and hunting with them and is a consistent contributor to religious activities.

Cynical city folk might say my father is a Babbitt. I believe he wears white socks. No community enterprise goes on in Plattsburg without his taking a leading part. He believes thoroughly in our government at Washington and our American traditions.

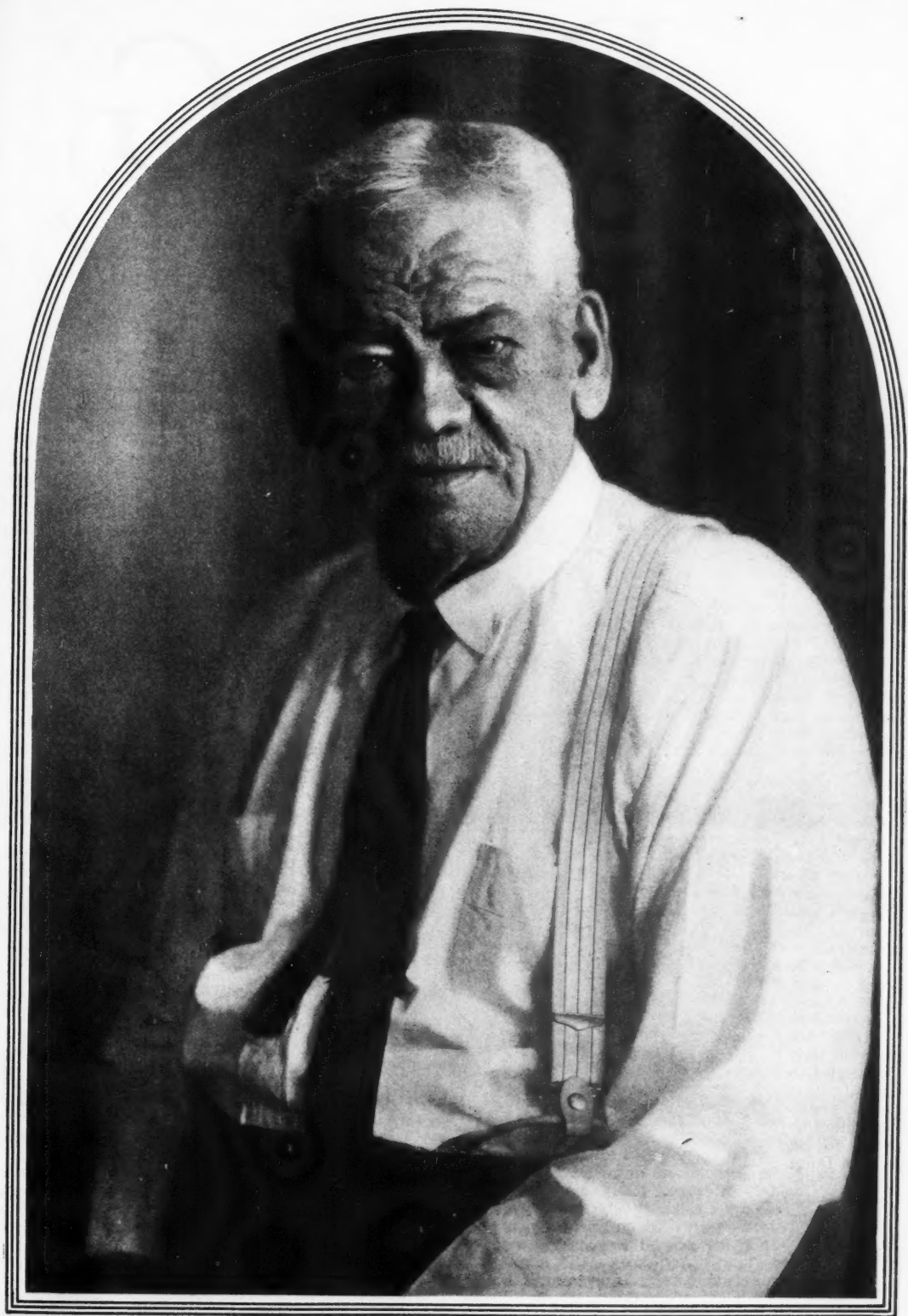
He hates the Kansas City Star and reads it religiously every day. He believes Jim Reed is the greatest man of our day and will fight any one who disputes this.

His hotel has been a two-dollar a day house since its inception. During the war it was suggested to him that he raise the price of his meals to seventy-five cents instead of fifty cents. He said it would be unpatriotic and he would starve first.

His diversion is playing seven-up with a crowd of his old cronies of the hotel days. The game breaks up with everybody going away mad and not speaking, but the next night they are at it as though nothing had happened. There isn't one of those old seven-up players who wouldn't die for any one of the others.

At seventy-one my father crosses the country to see the world series baseball games. Zach Wheat is a friend of his and he's mighty proud of Zach and his wallop. Father likes to sit in the bleachers and despite his years he is still pretty much a boy, for he yells "Rotten!" when a player strikes out; and he also eats peanuts.

Every child and every dog in Plattsburg loves my father. He has lived for fifty years in one community and has always



C.H. B. McIntyre—*"Every dog and every child in his home town loves him. I think he is one of the truly great Americans."*

stood for what he considered the best interests. He has time to visit the sick. He is a good neighbor and has been a devoted father to my sister and me. He recently built a fine hotel for a small town—a sort of monument for the town—and turned it over to others to run.

In my opinion he is one of the mightiest of American assets. And I say this with pardonable pride. He belongs to the Brother-

hood of Common Men and without them sometimes I feel that our nation would face anarchy and ruin.

His name will never illuminate history and he may not be remembered outside of the county in which he lives. Yet I feel his achievement has been great, for one may truthfully inscribe an epitaph for him reading:

"He was a good citizen."

That Royle Girl

A Novel of Mystery & Love

Illustrations by R. F. Schabelitz

The Story So Far:

JOAN DAISY ROYLE did not know whether she was in love with Fred Ketlar or not; but she was determined to inspire this young jazz-band leader to become a really great musician. Thus she would make up for the disgrace of her own life as the adopted daughter of a confidence man (though Dads was charming and lovable) and a mother addicted to drugs. Ket, however, was quite satisfied with himself: his good looks, his easy fame (he had started as the uneducated son of an unmarried manicurist), his big earnings, the adulation of several score of women. He was principally concerned with adding Joan to his list of conquests, and her aloofness from his arms only whetted his desire to win her.

Then one midnight his wife Adele, living apart, was shot dead. Ket was arrested and Joan of the big dreams was held as his accomplice.

The case for the State was to be handled by young Calvin Clarke. To Calvin, descended from the bluest blood of New England, with a college education, an ancestral home, and a Puritan conscience, Joan and Ket were among the "many-bloods" that were ruining America. He was certain of their guilt and intended to hang Ketlar.

But conscience or no conscience, guilt or no guilt, Calvin fell in love with Joan Daisy Royle. Her intelligence, her independence, her fighting spirit thrilled him as no New England blue-stocking had ever done. He could not fool himself. Life became an uncomfortable series of excuses to see Joan, who had early been released from custody and was to be the chief witness for the defense.

Joan thought she hated Calvin. She called him to his face a ready-made man, and their chance meetings were strange mixtures of hostility and attraction, in which Calvin was somehow always placed on the defensive. One night, after her first and only visit to Ket in jail, she met Calvin—he had carefully arranged the "accident"—in an automat, and later on the street near her home. She tried to explain her real relation to Ket, and she asked Calvin to buy him a text-book on music, which he could study in prison to help make him a great composer. And



*Filled with unusual feeling,
Calvin almost dropped his bag.*

Calvin, feeling utterly foolish, bought the book with her \$3.50 next day.

Joan was frankly determined to beat him "to a pulp" in the trial. She had an alibi ready for Ket: he had been in her apartment as the radio finished "Home, Sweet Home," when the shot had been fired; and also, earlier in the evening, she had seen a man with Adele who had looked like Ket but wasn't he. Under the coaching of Elmen, shrewdest of criminal lawyers, she attended an arson

trial Calvin was trying in order to study his methods, and later they met in the empty court-room. He had as usual talked eloquently, but over everyone's head, about abstract justice; and he was thrilled by Joan's quick understanding.

As she went out, she passed the empty witness stand, and the same thought crossed both their minds—of herself in that stand under his cross-examination. "Go to it!" she cast her defiance at him. "Go to it!" And she pushed through the doors and disappeared.

The Story Continues:

CALVIN neither won nor lost the cause of the People vs. Gos Augarian; for the jury persisted in the disagreement which divided them when Calvin

and Joan Daisy Royle utilized the empty court-room to discuss their differences.

After being out for forty hours, the jury reported that a verdict could not be reached; accordingly the judge discharged them and set the case for retrial several weeks later. Since Calvin had no other case on call, he took his vacation in this season which he best loved, late November, when occurred, always in the same week, the stirring, tumultuous festival of the Harvard-Yale football game and Thanksgiving.

With confident anticipations, he reserved a lower on the Century for Boston and upon the next afternoon he was journeying across northern Indiana on his way home.

By Edwin Balmer



"My son, welcome home," called
Mrs. Clarke in her calm voice.

Homeland to him meant hills. Now he was impatient to see the slopes, the stone fences, the old white homesteads of Massachusetts, yet the Indiana farms drew his gaze again and again until he let his magazine lapse to the seat beside him and sat idly watching the wigwam-like shocks of corn in the fields.

When Lake Michigan was gone and he knew he would not see it again, he settled back to read, but soon he was watching the wonder of dusk drawn over the fields. He was aware of a mood of reluctance in this journey.

"I ought to have stayed in Chicago," he said to himself; but he knew that no obligation bound him. His cases on call were cleared and his vacation was due him. He meant, then, that he wished he had remained in Chicago. Why? Because of whom?

As the darkness deepened without and the glow of lighted windows flickered between the trees, Calvin sent his mind upon an expedition of evasion of the fact which he would not accept. He thought of Arthur and Emily Todd, and other friends in the suburbs and in the city; he thought of Ellison and associates in the office and he argued, "I've come to like them better this year. We're friends now." But he knew that none of them roused this reluctance at leaving.

He was wearing the coat into the pocket of which the Royle girl had dropped her three dollars and a half with her list of books which she believed would make Ketlar a Mozart. Calvin put a hand into that pocket. Within it was a smaller pocket to preserve articles such as slips of paper; and a bit of folded paper was in that small pocket, as Calvin Clarke very well knew.

He drew it out, and as the car lights were turned on he unfolded the slip and examined again the Royle girl's writing; and the definiteness of it, the character of her spirit roused agreeable warmth within him.

He pulled a portfolio from the opposite seat and extracted a bundle of papers having to do with the Ketlar case; but he ignored the legal sheets and examined a newspaper picture of the Royle girl. After he put it away, he sat deliberately reviewing his encounters with her from the first, when she confronted him, head up, challenging him for his right to come for the State.

"I'm on this train because of her," he said to himself. "I left Chicago because of her. I'm going away from her."

HE BENT forward and abstracted from his portfolio the pages of evidence against her which reported her intimacy with Ketlar and cited the unescapable inferences to be drawn therefrom. Calvin Clarke deliberately reread these ugly pages for the purpose of exorcising from him his longing for that girl; but he succeeded only in arousing himself further, so he desisted.

In the morning he was amid the green mountains of Massachusetts. The very air seemed sterner and the sight of the slopes stirred recollections of traditions of the Clarks.

He had some time between trains and decided to wander about Boston, passing Old North Church, the old State House and King's Chapel. Faces of foreigners gazed at him. Foreigners seemed to have doubled their census in the last year; and the many-bloods,

whom he had deemed characteristic of Chicago, crowded the ancient, narrow, twisted streets dear to his memories. But also there were men and women of his own kind, more of them, many more than in Chicago. He bought a Boston paper, found it comfortingly the same and boarded his train for Haverhill.

From the little city he was driven by motor over the old, old road to the gate which opened in the same direction, and which swung over the exact arc, as the stockade gate which Calvin Clarke had hinged two hundred and seventy years ago.

As he swung back the gate, his mother appeared in the doorway, under the old sun-dial, and he saw with his first glance that her cheeks were pink as ever, if her hair was a shade whiter; she was straight and strong and unchanged; the house and garden had not changed, the silence and peace of the place remained. He went up the path, not hurrying but with his heart swelling.

"My son, welcome home," his mother called in her calm voice, half holding forth her arms, precisely as he had known she would, for she always did it so. Judging from the height at which she held her hands, he had been about five years old when she last put out her arms unrestrainedly toward him.

Calvin had thought this many times before; but today the realization of her restraint filled him with unusual feeling. He almost dropped his bag and ran to her; but he remembered himself and carried the bag to the step where he laid it down; then he caught his mother's hands and clasped them while he kissed her on her turned cheek. Then she kissed him on the cheek with her cool lips.

"I had your telegram," she said. "Your room is ready for you, Calvin."

He squeezed her hands with an impulse which surprised her. "I knew it would be," he replied, releasing her. "You're well, mother, aren't you?"

"Yes," she answered, but he knew she was not thinking of herself but was studying him with her steady gray eyes. "I am always well—merely a year older. I see you are well. You had a good trip?"

"Very good," he replied and corrected himself, saying, "It was all right. The train, of course, was comfortable."

"What do you mean? Did something happen?"

"Nothing happened," Calvin assured her, and wondered at

himself for the correction he had made. Nothing had happened on the train—nothing which he could relate to his mother. "I'll go up to my room," he said, almost hastily, and picked up his bag and entered the house of 1722 and Queen Anne's War and John Adams's administration and Antietam.

It was not actually the house of Queen Anne's War; for that had been the original cabin which the Indians had burned. Calvin confused it thus momentarily, because his mind was full of the phrase of the Royle girl and he was queerly sensitive to impressions today.

HE FELT at this moment the force of contrasts which never had affected him similarly, as his mind bore an image of the newly rented room with the bed-couch which was the Royle girl's home, and he gazed about the old, changeless rooms and peopled them with the men and women familiar to him since childhood, though some of them had been dead two hundred years.

He made it vivid by imagining himself telling her of them. Gazing at old portraits, faded books and an ancient lamp, commonplace to him, he found them endowed with poignant interest as he thought of showing them to that eager girl.

But what a fancy for him here! He had left Chicago to leave her; he had come home to be away from her, and here he was showing her, in spirit, about his home.

"Tell me about Chicago and your new cases," his mother bade him when he rejoined her in the library, where she had started a maple fire on the old stone hearth.

She drew him toward the fireplace and seated herself upon the hooded bench at the right where he used to sit beside her for their talks when he was a little boy. In later years he resorted to the bench opposite, and he relapsed upon it now, gazing at the fire, at his mother and at the fire again, while he considered her disquietedly.

He did not betray disquiet, he thought; and in fact he might have revealed it more plainly without his mother's noticing it; for it was an hour of hardly constrained emotions in herself when her son returned from the crude, inchoate conglomeration of people in the West who, to her mind, composed the city which claimed him from her.

"Tell me about Chicago, Calvin," she repeated, her voice calm as ever but her breast suffused with a feeling of antagonism to the distant people and with a pulse of her momentary triumph over them at regaining him.

"It's a place which becomes more incredible the longer one lives there," Calvin replied. "I think I do not yet credit even its physical proportions, mother."

He glanced about the room, which was becoming dark away from the fire; for dusk was fallen and at the other end of the library was an open window which looked out upon the garden, not upon the city lights, but which put Calvin in mind of the open window at which the Royle girl stood in the court-room at this hour a few days ago.

He stirred, patting his pocket to locate his tobacco, and he stooped into the heat of the



Even before the prisoner appeared, Joan Daisy had caught the sympathy of the court-room.



C. *"The Royle girl was like the rest, or worse," Calvin told his mother—and was agabst at his own words.*

flames and picked up a blazing splinter, with which he lighted his pipe.

His mother watched, with swelling breast, the play of the flames upon the clear-cut, powerful planes of her son's face and she glanced down his spare, strong body to his feet. "He has character and health," she thought, repeating to herself with pride, "character—and he's mine."

She let herself enjoy the even line of his profile, the brown luster of his hair which was very thick; and she longed to touch his forehead. His was a fine, broad forehead with distinct brown brows. She was conscious of so nearly giving way to emotionalism that she rebuked herself for weakening with age; and recollecting what they had said, she remarked: "I understand the city is growing rapidly."

"I happened to have reason to go from the south edge of it to the north the other night," said Calvin, sitting back and smoking. "In that square of twenty miles, on the shore of that lake, mother, are more than three millions of people—the population of the thirteen colonies in the Revolution."

"No," she objected.

"Yes," he insisted, a little quickly. "They're there. Not one, not a white face was there when *that* was hung." He touched with his boot-toe the crane which, as every Clarke knew, had been hung in the fireplace in 1790. "But now the population of the thirteen colonies is within a twenty-mile square on the shore of that lake."

"An equal number of people may be there," corrected his mother intently, "but not a like population."

"No," agreed Calvin. "Not like them."

"What can they be like, Calvin?" she inquired, leaning forward a little. "I read all the newspapers you send, I read of robbery and banditry, day and night, in banks and in hotels by broad daylight, and the constant taking of life."

"They're marking up a murder nearly every day," said Calvin.

"What can those people be like?" she demanded.

"They're like nobody," pronounced Calvin, "but themselves."

"Foreigners commit the crimes, do they not?"

"No; they're Americans."

"They cannot be," she denied firmly.

"They're American born, the police" (Continued on page 112)



C*The howl thundered out on the air: "They're off!" Excited? Honestly, I tore a six-dollar handkerchief to shreds.*

Hood

ONCE upon a time a book-maker informed me that of all the fools and their money who come to a race-track to be divorced, the "hunch player" is the most beloved by the layers of odds. The reason for this is that the hunch player never wins except in occasional anecdotes, according to this racing authority—horse and human.

For the benefit of those unfamiliar with horse-racing, I'll explain to you both what a hunch player is. Mr. Noah Webster, whose widely read, sometimes risqué and often misquoted "Dictionary of the English Language" has thus far escaped the movies, says that a "hunch" is "a strong, intuitive impression that a certain thing will happen." Thus on the turf a hunch player is one who, let us say, en route to the races passes a four-headed cat and the moment he gets to the track plays a horse called Phenomenon. Of course that's a bit far-fetched, as they told the fellow who brought the icicle home from the North Pole, so perhaps this often told example is better.

It seems Pat and Mike were—no, that's another one!—it seems an incurable hunch player dreamed one night about a cloudburst of hats. There were big ones, little ones, winter ones and summer ones, but everywhere he looked in this nightmare he saw nothing but hats. In glancing over the entries for the day's races the next morning, he noticed a horse named Fedora. Well, he thought of his dream of hats the night before and coincidence being his religion he acted on this hunch and immediately played Fedora to win. It lost. The race was won by an added starter called Sombra. Don't you love that?

However, Ben Warren is one hunch player who cashed in heavy and if you'll sit down for a few minutes I'll tell you about it. If it's not as good as the other hunch player stories you've

heard, it's at least longer. The moment you begin biting your nails I'll quit.

Once a football disturbance at Hale, Ben Warren is now a professional nose-breaker, viz., a heavyweight boxer. The sweetheart of my childhood, Benjamin suddenly turned up in Manhattan a full-blooded adult and promptly began his campaign for my favor where he left off before. Honestly, as a maker of love, Ben knows his oil, and if this good-looking, clean-cut youth hasn't completely goaled me, he's at least roused me to the point where I'm determined to put his name in the electric lights at something!

At present Ben is in the experimental stage—trying, with my assistance, to discover just what his trick is. We're all knock-outs at some one thing, you know, really. Remember, it was a lowly oyster that first started the pearl craze.

Well, to make a short story out of a novel, one night Ben took me to dinner, the theater and afterwards to dance at a night club off Broadway where it's never too late to spend. Don't ask me where it is—honestly, I don't care enough about the stuff to remember. Now there was nothing unusual in Ben's hurling a party for me—we'd been stepping out almost every night—but there was something highly unusual about his actions on this particular evening. Really, from the time he called for me at the apartment, he was gloomy, nervous and a walking definition of the expression, "ill at ease." He pronounced an excellent dinner "fearful!" and on the way to a really funny musical comedy, which Bennah sat through in frowning silence, I thought he was going to choose the taxi driver!

Usually a dancer who could double for Maurice and make 'em forget that ballroom panic, Ben was away off his game. He

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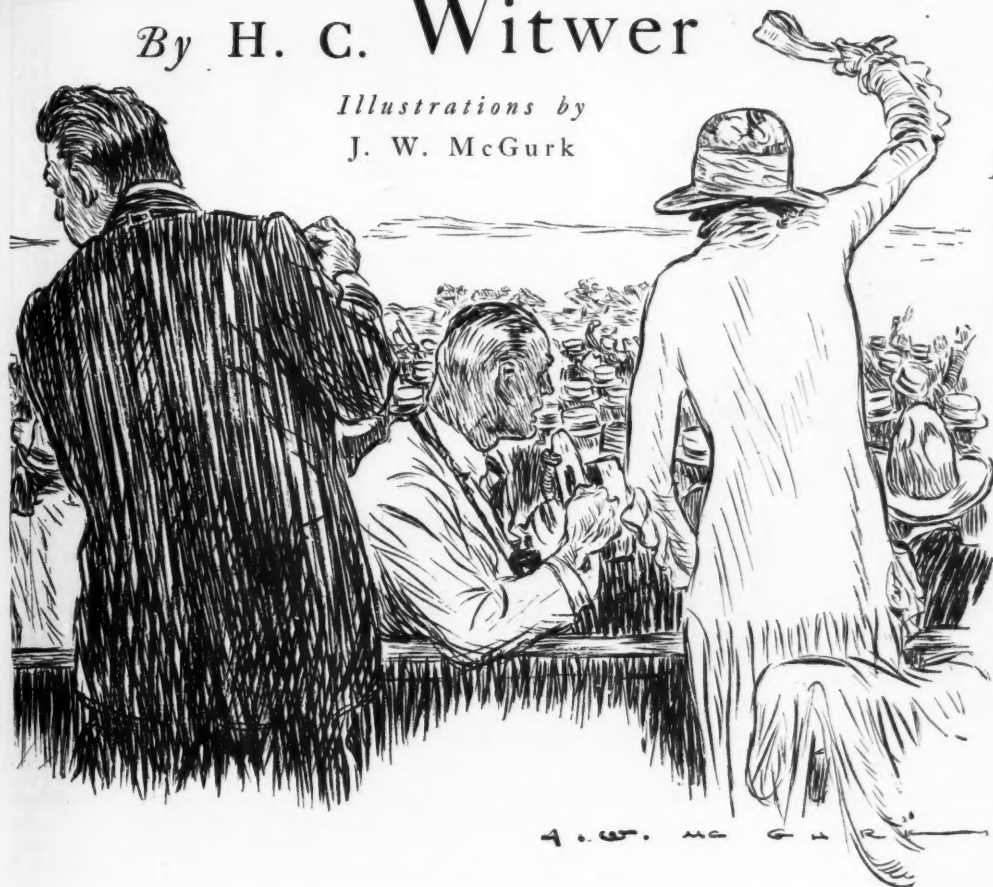
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By H. C. Witwer

Illustrations by
J. W. McGurk

Whose
Humor,
Like
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Cakes &
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You Find
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in
America



Riding Little Red

frequently bumped us into other couples, got out of step and otherwise gave an imitation of a tired business man being taught the latest light fantastic by his impatient wife in his own drawing-room. Likewise he growled the pretty cigaret girl to cover and finally complained that one of the best dance orchestras in the commonwealth of New York annoyed him.

I'D BEEN more or less steamed all night, but that last crack ruined me! "Listen, big boy," I says peevishly, "I'm fed up on this barking and meowing of yours, no fooling! What's the matter with you? I've been called a glutton for punishment, but honestly, you're giving me acute dyspepsia!"

Ben drops the spoon he's been tapping nervously on the table, reaches over suddenly, clasps my hand and makes the following witty retort, "Gladys, will you marry me?"

Oo la la!

I quickly withdrew my hand and glanced around in well-feigned embarrassment. "Ben, be yourself—we're not on a bench in the park!" I reproved him, though in this place merely holding hands is looked on as going out of your way to be proper. "I've told you either nineteen or fifty-eight times that I'd file your application and give it due consideration—when you make good."

"Is there some one else?" whispers Ben.

Why is it that every man thinks if a woman doesn't fall madly in love with him, it's only because she's made other arrangements? And they call us the vain sex!

"No, Ben," I smile, "I wouldn't fool you. Really, I don't think I've had a vagrant thought since you reentered my life. But I want you to get across before we even consider taking the

big leap! That's as much for your own benefit as mine. You know Kipling says, 'Down to Gehenna or up to the Throne, he travels the fastest who travels alone!'"

"You read Kipling?" asked Ben, as though startled.

That was like asking Gloria Swanson if she ever saw a camera! "You may talk o' gin and beer, when you're quartered safe out 'ere, but—" I began. Ben shut me off hurriedly.

"Don't!" he begs, as the orchestra blared out. "There's enough Din in this place as it is, without adding Gunga to it! I remember now—I gave you a set of Kipling at Christmas. How stupid of me to forget—but I forget everything when I'm with you, dear!"

"Let's dance!" I laugh.

"But I don't want to dance, I want to talk to you!"

"Schedule the monolog for the ride home in the taxi!" I says, rising. "Come on, that orchestra's hot, and honestly my feet are fairly giggling!"

Ben rose with a sigh and by the time we'd bumped and jostled our way through that number on the crowded floor, his face was set and stern. The instant we sat down again he opened up.

"Since you refuse to consider my proposal seriously, Gladys," he says abruptly, "perhaps you'll be interested to know that I'm going to California."

"Real estate or movies?" I flippantly asked.

"Neither," he tells me with a forced smile. "I have both those arts cheated. They've just passed a bill out there legalizing ten-round bouts. Well—it's chill and wintry around New York just now, Gladys."

A look at me that meant he didn't refer entirely to the weather accompanied that last. I just ignored it.



C "You're just a baby, ain't you?" Hood says to me.

"So you feel the call of Sunny Calfilmia!" I says, curling my lip.

"I've been offered several fights there that are priced attractively, to say the least," he answers defensively.

"You could do just as well around New York and you know it!" I retorted; and then, sorry that I'd let him think his absence might disturb me, I added coldly, "Well, go ahead and go West if you want to—see if I care!"

"Very well!" says Ben, just as frigid, as he reaches for the check. "I had originally intended leaving next week, but now—"

"Now I'm going to try and leave tomorrow!" he snaps—and the evening was a complete bust!

As Ophelia sarcastically remarked to Hamlet, I know you're wondering where you met me before. Well, I'm Gladys Murgatroyd, one of the voices with the grin at the switchboard of the Hotel St. Moe—the most famous and the most exorbitant lodging-house in the port of New York. Winner of a statewide pulchritude tourney in the wide reaches of far-off Utah and a former Hollywood bathing beauty to boot, I've been a traffic-stopper in the gorgeous St. Moe lobby for a long time. Feverish males of all ages, calling, social and financial standings try daily to make me see matters their way, but they've got a wrong number in me, really! I admit there's not much of a kick kissing a pay envelope and that those who are good are also lonesome, but honestly I couldn't be annoyed becoming a bride, blushing or otherwise.

Since I fled the kindergarten and donned shorter skirts, I've had a flock of thrilling adventures in which neither a hero nor a villain was lacking. Through a knack for assisting others in what I'll call a crisis, to supply a vertical word beginning with C, I've won substantial rewards on various and sundry occasions. This reserve fund keeps me well groomed, well nourished and well content to sit at my busy switchboard—a box seat at Life's vaudeville—exchange wise cracks with the world and wait till something, or maybe "somebody," turns up.

Really, I've got a city directory full of acquaintances, but very few friends. Perhaps because the qualifications I demand in a friend are too exacting, or again it may be because my own qualifications don't meet the exacting demands of others. My dearest chum is Hazel Killian, who shares with me half the expense and none of the labor of a costly West End Avenue apartment. Hazel was once a model young lady—for artists—but she's deserted the magazine covers for the movies. The beautiful, triple sophisticated and cold-eyed Hazel frankly admits being God's gift to the silver screen. I don't know anything about

the part Heaven played in putting her in pictures, but I do know that Hazel can bite the back of her pretty hand, raise her eyebrows and inhale spasmodically with the best of 'em—to register fear, hate, love, jealousy, hunger, despair, envy, rage, or, if necessary, the plot of the picture.

As for the adjacent sex, Hazel's interest in any male begins and ends at that of the Internal Revenue Department's—his income tax.

Two others who have managed to hold my interest are Mons. Jerry Murphy and Hon. Pete Kift. Jerry's house detective at the St. Moe, as big as Mt. McKinley and just as intelligent. Peter is Maharajah of the bellhops, Jerry's pal and another total loss. However, I have a slight weakness for these two gay cavaliers, who properly belong in a comic strip and no place else.

WELL, Ben Warren and his manager, Jimmy Clinch, departed for the Coast as advertised. Ben phoned me an apologetic good-bye from the station, but it got nowhere with me. Even though I'd practically given him the ozone when we reached my apartment the night he told me he was bound west, I felt he should have rushed over to the St. Moe and delivered his farewell in person. So instead of wishing Bennie luck and telling him "I'll be waiting when you come back!" like they do on the stage, I fed him sarcasm till he slammed up the receiver, fit to be chained to a post!

But Benjamin weakened at Chicago and from that point on he sent me 200-word night letters that placed end to end finally reached my heart. I wired answers to some of them, adding "love" right before my signature, but really I only did that because "love" is one word shorter than "best wishes." This explanation made the cynical Hazel semi-hysterical. When she stopped laughing she reminded me that "regards" was also but one word and much less passionate than "love." I told Hazel to tend to her own knitting.

After a couple of weeks being sun-kissed in Los Angeles, Ben calmed down and let the telegraph wires cool off. He substituted air mail. His manager was carefully considering possible opponents and nourishing purses, but Ben hadn't much interest in business matters, he wrote. He declared he missed me like he'd miss his neck, and honestly I had to agree with myself that Benjamin's being elsewhere had left a vacant space in my own life. When I suped in the super-productions I'd been to Southern California and found it palatable and Ben's Chamber of Commerce descriptions of the tropical climate, marvelous auto roads, fruits, flowers, beaches or what have you, brought back fond

memories and a growing longing to pack a trunk. As if Ben's becoming a subject of California wasn't enough, Jerry Murphy and Pete Kift astonished me shortly after my heavy boy friend's departure by hauling off and renouncing allegiance to Broadway. Strolling nonchalantly into the lobby, they parked at my switchboard as usual. The first thing I noticed was that Pete wasn't wearing his bell-hop captain's amazing uniform and that Jerry featured a cane.

"Why aren't you on the job?" I ask Jerry. "And what are you doing in citizen's clothes?" I demand of Peter.

Jerry bites off the end of a murderous-looking cigar, flecks an imaginary speck of dust off an imaginary immaculate coat lapel and grins. Peter passes an admiring hand over his waxed-down hair.

"We've left the St. Moe prostrate on its shoulder-blades, Gladys," he says. "Don't make a scene!"

"Ab-so-lutely!" nods Jerry. "We're goin' to go places and do things, what I mean!"

"Wait till President Coolidge hears of this!" I says, plugging the board excitedly.

"We ain't clownin', cutey!" says Jerry. "We went down to the Hotel Employment Agency the other day and win ourselves a couple of sweet jobs at the Hotel Egram, the niftiest drum in Loose Angeles."

"It ain't Loose Angeles, Dizzy, it's Los Onglaise," corrects Pete.

"The right way to speak of it is Loss Ann-jell-is," I remark.

"We can ask the American ambassador there how to pronounce it," says Jerry carelessly, and Harriet Mooney, next to me on the board, butts in with:

"The natives call it Loss Angle-iss, My brother's in the newspaper game there."

"Where's his stand?" asks Pete.

Harriet threw her memo pad at him and to prevent further violence I changed the subject, but let the predicate be.

"When can we look forward to your leaving?" I asked.

"All of a sudden!" says Jerry. "And they'll be plenty bootleg bottled in this man's town before we come back! We're goin' to live the existence of Riley this winter!"

"They tell me them tourists is filthy with jack, and five-buck tips is as common as dark-complected guys in Africa!" adds Pete, licking his lips.

"Then acrost the Mexican border at Tia Juana there's horse-racin', gamblin' and honest-to-Boston booze!" says Jerry. "Feverish Fido! What could be fairer than 'at?"

"To top matters off, there's the Hollywood movie cuties, Coronado Beach and Catalina Island," Peter raves on. "Whilst you're gettin' frost-bitten in this slab, we'll be bathin' in the ocean and toytin' with other summer sports."

"I certainly wish you could join us," says Jerry. "But since 'at seems out of the question, we'll be sure to look up Ben Warren and give him your bestest. Why——"

"Shut up, you're murdering my peace of mind!" I cut him off and angrily chased 'em both.

Honestly, I was so envious I felt like kicking over the switchboard and going right along with them. All I could think of that day was the Golden State, and really a half-dozen times I caught myself humming "California, Here I Come!" By the time I signed off at six I had a well-developed West Coast complex and that evening I pensively overhauled my wardrobe, laying aside my filmiest gowns for the dry-cleaner.

But it was Hazel who finally caused me to decide for the broadening influence of travel. My comely girl friend got herself engaged for a part in a screen classic entitled "One Passionate Night," adapted from Pepys' Diary. This picture was to be concocted in Hollywood and in the midst of furious packing on two days' notice Hazel said she loathed to leave me alone in New York.

I told her that made two of us who felt that way about it, and when the Limited faded out of Grand Central, by an odd coincidence I was splitting a drawing-room with her.

Honestly, when I'm away from the switchboard I'm not much of a mixer and I kept pretty much to the privacy of our quarters on the (Continued on page 149)



C. "Before we parted," said Hazel, "Hood confessed he's going to pull the favorite so's a big betting hog-killing can go over in the East."



If you want a pleasant voice, you must learn to breathe properly.

Your Voice—The Can Always

HOW often in all the languages of all the civilized earth has eulogy arisen to pay tribute to the American Woman, the radiant, the peerless, the incomparable; to her beauty, her wit, her wisdom, her grace, the almost magical charm of her manner; to her delicious aplomb, her preeminence in conversational gifts, her absolute dominion over her men-folks. Desolating is the thought that a creature so fair can have still a defect; yet testimony is incontrovertible that she has.

It is her voice!

Well, what is the matter with her voice?

Everything is the matter with it. Considering it with entire impartiality, it is undoubtedly the worst female voice in all the world. It is not of the singing voices of melodious goddesses that we are treating here. We deal with the ordinary, every-day speak-

ing voice of the average American woman; the voice in which she commands dinner, reproves and corrects her erring spouse, sends Johnny to school and with the other potentates of her realm and sex discusses the price of porterhouse. And of that voice it is but truth to say that to compare it with the piccolo is to slander the piccolo.

The American woman's voice abroad, for example; there is a fruitful theme! It is the one infallible sign by which we are known everywhere. Let the modistes of Paris and the tailors that ape Bond Street disguise as they will our outward seeming, the instant the fair lady of our party opens her lips all concealment is off and the world knows us for the Americans we are.

One night I was bound for Carlsbad on the Paris-Carlsbad express. Dinner is served as the train leaves the Gare de l'Est. It has some reputation, that dinner. We had been assigned our places in the dining-car and with reasonably happy expectations had begun the assault upon the olives and caviare when the door opened and in swept a vocal cyclone pitched at about upper C sharp. As it passed down the aisle, we knew that peace and content had fled from that dining-car.

The possessor of the implement of torture was a middle-aged lady of impressive port and an eye to threaten and command, who carried as it were in leash a mild little gentleman, quickly recognizable as her husband. With him, needless to say, she was in rapid-fire conversation.

Their seats were in the extreme forward end of the car and throughout the ruins of that once happy repast rose above all noises of the train the piercing treble of the lady's voice. We heard every word she said; every person in the car could hear it. Before the coffee came, we had learned all the basic facts of life in Goshocton, from the jealous disposition of the pastor's wife to the summer underwear of Uncle Jim, and I may say that murder was rife in that car.

It was such an experience as almost every European traveler has had (for his sins) on some day, black forever after in his calendar.

Nor let the fact by the young and thoughtless be accounted as a sign of mirth. No subject is of a graver moment, or of a more compelling seriousness to the young American woman, ambitious for the truest success in life.

In the following narrative, for example, I have taken poetic license with the names and habitat of the actors, but the somber facts are well-known in the London colony and substantially as I have related them; for it was by reason of her average American woman's voice and not otherwise that one of our fairest daughters missed becoming a peeress and sharing one of the oldest names in England.

Four years ago the brightest and best of all the charming American debutantes in London was conceded to be Gladys Simpkins of Baraboo, who because of her wit as well as her beauty became the favorite in the best circles. By her anxious parents she had been trained for a splendid social career, for which she was in every way qualified.

The match-makers of the American colony early picked her out as just the catch for Lord Bareacres. This famous nobleman was now well advanced in years, but still a presentable figure and heir to one of the oldest names in the British peerage. Needless to say he was in reduced circumstances and when the war taxes began to descend upon his dwindling revenues, an American bride became an absolute necessity.

He had already seen the lissome Gladys and his susceptible old heart capitulated at once to so much beauty—and wealth, of course; no end of that. A meeting was arranged at somebody's dinner, where in due time Gladys, in full regalia, was presented.

The description of the scene that followed is from eye-witnesses. It seems that my lord advanced, his face lighted with an unwonted animation and his eyes almost alert, whereupon, the presentation having been effected, Gladys turned loose upon him a smile and one of her sparkling epigrams, such as "Pleasant weather we're having," when a



Pulling at your middle fingers as you sing "O" and "Ah" will help your tonal quality.

By Charles Edward Russell

One Part of You That You Keep YOUNG

shudder was observed to pass through Bareacres's aged frame. As Gladys continued to speak, his face contracted with spasms of agony.

After a few minutes of forced attention, his lordship, in evident distress, excused himself and fled, and shortly after it was known through the colony that the marriage project was off. To his intimate friends Lord Bareacres said, with unnecessary violence, that he would rather grind an organ in the streets. He said that as he had listened to Miss Simpkins's remarks, the horrible thought had come over him of the rest of his life led within the sound of that voice. It was insupportable and he had taken flight.

WHAT then is the matter with the voice that works all this woe? It is far too high in pitch. It is as hard as nails and as harsh as a wash-board. It is as rigid as steel and as chill as glass. It has no more range than the voice of a rooster. When it uses inflections at all it uses them wrongly. It is possessed by the most charming persons in the world and is utterly without charm.

Such are the agonizing facts. I should be but a faithless admirer of my fascinating countrywomen if I attempted to deny them. They are not, of course, my countrywomen's fault. They result from inheritance and from our lopsided and inadequate conception of education.

First, as to the average pitch of the American woman's speaking voice.

It is probably the highest in all the world, hovering somewhere around high C.

To be able to reach a high note with a singing voice is a vocal stunt. To talk in it hour after hour is a vocal crime. The average American woman's voice is about five tones higher than the average French woman's voice, five tones higher than the average Italian woman's voice, four tones higher than the average German woman's voice, two and a half tones higher than the average English woman's voice, and four tones higher than the average Tahitian woman's voice.

As illustrations of this and the following conclusions I subjoin approximate notations of utterances of the same thought by the average voices of American, French, English and German women:



Ascertain the ordinary key of your voice. Then practise at an octave lower.

Its lack of range is responsible for the wearying impression of monotony the American woman's voice creates. Its variations throughout a sentence are seldom greater than a tone and a half. A French woman will run the best part of an octave, although part of this flexibility is due to peculiarities in the French language. An Italian woman habitually ranges up and down through half an octave.

English women, except the highly cultured, are less expressive, but their voices are almost always modulated and have some tonal quality. The American woman's voice, in the average, has none.

What is the reason? One trouble is that whereas in other countries the voices of children are assiduously trained from the earliest years to maturity, we, believing that the training of the voice has nothing to do with salesmanship, stenography or the making of apple pies, pass it up. With care and research we inform the minds of our young women about other things, the garnered wisdom of the ages; we dress them magnificently, send them forth equipped in every other way to conquer the world, and then forget that to conquer they must speak; and how to speak, alas! they know not.

The European school teaches children to sing before they have learned to read. Generally speaking, our schools do not teach them to sing at all. There are, I know, delectable exceptions to this indifference, but it remains only too common. European curricula for young women include advanced voice-culture; taking our schools by and large, they conscientiously omit it. The voice of the average American woman is as untrained as that of the sparrow. She begins badly, for her mother's voice and grandmother's and Aunt Sue's and the housemaid's being all similarly raw, she has never heard anything else. Being thus handicapped, of course, she goes on through life hitting the wrong words with her flail-like accent.

One reason why the average French woman's voice is so much more pleasing than the average American woman's voice (average, please note—average) comes back again to this matter of range, at which we have glanced. Monotony is the very arch-fiend of sound. A drop of water falling regularly in the quiet night, when no other sound distracts the attention, will drive to insanity the possessor of a sensitive ear. The repetition of one note sounded upon even the most beautiful instrument becomes in time intolerable; and the instrument upon which the American woman sounds her monotonous note is far from beautiful.

In one generation proper instruction in the schools would remove from us the lamentable distinction thus laid upon us, but women that are impatient of it need not wait so long. Any woman that will give a little daily attention to her voice can ameliorate or abolish all its horrors. (Continued on page 162)

Let X= Love



LONG before the hour of the early call he had left, he woke as if some one had spoken to him.

He sat up with a start; stared about the dark room; groped for the bed lamp; found no one visible in the suddenly brightened room; wondered what time it was; wriggled, hunched and fumbled beneath his pillow till he dug out his watch. It was humming away as always with the sound of a tiny sewing-machine and it seemed to look up at him in the surprised resentment of a seamstress accused of sleeping.

When Terriss realized that his precious slumber was broken for nothing, he damned it. It was not his watch; and who could say just what it was that he damned?

In any case he snapped out the lamp, floundered about, arranged his troublesome members and consigned himself to oblivion. But he could not deliver the goods. He clenched his eyes and tried to unthink the thoughts that streamed through his wakened brain; but they were not to be checked.

He could almost see spread out before him the minutes of the yester evening's meeting with Miss Garnet. In spite of himself he scanned them as he scanned every morning at his office the report of the day before.

Speech could not have been louder in his mind than his silent dialog with himself and another self who shared his brain-room:

"What a fool I was! (what a fool you were!) To think of me of all people (you of all people!) spending several precious hours trying to court (flirt with) that idiot girl (that charming young woman); trying to persuade (seduce), overwhelm (force) her to make a bigger fool of herself than I was. (Impossible!) She certainly put up a hard fight. She laughed (scolded), pleaded (protested), denounced me and finally fled (withdrew) in panic (disgust)."

"As I remember it, I actually told her I was madly in love with her (you asked her to love you!)—told her I couldn't live without her (implied that you wanted to marry her). Oh Lord, so I did!

"Thank heaven she didn't take me up (she threw you down flat!). I'm certainly much obliged to her for saving me from making a fool (a gentleman) of myself. For of all the women in town she is the last one I'd want to marry (you're not man enough to want to marry anybody)."

In the back of his skull, in the little projection room there, a film of his evening's doings ran fleetly before his soul's eyes.

The moonlight had drugged his senses. Miss Garnet's conquest had seemed not only easy but profitable. It had turned out to be neither.

He was not proud of his behavior, and his actions had been almost savage. He took less shame to himself for his barbaric insistence than for the ignominy of his rejection. But he praised his lucky stars that he was still a free man in spite of himself. He could go to his office and devote himself to his profession in

Being a woman, Elitha read Terriss's real mood. For a moment her eyes filled with tears.

the knowledge that he had not surrendered his freedom for the dubious glory of waiting on an ordinary woman the rest of his life as if she were a queen and he a lowly chamberlain.

HE WAS half-way down in the deep well of sleep when he was brought up short by another remembrance. He had fought the girl so hard for her favors that she had retreated from the drawing-room and half-way up the stairs. Then he had clung to the banister post and prayed upward to the very ordinary creature like an idolator, begging her to see him again and let him prove how sorry he was for his rudeness!

And she had consented.

Well, he would either telephone her that he had been summoned unexpectedly out of town, or he would call on her, make his amends and slip away easily, never to return. Once jolly well out of it, he would not slip in again.

This was so comforting that before he knew it, he knew nothing. Even the splinter of early sunlight that pierced the edge of his curtain and tickled his eyelids could not destroy the perfection of his nonentity.

The sunlight that was a vain splinter to him was a fairy wand to Elitha Garnet. She woke slowly in the warm dawn and stretched

By *Rupert Hughes*

*A Problem in Romance—
With The Answer*

Illustrations by
Charles D. Mitchell



who without the least excuse or preface or by-your-leave or do-me-the-honor, had assailed her, demanded her surrender, constrained her defensive hands, pinned her arms to her sides, and crushed her delicate body against his own while he smeared her cheek with his kisses till she wrenched free and ran.

Then he was an invader; now he was vaguely a rather amusing impertinent, an infatuated gallant, an intrepid wooer whose arms were strangely like the steel cables of the suspension bridges he built, and whose lips were not so offensive as she had first supposed. Little flames seemed to twinkle in her cheeks now, and not at all unpleasantly.

"How wonderful he was! his eyes; how they shone! how hungry and pitiful he was, how he longed for me, how well he fought for me! Why was I so cruel, so cold, so prudishly stupid? Why did I run away like a coward and a fool? But then I always do. I'll die an old maid. I must be a little fool often or I'll be a big fool for life."

His arms — what steel! His warm beseeching mouth that preyed upon her cheek and hunted for her lips! An undulation of delight ran down her whole length, as a locp runs along a serpent.

"He loves me! I am his beloved. And I ran away from him, stood and watched him go away to his loneliness, leaving me to mine."

Such different people we are in different moods! And our moods take us round and round a circle of opinions, till we occupy successively almost every possible point, and its opposite, and all the points between.

herself lithely, with felinity. She was quite too prettily, unconsciously desirable to be a spinster.

She also was reviewing last night's battle with that amazing, audacious person Terriss. As with other battles, the ugly phases were the first forgotten.

She remembered Terriss now as she had not regarded him then. Then he was an inexcusable cad, an insolent, a ruffian

Especially in solitude we experience the wildest, insanest, most lawless impulses. And here was the prim Miss Garnet rivaling the ardors of the Carthaginian Salamambo with her snake.

She had known these humors before; but they always pervaded her when she was alone. The presence of a lover seemed to put to flight her ability to see love in any but its most offensive or ridiculous aspects. Every time a man grew sentimental or attempted a flirtation, she either froze him or eluded him.

And now she had escaped from the most attractive suitor she had ever encountered. And she found herself outside Paradise.

Her wail of despair was checked by the happy recollection that Terriss had asked if he might not call again to make amends.

"Amends" was the word! But the only way to amend this wrecked romance was to take it off the rocks and let it sail on and on and on.

When he came tonight, she would be dressed in her best and she would meet him so amiably that he would renew his prayers and she would answer them with a blessed yes.

This being thus blissfully arranged she burrowed into her pillows and was drowned at once in the unfathomable submarine caverns of sleep.

WHEN the telephone girl at Terriss's bachelor hotel rang him up and murmured the hour, he cursed the honeyed tone that yanked him from his downy annihilation.

He tore himself from his bed as if he had been glued there. He was glum with misery till his cold bath brought him to life.

His morning paper, his breakfast in solitary grandeur, his ride to the office, the brisk air of business about his desk confirmed him in the belief that the bachelor life was the only life for a man both wise and free.

Even to be in love was to be half married, and the entanglements of other bachelors were worse than wedlock at its worst.

He planned to call Miss Garnet at once, but realized that the hour was early for a belle. And then his mail and his conferences and a dozen office details filled his mind and his time and it was the luncheon hour before he remembered the girl again.

He called her house but a maid said that she was out.





C "Let me take you home," whispered Terriss. "I'd love to, but I—I dassen't," pouted Elitha, as Jim waited resentfully.

It did not seem quite the thing to leave with a maid a message breaking an engagement, and he did not even tell his name.

He took an important client to luncheon and took him to an important restaurant. And there he saw at another table Miss Garnet—and a man! Miss Garnet's back was turned to Terriss and he could not help admiring it: a fine, slim, trim, upright, aristocratic back and a very neat head poised on top of it at an angle that was quaintly vivacious.

The man was evidently rushing her very hard, from his intent eyes and his eager manner.

Instead of rejoicing nobly that his abandonment of further pursuit would not leave her stranded on a manless reef, Terriss felt a barbaric surge of primeval jealousy.

When the girl had run away from him, he had been glad to be rid of her. Yet now he was not so glad as he thought he had been.

That fellow with her had a mean, crafty face. He looked the sort of man that would make advances to a nice girl like Miss Garnet, and make them none too honorably. He would probably try to force his vicious kisses on her and have no idea of honest love and marriage. The fellow was quite detestable.

Terriss imputed to the stranger all his own motives, but this did not make the motives any less, but rather the more, abominable. Nothing is more disgusting than another man's gluttony when we have eaten our own dinners.

MISS GARNET finished her luncheon before Terriss had begun his, and as she walked past his table she gave him the sweetest of smiles. She whispered, "This evening, yes?" and Terriss rose and bowed low. The resentful look in the other fellow's eye was even sweeter than the amiable beauty of Miss Garnet's.

"Nice gal, that!" said Terriss's client. "No wonder you haven't heard anything I've been saying since you sat down. Is it a case—or just a sketch?"

"Neither!" growled Terriss. "Can't I be polite to a woman without—"

"You had a kind of a gone look about the gills and I thought you were going to fall over on your face when you bowed."

"Oh, shut up!"

The client laughed and Terriss hated Miss Garnet again. What was the matter with the woman? He paid her a formal call and found himself chasing her like a caveman. He met her at luncheon, and set a fathead client to crying the wedding banns just because he showed her the common copybook courtesies.

He would call her up as soon as he got back to the office.

But every time he reached out for the telephone he remembered the other man—and his hand retracted. It wanted to wait and find out a little more.

In the mid-afternoon everything in the office went wrong. A railroad company that had ordered one kind of bridge decided to order another—a two-track instead of a single-track bridge, and of steel instead of wood. It meant a big increase of money, but every specification had to be reconsidered, and a vast amount of calculation made.

He did not think of Miss Garnet till it was well beyond his dinner hour. He had a long night's work ahead of him, but he could not call her up so late and break the engagement. He gobbled a hasty meal, flung out of and into his clothes, and arrived late.

All the way to her house he was fuming at her sex in general and its genius for deranging the orderly procedures of a man's profession. This little call would cost him a mint of money and a lot of much needed sleep.

When he rang her bell he was in a hostile frame of mind.

Miss Garnet's torment had been quite the opposite. She had gone to the luncheon with Jim Payson reluctantly. Jim was such a bore! For two years he had been gazing at her with that dying gazelle look and talking stupid nothings all the while.

For two years he had haunted her and never spoken once of love or marriage, never ventured on a kiss or a caress, though she could easily tell that he idolized her.

But she did not want to be idolized. Who ever did? What could be a greater bore than worship? cowering, groveling worship always from afar!

Mr. Terriss, now, had met her once or twice, had come to call and started the battle as soon as she arrived on the field. Mr. Terriss was wicked perhaps, but exciting. He gave her many occasions to gasp but none to yawn. He did not fall on his knees but tried to drag her to his knees.

He positively frightened her—but (Continued on page 154)

It's Great To Be Sober Again

By Charles W. Wood

I HAVE been a booze-fighter for several years past. Recently I retired. I don't mean that I have quit. I mean that I am through with booze, and I don't want to be taken for one of those fickle souls who quits before he is half through.

I acknowledge that I was licked. Booze won and won fairly and I want to be decently magnanimous in defeat. This, then, is no hymn of hate. I have a very kindly feeling, in fact, for John Barleycorn; and he taught me a number of things which are worth setting down: I hope that nothing I say will induce anybody to take a drink if he prefers to remain sober, or induce anybody to sober up if being drunk is a completely satisfactory solution to his life's problems.

But I must say, as far as I am personally concerned, that getting through with booze is a great experience. It has given me a better kick than I ever got out of alcohol; and the man who tells you that, remember, got a good many wonderful kicks out of alcohol.

I am not touting for the water-wagon. I have ridden on its plank seats for as much as six months at a time, and I'll tell the world it's a dreary ride. It may have many advantages but it has few joys. It is occupied as a rule by those who still want to drink and can keep their seats only by the exercise of will-power: and using one's will to accomplish something that one doesn't will to do is like whistling without any wind. You can go through the motions all right, but it seldom does any good.

I don't have to use my will to keep from drinking now, any more than a sea-captain has to use his will to keep from heading toward the rocks. If there isn't any fog—well, that's the point. I just wanted to tell you that the fog has lifted.

But what a fog it was! I do not know of another human problem which has been clouded by so many false assumptions. The commonest words applied to drinking are misleading. *Wet* and *dry*, for instance, and *thirst*. Nothing is wetter than water, and surely it is not thirst which demands a cocktail instead of a lemonade.

Then we speak of the *alcohol habit*, as though drunkenness were a problem similar to drug addiction. They are about as similar as a case of typhoid and a broken leg. Alcohol does form a habit, just as a man with a broken leg may run a fever. But such a man isn't a fever patient, and reducing his fever doesn't reduce his fracture in the least.

The alcohol habit is easy to break. I have broken it myself a hundred times. I broke it every time I went on the water-wagon. *But breaking the alcohol habit accomplishes almost nothing toward liberating the booze-fighter from booze.*

The very word *drunkard* has no definite mean'g because it has so many meanings. Think back to all the most distressing cases of drunkenness within your observation, and I miss my guess if one of them is a steady drinker. Those I know are all periodical drunkards. Some of them drink only two or three times a year; then they drink to saturation, or until they haven't any health, strength, money or credit left. People who are sober most of the time don't do such things from force of habit.

I drank off and on, for twenty-five years. Mostly on, to be sure; but I went through the vicissitudes of quitting often enough to know what I am talking about. The first week or so it was hard. There was an intense physical craving for alcohol, but I found myself strong enough to resist it. After that, the craving passed. Then I could take it or let it alone, and I did what everybody does under the circumstances—I took it. So long as I felt that I had to drink, I didn't; and when I didn't have to, I did.

My friends said that I was weak-willed. They said I was "easily influenced." That's part of the fog I was telling you about. I realize now that I was not weak-willed but extremely

wilful. When I come to think of it, I have never known a weak-willed booze-fighter in my life. When a booze-fighter has once made up his mind to drink, I don't want to undertake to stop him. The persistence and stick-to-it-ive-ness of the booze-fighter are notorious.

He is resourceful, too, as most strong-willed persons are. He will employ every strategy to escape from his sober friends, and he will often outwit his own wife and family. Bootlegging has not developed any ethics yet, but most of the social influences are still mobilized to keep the drunkard from drinking, and he has to meet them almost single-handed. But he is a determined soul; and when he has once made up his mind to drink, he will not be wheedled or cajoled or brow-beaten out of his booze.

Everybody knows this, but few stop to think of it as an exhibition of will. It is commonly taken for evidence of the power of alcohol and of man's helplessness while under its influence. But this man is not under the influence of alcohol. Not yet. He is determined, however, that he will be; and being more or less acquainted with the type, I'll bet he wins.

But even this case, so familiar to everybody, is utterly obscured by the fool words we have come to use in discussing the problems of intoxication. In all probability, my readers think I was talking about an Old Soak. I wasn't. I was talking about myself. I wasn't old and I wasn't soaked. The genuine booze-fighter seldom is.

WE USED to hear it argued that Prohibition doesn't prohibit and that, whatever happens, the old toper will get his booze. The Prohibitionists admitted this but argued in rebuttal that the saloon would be out of the way and that young folks would not learn to drink. The actual facts are just the opposite. I have been in nearly every state in the Union since the Eighteenth Amendment was adopted; and in every city and village, I discovered, the old topers were sobering up while drunkenness among the very young was reaching alarming proportions.

In other words, those who have been suffering from the alcohol habit are being cured under the discipline of Prohibition, while those in whom the habit cannot yet be fixed are seemingly not being helped at all. Their urge to drink is not a habit. It is an enthusiasm. Habits can be cured by discipline, but enthusiasms must be dealt with in a different way.

The Old Soak, as a rule, with all due respect to Don Marquis's famous character, has lost this enthusiasm. He used to be a booze-fighter, but the fight was eventually crushed out of him by repeated lickings. Prohibition, even with its imperfect enforcement, has rescued thousands of such derelicts from destruction and converted them into good, useful barges. They are supporting their families now. They are not realizing the dreams of their youth. They are not adventurers any longer, and life to them is not a tumultuous dance of ecstasy and hope. But they are good citizens.

I do not recognize myself in that experience. I may be getting old; but if so, old age is a totally unexpected joy. I never dreamed that it made one feel so young. Positively, I am not becoming good. I have not lost the enthusiasm with which I took to drink.

I can speak with some authority on this point, for I am a veteran of the war between good and evil. Like most veterans, I didn't know what I was fighting about; and when I did find out, I lost my partisanship. I know now that no vigorous young person wants to be good—or bad. Good and evil are products of human experience. We humans do things first and moralize about them afterwards.

I have gone to work a thousand different mornings in New York City, eager and hopeful and strong, but somewhat embarrassed

by the reflection that I had neglected so many things I had intended to do. I hadn't done them, as I thought, because I had met Bill and Jack the day before and we had had a few high-balls together; then somebody suggested that we go somewhere, and the upshot of it all was that we had a big night, only I was now away behind with my work and had spent a lot of money I couldn't afford to part with. But in a no-use-crying-over-spilt-milk mood, I would now plunge into my work from ten A.M., say, until one. Then I would go out to luncheon, feeling no bad physical effects from the drinking.

But at two-thirty or three, I wanted a drink. This was a problem, for, like most booze-fighters, I sometimes have a real enthusiasm for my work; and whether I took a drink or not, my work was sure to suffer.

If I didn't take a drink, it would simply mean that I would stay at my desk and want one. If I did take a drink, the chances are that I would come back and finish the job; but at the same time the next afternoon, the call to booze would be repeated.

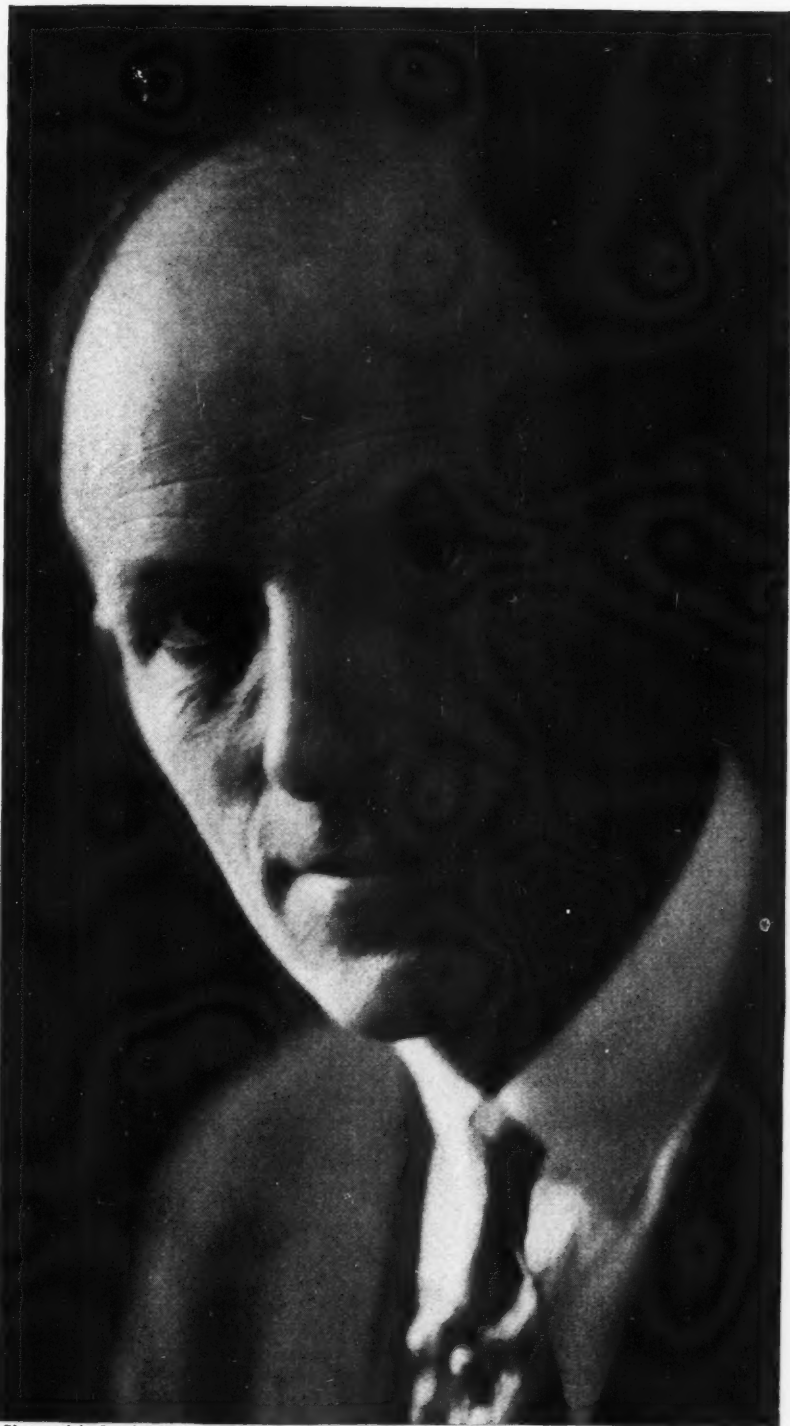
If I sat there wanting a drink, I knew I would get nothing done. I might go through the motions of work but my mind would wander. On the other hand, drinking meant giving in to a habit—a habit which would commandeer more minutes every day until, as I knew by experience, my work would be abandoned.

A little something on my hip might have eased the craving. But who wants to carry something on his hip every day? I didn't carry anything on my hip. Drinking was associated in my mind with conviviality. Not with alcohol, but with the merry consumption of alcohol. With the abandonment of work, with getting away from discipline, with forgetting something I wanted to forget.

If I didn't answer the call to drink, I came to know by experience, the call the next afternoon would not be quite so imperative. The next day I would be better able to do a day's work. Obviously, that was the way to catch up. Ordinary common sense told me to quit drinking.

But ordinary common sense is not all there is to life. I might quit, but I wouldn't stay quit. I might be reasonable for a few weeks, but life would eventually demand something altogether unreasonable. No mere physical craving, this; booze at such times had an almost religious pull. Was I not given a talent for defying common sense at times, and what was I doing with that talent? The way of the transgressor is hard, I had every cause to know; but was that any reason why a young man with sufficient courage and initiative should not attempt it?

People on the water-wagon, as I saw them, were simply taking the path of least resistance. They were doing the things that were expected of them. They were playing safe, avoiding criticism, and yielding to the mere lure of comfort and ease. They might save enough money in time to provide themselves with perfectly proper tombstones, but what was there in all that for me? It would be nice, of course, not to be getting behind all the time—behind in my work, behind in my obligations, behind perhaps in my much-needed self-respect. Nevertheless, I wanted something which the water-wagon did not provide, and I wanted it urgently.



Photograph by Campbell Studio

C. Charles W. Wood—"a veteran," in his own words, "of the war between good and evil."

I was often told that I didn't know what I wanted. Just so. We booze-fighters have a terrific urge to do something, but we don't know what it is. Some people may know exactly what they want to do, but I don't know why they should brag about it. It is impossible for others to know, for it hasn't been done yet. We are not cogs in a machine which runs so-and-so. We are children of the Creator. We belong to the Creator Family, and the one thing that distinguishes creators from mere creatures is that creators are forever doing something which hasn't yet been done. If we aren't doing that, we won't feel that we are living, no matter how commendable our course may seem to others or how sensible and practical it (Continued on page 160)

The Kind of Letters

By WILLIAM

Who Has
Than



C. O. Henry

Not fail to behold
me in your vicinity
at the time named.

Yours Very Truly
Sydney Brier

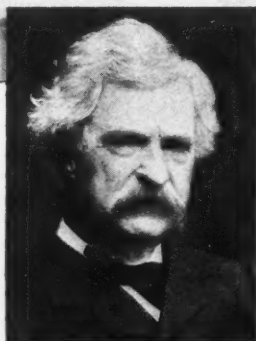
HOW we all do love celebrities! When the President comes to town just watch us line up at the station and wait for two hours merely to see him emerge from his car. Think how many of us plain people, too, have had our toes tramped by the mobs determined to catch a glimpse of the Prince of Wales. Most of us will go to any lengths to shake hands with Babe Ruth or John D. Rockefeller. On our holidays we visit the birthplace of Hawthorne or Longfellow or Whittier, though what we are going to do a century or two from now for famous birthplaces to visit I cannot imagine, for the babies of today that will be the celebrities of the future are all being born in hospitals.

Yet these celebrities that we get so excited about are—even the most distinguished of them—just human beings like ourselves. It is hard to realize it, perhaps, for almost invariably the view we get of them is when they are on parade. We seldom have the opportunity of knowing much about their lives, their thoughts and their habits, the little personal traits that reveal so much.

As it happens I have been a little more fortunate than the average person in coming into contact with famous persons. My life occupation as a newspaper man with occasional excursions into the borderland of public affairs, together with some delightful intervals of foreign travel, have put me in fairly close touch with numerous of the great ones of the earth. I have been fortunate, too, in catching some of these Persons on Parade, as it were, off guard. In a prized collection of autographed letters, saved from the vast correspondence that comes to a newspaper editor's desk, are many letters and notes that give curious and surprising little revelations and insight

We have much to be thankful for: most of all, (politically), that America's first-born son, sole & only son, love-child of her trusting innocence & her virgin bed, King Leopold of the Undertakers, has been spared to us another year, & that his (& our) Cemetery Trust in the Congo is now doing a larger business in a single week than it used to do in a month fifteen years ago.

Mark Twain



C. Mark Twain

into the character of the persons that wrote them.

In my collection are notes from dukes and diplomats, letters from statesmen and multimillionaires, missives from distinguished clergymen and celebrated theatrical folk, lines from poets and prize-fighters, letters from men in prison and from others who should be there. Some of the letters have been preserved for their famous signatures, but there are others of them vastly more worth while, where an unusual phrase or sentiment reveals an unexpected glimpse of the writer's real self.

A whole biography might be written about J. M. Barrie, novelist and playwright, without giving as intimate and delightful a picture as I once found in a little note from him. I had been an admirer of Mr. Barrie's writing ever since the day when I had first read "The Little Minister." In connection with some children's affair in which I happened to be interested I conceived the idea of celebrating the tenth birthday of Peter Pan. The question arose as to what was the proper date to celebrate.

The easiest way out of it seemed to be to write and ask Mr. Barrie himself, and I did so. It was not as easy as it looked, for when Mr. Barrie's reply arrived it took me nearly two days to decipher his almost illegible handwriting. Yet what a delightful picture came before my eyes—an old English garden, the happy voices of children, eagerly questioning a sweet, kindly little man

who, loving them as they loved him, came day after day to enthral them with his stories.

The Athenæum,
September 27, 1913.

Dear Mr. Johnston:

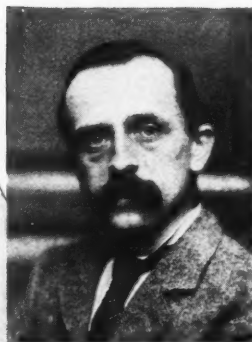
Thanks for your letter. It would however need a better man at dates than I am to say just what is Peter Pan's age, for tho' as we say in Scotland he is coming on for ten on the stage, he began as a story to children told as we walked about and it contained, let us say, 200 chapters, so in the end the public got off lightly.

Yours sincerely,
J. M. Barrie

A delightful correspondent, too, was "Mother" Eddy, the founder of the Christian

JOHNSTON

Known More of Them
The Average Man



C. J. M. Barrie

Science Church. It never was my good fortune to meet her in person, but an exchange of letters between us began by my asking her to write an article for a newspaper. She complied with my request, but in sending the article asked that a proof of it be submitted to her before publication. She was most meticulous about punctuation and capitalization and it seems that some of the editors who had asked her for articles, once they got her contribution, had handled it carelessly. I took pains to keep sending her revised proofs until finally everything was to her satisfaction. In sending back the last proofs she sent with them a cordial note of appreciation. A day or two following I received this remarkable letter from her:

Pleasant View,
Concord, N. H.,
December 3, 1905.

Dear Mr. Johnston:

My experience has been that so soon as an article of mine which is advantageous is published, it is followed by foul counterfeit letters with my name attached to them.

Will you please publish the enclosed, take notice, in order to forestall such an effect?

Lovingly in Christ
yours,
Mary Baker Eddy

At the end of the typed letter was a postscript written in her own hand:

N. B. Act wisely
in your own judg-
ment as to doing
this. MBE.

The remarkably worded notice that accompanied the letter read:

NOTA BENE. I hereby certify that counterfeit letters frequently follow my contributions to newspapers. Letters representing the opposite of my views, feelings and nature, the contents of which is so subtle that I expose this lawlessness to save those to whom they are addressed from being misinformed.

Mary Baker G. Eddy

It is interesting to note that in this single communication she signed her name in two different ways, in one putting in the extra initial G.

Some of the letters I have preserved because of the unintentional light they shed on the character of the writer. Caruso, the great tenor, for example, was a victim of that carelessness about detail which is so often to be

Dear Mr. Johnston:

December 3rd. 1901

My experience has been that so soon as an article of mine which is advantageous is published, it is followed by ^{some} counterfeit letters with my name attached to them. Will you please publish notice in

Will you please publish the enclosed, take notice, in order to forestall such an effect ?

Lovingly in Christ yours,

Lovingly in Christ yours,

May 20th 1854
N. B. Get wisely in
your own judge
as to doing
this
Wm B E



Q Mary Baker Eddy

noted in temperamental geniuses. Sometimes his mail would lie unopened for days. Once when I happened to be giving a luncheon to several other distinguished personages I sent him an invitation. He did not appear at the luncheon and not until a week after it was all over did I receive this note:

Hotel Knickerbocker,
New York,

December 4, 1913.
Mr. W. Johnston,

Dear Sir: Owing to the large number of letters received I am sorry to say I only opened your letter today and found your kind invitation. I am very sorry of being too late. With thanks and regards believe me

Yours truly,
 Enrico Caruso

I doubt if there is anyone else in the world besides myself who can boast of having a letter from a former British Ambassador dunning him for a dollar and sixty cents, nor can anyone who reads the letter that follows have any hesitancy in declaring that the writer of it was born in Scotland. The circumstances under which the letter was received were these:

The Honorable James Bryce, distinguished both for his long diplomatic career and for his famous book "The American Commonwealth," had come to America and was reported to be visiting friends in Lenox, Massachusetts. I had sent him a prepaid telegram asking if I might send a special writer there to interview him. He had left Lenox before my telegram arrived and a few days later I received this letter from St. Louis:

Sept. 24—04.

My dear Sir: In reply to your telegram I am leaving St. Louis at once so that in any event I could not have seen your representative. But I ought to add that I could not in any case have talked to him, firstly because I don't know anything about the subject (Continued on page 120)



JAMES HUNTER/STACEY

He was a consummate actor—Dvorak. "I came back," he said slowly, "for my cloak."

PERHAPS it was the memory of that evening on the yacht that made Sharon rush after Mickey when she saw him on the Boulevard a few mornings later. As she came out of the telegraph office, she caught a glimpse of him, slim and dark in his golf togs, a rough-coated Irish terrier at his heels.

She had seen Mickey often enough on the Boulevard before. But this time she crossed the sidewalk swiftly and put a timid hand on his arm. He looked down at her, and she could see how he felt by the way his mouth twisted and his eyes grew darker.

"Hello," said Sharon Kimm. She looked less like the great Sharon Kimm and much more like the girl Mickey had first loved, because of a pleading softness in her wide-open eyes. "Hello, Mickey. Are you coming to my birthday party?"

By Adela
Concluding a Novel

The Sky

Illustrations by James

Mickey smiled down at her, his nostrils quivering. "I got your invitation. But I'm not coming. Did you think I would?" "You might," said Sharon, with that startling sweetness of which she could be mistress when she chose; "it's my birthday. You needn't always be so rude to me. We might at least be good friends. There isn't any use being so—so mean and silly."

Mickey shook his head. "I'm not silly. But I don't want to be your friend. I'm not at all interested in being your friend. I want to be your sweetheart, your husband, something like that—but not your friend. We've been all over this so many times, dear. And that's the way it is, you see."

Sharon's eyes were as blue as the sea. It was good to hear the boyish, tender sound of his voice again.

"Oh Mickey, don't be so stupid. I miss you terribly. First you go off to the South Seas for months on end and never write me a line. And then you come home and never come to see me, as though I had the plague or something. Are you afraid of me?"

"Yes—of you and me," said Mickey. His heart was beating so that he could hardly speak. The sight of her! Her loveliness in the clear morning light! She was wearing a dress of golden checked gingham that looked, to his masculine eyes, very simple and inexpensive, in spite of the silken flowers that climbed from its hem toward her slim waist.

"Well—that's ridiculous," said Sharon, and she put up her round chin, and grew very imperious and haughty, "and I'm simply not going to have it any longer. Just because you can't have what you want. How selfish you are! What do you do with yourself all the time?"

"Oh"—he gave her the old merry, twisted smile—"I work and I live in a very old and very disreputable brown bungalow up in Laurel Canyon. The one Benny Walsh built. And I have a Chinaman who can cook but who doesn't mind a little dust about the house. I've been playing a lot of golf and tennis. I'm getting to be rather good at tennis. And—oh, yes, I have a flower garden. I dig in it. It's a very simple and commonplace existence. I'm afraid it bores you even to hear about it."

"Now you're being Irish and sarcastic," said Sharon, "but I don't care. Please come to my birthday party, Mickey. Please!"

She was quite close to him in the crowds that passed back and forth on the sidewalk. In the gingham frock and the wide-brimmed straw hat with flowers upon it, she looked young again—tragically young. The little hand, bare of rings, that lay on his arm was the hand of a child. He covered it with his own.

"Do you really want me to come, Sharon?" he asked. "Really?" She nodded.

The raw note of an automobile horn sounded close behind them. Sharon started. Her car had pulled up to the curb. The crowd slowed up, began to stare, first at the car, then at Sharon.

"I must go," she said hurriedly, "there's my car. I have a million things to do. I'm buying clothes for the next picture, too. Twenty-one changes, if you can imagine that. I'll see you at the party. Be sure, now."

In the car, she sat rigid. Why had she done that? Well, why not? Why shouldn't she and Mickey be friends? Why couldn't they find some compromise? Mickey—Mickey—Mickey—her heart beat the name. Oh, that was all very well. But Mickey was so stubborn. It was ridiculous to expect her to marry him and live on his salary. Three hundred dollars a week. Just one tenth of what she earned. Why, that wouldn't keep her in gloves. It was too silly. Twenty thousand dollars a year might seem a lot to some people, but compared with Sharon's hundred and fifty thousand it looked small enough.

Rogers St. Johns of *A Spoiled Beauty*

rocket

Montgomery Flagg

She remembered something her father had said to her, years before, when her mother had been gone from them only a little while. They had gone together to the park on Sunday.

"Sharon, honey, don't you ever blame your mama," he had said. "It wasn't her fault. It was my fault. I never could make enough money. I never could make enough to give her the things she wanted, the pretty things she had a right to. I could never seem to make enough money. That's why it was my fault. Don't you ever go blaming your mama, Sharon."

It would be like that if she married Mickey. He would never be able to make enough money, would never want to make enough money, to give her the things she craved. He didn't see life as she saw it. He liked his brown bungalow and his garden and his dogs and his tennis rackets.

But she wanted him in her life; she wanted him badly. And Sharon Kimm had grown very unused to wanting anything and not getting it.

MADAME took a final stitch, patted a fold of drapery into place and rose wearily from her knees. Mina, with hands usually so swift and sure but that now trembled a little, hooked the head-band. Josephine, the second maid, trying hard to keep back fresh tears, fastened the last bracelet and snapped shut a purple jewel case. Then the three of them stood back and regarded their handiwork.

It had been a terrible hour. Sharon had gone from open, violent rage to a silent, white fury. Everything about the costume was wrong. She wouldn't go to her own funeral in such a rag, much less to a ball. Madame was a stubborn old fool who had made her look ridiculous on this one night of all nights when she most desired to be beautiful.

Only Pepper's continual, witty soothing, larded thick with those compliments which she knew so well how to pay, kept Sharon from stamping the whole thing beneath her feet.

It was the night of Sharon's birthday ball and the whole house had been in an uproar since six o'clock that morning. Joan and Pepper and Lucia had worked without ceasing, superintending the staff of workmen and servants. The place had been full of young men from the florist shops and from the caterers. There were electricians from the studio, and several boys obeying the

direction of a young art director, very languid and bored beneath his thick glasses and his little, dark mustache.

But this hour of dressing Sharon had been most trying. Madame ignored her during the entire proceeding. She might have been dressing a doll stuffed with sawdust, for all the attention she paid to Sharon's storming. She had had too many experiences with temperament and temper in Hollywood to allow them to upset her.

And as she and the two maids stood back to look upon the result of their labors, an unwilling smile softened Madame's hard, impassive features. It was a pleasure to dress Sharon Kimm. Madame had found the inspiration for the costume in that picture of Trojan Helen by Jacques Louis David that hangs in the Louvre. So now Sharon stood before them, the cause of that romantic war, reincarnated in the twentieth century.

"Kiss me," Sharon had just said to Mickey. But that kiss was never given.



The robe of palest yellow silk stuff fell from her shoulders to her feet in lines of ineffable grace. About her waist lay a girdle of flexible, beaten gold, held together by a single topaz. Her hair was loose except for one heavy strand banded about her forehead by a single fold of golden cloth. Upon her bare feet were tiny sandals of beaten gold and topaz and diamonds. About her graceful throat was hung a single topaz, that rested just at the white rise of her bosom. In her hand she carried a little fan of golden gauze, and when she raised it, looking out with half-shut eyes, her face was soft and sensuous and divinely beautiful, a face like the face that launched a thousand ships and laid great Troy in ashes.

"All I've got to say," drawled Pepper O'Malley, from the *chaise longue* by the window, "is that if Helen of Troy had been dressed by Madame, the Trojan war wouldn't be over yet."

AS THEY drove up to Paradise on the night of Sharon's ball, the guests could see the splendid gardens, fairy-like in a flood of artificial moonlight. Everywhere there were tiny bowers among the tall sycamores and under the darkly hanging peppers.

On the swimming pool, gaily-lighted toy boats were afloat, and the electrician who had accomplished the delightful miracle sat back and grinned with satisfaction as exclamations of wonder filled the air.

In the very center of the big lawn was a gay tent, brightly lighted within, brightly striped and beflagged without—the supper tent. The tennis court had been carpeted and its wire fences hung with black velvet over which silver figures danced, and within were little tables and wicker chairs heaped with cushions.

Lucia, who had gone home exhausted to dress, was amazed to find the house and grounds crowded when she came back a little after ten o'clock. Lucia hadn't wanted to come to the ball. Her spirits labored under a weight of intense depression. As the cost of such lavish entertainment dawned upon her, she grew sick and apprehensive. It was ridiculous. It was criminal. When Sharon planned the thing it had seemed bad enough. But in reality the effect was barbaric and almost vulgar in its ostentation. There were too many footmen in trappings of scarlet and gold. The banks of flowers that filled every room were too luxurious. The wines flowed too freely. Everywhere there was that note of extravagance that had characterized Sharon Kimm since her success. It was almost as though she was afraid people would not come unless she bribed them with superlative hospitality.

As she moved about Lucia took anxious note of the guests, pleased in spite of everything that all the really great people had come at Sharon's invitation.

She saw the screen's greatest comedian, sinister and terrible as humpbacked Richard, gratifying for once his passion for tragedy. She hid a swift smile at the sight of Tim Hale, still holding his own as the world's favorite cowboy in spite of the weight of years, but particularly absurd and self-satisfied tonight in the silks and laces of a sixteenth century French gallant.

Little Anne Sebring, in the white satin and pearls of Juliet, dashed through the crowd to kiss her and gasp excitedly, "Isn't it too wonderful? I've never had so much fun in my life."

In the distance, she caught sight of Stanley Craig, spectacular and almost nude as one of the Pharaohs. Of course Stanley would take advantage of such an opportunity to show his famed sinews. She returned his wave coldly. She did not like Stanley Craig. She had never understood that brief, passionate interlude with him that had come like a storm of lightning into Sharon's life and as swiftly departed. A casual and yet a desperate thing it had been, without preliminary or explanation, surrounded by an atmosphere of lightness, and yet filled with elements of danger that left Sharon shaken through and through.

It was the only time Lucia had actually feared for Sharon so far as men were concerned. During those days she was very uneasy because Sharon was subjected to the systematic, deliberate love-campaign that Stanley Craig had launched against her. It was an attack few women in the film colony had resisted long.

But Sharon had resisted, as Lucia knew, though she had been sore pressed, and once or twice had nearly yielded before that sheer call of the flesh. If Mickey had been there—but Mickey was away at the time. And suddenly, the attack ceased as casually as it had begun—it had lasted in fact only a matter of days. But Lucia hated Stanley Craig for it and her eyes, as she watched him move through the crowd with that fascinating, laughing, conquering way of his, showed her dislike plainly enough.

The pageant continued to parade before her. Margaret Vane, with her soft, serene beauty, yet with something cold and

calculating always present underneath. Pearl Ward, mischief in every curve of her round face, a saucy soubrette in ballet skirts. And with them—Lucia started—Mildred Rideout, haggard, bitter, worn—that same Mildred Rideout who had once ordered an extra girl named Sharon Kimm off the Savage lot. How funny life was!

But Lucia didn't like any of the three women, so she moved away. If she had stayed, she would have heard something like this:

"How utterly lovely of Sharon to be Helen of Troy. Lots of girls would have thought it a little—boastful to appear as Helen, don't you think? I'm glad Sharon didn't feel that way," said Margaret Vane.

"Oh, I don't know," Pearl Ward cocked her black head on one side, "you don't hand yourself any raspberries, Mag, when you come as Mary Stuart. Mary was no slouch herself."

Margaret Vane ignored her. "She is lovely, of course. Just a little crude in type, of course, but what could you expect, with her ancestry, poor darling? And of course, you know it does worry me, loving Sharon as I do, to see her getting just a wee bit conceited. I can't believe it, when people tell me she's becoming a regular egomaniac. I simply can't. The only thing is—I wonder if she realizes how much she talks about herself?"

"What's your favorite subject?" asked Pearl, maliciously. "I noticed when you met Sharon tonight you took pains to tell her she was the divinest creature ever."

"You have to be polite," said Margaret.

"Oh, not always," said Pearl, the tiniest edge on her voice. "If Sharon took a tumble tomorrow, I don't imagine you'd go out of your way to waste any of your sweetness on her."

"She wasn't so pretty when she was an extra girl on our lot," said Mildred Rideout, suddenly.

"Well, anyone could be beautiful in the clothes she buys herself," said Margaret Vane, "though heaven knows how she pays for them. I heard in Paris, when I was over in the spring, that she spent twenty-five thousand dollars for things. She certainly spends a lot of money. I can't help wondering who's *paying the bills*—of course that's between ourselves—but you can't give parties like this for nothing. I'll bet it didn't cost less than five thousand dollars."

"I knew her when she didn't have a dime for car-fare," said Mildred Rideout, flatly.

Pearl gave her sharp, impudent laugh. "If this is going to become a meeting of the 'I knew her when' club, I'm gone. There are too many people here who knew *me* when."

She took Margaret Vane with her, and Mildred Rideout stood alone, her white teeth still worrying her lower lip, her eyes bitter with scorn. She and Sharon Kimm had kissed when they met. Mildred Rideout had felt the curious eyes between her shoulder-blades, as they exchanged laughing courtesies afterwards. People were remembering the old story and viewing this healing of the breach with amused eyes. Mildred Rideout had come because it seemed wisest that the breach should be healed. Sharon Kimm was a very grand person. It meant something to be invited to her house, and Mildred Rideout had taken some tough blows since the old days.

But for all that, remembering the triumph Sharon Kimm could not quite keep out of her eyes, Mildred Rideout wished she had not come.

STANLEY CRAIG was carrying at least three drinks too many. Two minutes after they took the floor, Pepper O'Malley was aware of it. He could still dance. But then Stanley Craig could dance when he couldn't walk or speak.

Pepper, whose blond curls under the peaked brown cap came only to his heart, smiled secretly as she felt him draw her close, with that personal, caressing tenderness, as though he had been waiting all evening to dance with her, as though she were the only woman of all the women in that big room with whom he really cared to dance. Dear old Stan. She was terribly fond of him, but he didn't fool her any more. She had known him since he arrived in Hollywood, a penniless but deplorably handsome football hero, bent upon being an actor. In fact, Stanley Craig was the man about whom she had once made a fool of herself. Well, she wasn't sorry. She'd had a good time doing it.

Knowing him as well as she did, as well as she had for all these years, Pepper gauged the three superfluous drinks by the sentimental, reckless smile on his lips and the passionate but not quite steady gaze of his blue eyes.

"You're adorable, Pepper," he said, looking down at her. "You know, honey, I've got an (Continued on page 180)"

No wonder it's so nourishing!



Vegetable Soup! Words to make the appetite glad! The soup we so desire when we are most hungry. The kind of soup we usually like best of all when we want to make almost the whole meal on a piping-hot plateful of delicious and invigorating soup.

And Campbell's—the most popular vegetable soup in the world! Thirty-two different ingredients—a delicious meal in itself!

21 kinds
12 cents a can

Just see my manly chest,
It's equal to the test.
Below this steel
Is Campbell's meal
To help me do my best!



Campbell's SOUPS

LUNCHEON

DINNER

SUPPER

That Royle Girl by Edwin Balmer (Continued from page 93)

records show," he maintained, "so if they aren't Americans, what are they?"

"An American to me," said his mother, with confident pride, "means a person of definite traditions and blood."

"I know," said Calvin, and realized that his mother was repeating what he himself held, but now he opposed it. "On that basis, Chicago is certainly not an American city—nor will Boston be one much longer," he added, with a puzzling impulse to offend her.

"The foreigners are visibly crowding in," she said, feeling it. "I hardly see how that can afford you satisfaction, Calvin."

"It doesn't," he denied, ashamed of himself. "I'm merely facing the fact. They're not crowding in now, mother. They completed that process before Congress shut the doors. Now they are taking over."

"Taking over?" questioned his mother; but he knew she was merely opposing the idea. She understood.

"Taking over the continent from us, mother."

"They cannot."

"But they are."

"They cannot," she repeated positively, with a ring of determination in her voice. "They cannot because they have not the character. To take over a continent requires—character."

"Not if they're taking it from people who are dead," Calvin returned recklessly, forgetting his personal situation, until he realized that he had spoken as decisively as his mother could hope for her argument that he should end his exile in Chicago and return to his home and marry a girl of inheritance and tradition like his.

His mind went to Melicent Webster because he knew that she at that moment was in his mother's mind. Melicent was a neighbor whom he had known since childhood when she was a sturdy, straightforward, sober-minded little girl who swam and dived almost as well as a boy and who ice-skated skilfully and tirelessly. Her family, or some member of it, had been a neighbor of the Clarkes for nearly a hundred years, but except for the occasion when Great-uncle Ethan wedded Susan Webster, in 1844, the families had not intermarried.

Since Melicent was two years younger than himself, she was twenty-eight this fall, Calvin reckoned; she was tall and strong and straightforward as ever and Calvin liked and respected her. He had seen her several times when last he was home; but when he was alone upon the train, he was surprised by no such reverie as followed his parting from the Royle girl.

Their characters could not be compared. Melicent was admirable, wholly so, whereas the Royle girl was despicable; yet now that Calvin was near Melicent Webster, he had no impatience to seek her.

"You are engaged in a case which greatly interests you," his mother said, refraining from pressing her advantage and avoiding the mistake of urging Melicent upon him.

"I've tried the arson case," Calvin replied. "But I'll have it again. The jury disagreed."

"Is there a new development in the case against that extraordinary musician?"

"Ketar," asked Calvin, glancing at her to see if he had betrayed himself to her. "His is my most important case," he admitted. "I consider it the most important case soon to be tried. Ketlar shot his wife because of a girl, of whom I have written you somewhat."

"Yes," said his mother.

"She is the daughter of a man calling himself sometimes James Morton Royle," Calvin continued. "He is a drunkard and a dead-beat, living by various frauds for which he has been arrested twenty times. The mother is chiefly remarkable as a veronal drinker. These two and the daughter—Ketar's recent companion—have been moving about from Chicago to Milwaukee, Cleveland, and St. Louis, being ejected from hotels and apartment houses.

"Ketar is the son of a hotel barber-shop manicurist and some unidentified traveling man, with corresponding morals. Ketlar married at nineteen and since then has taken up with twenty or forty women and girls and had reached the Royle girl, who undoubtedly was like the rest, or worse, but she seems to have demanded that Ketlar marry her; so he quarreled with his wife, shot her and went back to the Royle girl, who had an alibi for him ready before the police arrived."

"She counts on freeing him and means to marry him if she succeeds. She is clever—you've no idea how clever she is. For instance, she had books on musical composition sent to him in jail last week. She says, so he can study in jail and make himself a musician. Of course he can't and won't. It's merely a spectacular play for cheap popular sympathy, and to furnish his music publishers with material for sensational press notices on his new jazz compositions after he is freed. But she did it. That's how clever she is!"

HE STOPPED and sat pressed straight against the hard back of his bench and felt his heart thumping under the excitement of his own condemnation of the Royle girl. It caught him, suddenly, aghast at that which he had said. Why had he so distorted the incident of the Barsoni book, and her three dollars and a half, wrapped in the list which he had carried in his pocket ever since?

Was it because suddenly he had understood it after the manner in which now he had reported it to his mother? No; for all his body, trembling under his thumping heart, denied his interpretation. He had assailed her thus, distorting and misinterpreting that incident to force it to fit in with the rest, for the purpose of making impossible to himself, and before his mother, his own emotions in regard to her.

"But he will not be freed!" Calvin heard his mother say.

"No," said Calvin. "No; I think not."

His finger was in his pocket and he touched the little slip of paper upon which the Royle girl had written; and, if he were at all consistent, he would fling it into the flame. But he did not.

He arose, with his heart thumping, and walked about the room during the few moments before Debbie appeared, announcing dinner.

Repeatedly during the following days he found himself imagining what the Royle girl would think if she looked in upon his home.

It was the week in the year at Clarke's Ferry for setting out tulip bulbs, for laying away late apples and casks of cider, for raking mulch over the roots of larkspur, Sweet William, Canterbury Bells and the other perennials; and Calvin took up the old tasks, which he had performed as a boy, with whole-hearted satisfaction.

He rejoiced in the feel of the familiar rake and the mattock in his hand, at the tug and tire of unused muscles; but as he bent, his mind wantonly returned to the court-room in Chicago; he sank his heel, with proprietary pleasure, into the soft soil which his spade had upturned and he thought of the flat on the floor above Ketlar's.

One morning he visited the attic, haunted by heirlooms of seven generations. He came upon survivors of his own leaden soldiers packed away in a box beside that holding a model of an 1812 frigate which Calvin carefully had played with when a boy; and there with his toys in the box before him, he suddenly set to wondering about the Royle girl when she was a child, what playthings she had had and where she had laid them.

He called upon Melicent and she asked him to walk with her to the tea-room which she recently had opened on the Post Road. She had no need to earn money, but she believed that she ought to occupy herself and she was receiving much local admiration for her spirit.

"Surely, after being two years in the West, you must approve of a girl's working," she said. "Of course I do," he agreed, and praised the perfect order of the place and the excellence of the food which was served.

"I look in unflinchingly every morning and usually in the afternoon," she said and since it was plain that she expected commendation for this, he gave it while wondering what the Royle girl would expect for looking in twice a day upon others working. He gazed at Melicent's large, competent hands and thought of slender, white, strong ones. Glancing at Melicent's sturdy ankles, he thought of very slim ones and slim white heels.

They tramped from the tea-house by an old road which led by the Barlow place, which had been closed since Eben Barlow died last winter and now was being repaired and repainted.

"Who's come back?" asked Calvin interestedly as he saw the agreeable evidences of life about the old house.

"Nobody has come back, Calvin," said Melicent soberly. "There was nobody to come back, you see. A Greek has purchased the place. He is having the repairing and painting done. His name is Polos; he made money in the fruit and confectionery business in Boston; he has seven children, they say. The children speak good English."

"I suppose so," said Calvin, twinging with repugnance at the idea of Levantine immigrants in the Barlow home. Why, it was a hundred and fifty years old and an Eben Barlow had been with Knox and Calvin Clarke in the Revolution. He drew a little closer to Melicent in their common resistance; he flushed and saw a flush warm her cheek as her eyes met his.

"The Greek had a good deal of trouble buying the place," said Melicent slowly.

"He didn't have enough money?"

"No; he had plenty of money. His trouble was to find anyone to give him title; for all of Eben's heirs died before himself except old Mattie, who was his second cousin. She's insane in an asylum in Connecticut; but finally it was arranged so that she could give title." Melicent explained, with bosom rising and falling with the quick catch of her breath; and Calvin drew up in repulse of this decay and disappearance of his people. As instinct to combat it caught him, he felt full affinity with the girl beside him; he felt his helplessness alone, as she was feeling her helplessness alone to oppose this death of themselves; he felt hotly, as she also hotly was feeling, their power together to perpetuate their own.

But as he gazed at her, another image imposed itself—eager blue eyes and a white, beautiful brow with lovely shaping behind it, a posture of spirit and will, the Royle girl as first he saw her, with her head up to fight.

Calvin looked away, and after a few seconds Melicent proceeded with him past the Polos place, talking of other matters.

FOR Thanksgiving at home there were three at the table, since cousin Harriet always came from Haverhill for the day.

She was a maiden of fifty-two, was cousin Harriet Clarke, and she believed in and employed plain, blunt speech, dealing directly with what she had in mind. Naturally, the ominous fate of the Barlow place had impressed her, and after Calvin had carved the turkey, she asked him:

"Have you seen the improvements in the Polos place?"

"Polos?" asked Calvin.

"The name is abbreviated from Batoupopolos, I believe—the buyer of the Barlow place."

"Yes, I've seen it," replied Calvin shortly.

"He walked by last week with Melicent," added his mother.

"I wonder how our Greek candy man will change this house," ventured cousin Harriet.

"Ours?" said Calvin.



"Do yourself proud" with the wash!



Smell the naphtha
in Fels-Naptha

When you board, Fels-Naptha shows especially how helpful it can be. With water of any temperature Fels-Naptha will safely and thoroughly wash the handkerchiefs, underthings and stockings that you may want to cleanse daily in your room.

What temperature for wash water?

Use water of any temperature with Fels-Naptha. Boil clothes with Fels-Naptha, if you wish. You are bound to get good results. The real naphtha in Fels-Naptha makes the dirt let go, no matter whether the water is cool, lukewarm or hot.



The original and genuine naphtha soap in the red-and-green wrapper. Buy it in the convenient ten-bar carton.

There are lots of women who get an extra cleanliness in their clothes—a brighter, sweeter cleanliness. For they use Fels-Naptha, and have its *extra* help.

Some women keep on with just soap. Others frequently switch from one form of soap to another. They haven't yet realized that by using Fels-Naptha they can get such beautiful results with less work. But the millions who do use it, know that nothing can take the place of Fels-Naptha.

With *naphtha* and splendid soap working together in Fels-Naptha, you get extra washing value that you cannot get in any other form. Easier work. Clean, sweet, wholesome clothes. And a feeling that you've done a wash you'd be proud for your neighbors to see!

When you prove the *extra* helpfulness of Fels-Naptha you'll want to use it for everything—from sheets and shirts to your finest things. For general household cleaning, and dishwashing, too.

The first step is to get a bar or two from your grocer. Then, like the millions of women who already "swear by" Fels-Naptha, you can prove for yourself the extra helpfulness of the Golden Bar.

TEST Fels-Naptha's extra cleaning ability. Send 2c in stamps for sample bar. Address Fels-Naptha Soap, Philadelphia.

FELS-NAPTHA

THE GOLDEN BAR WITH THE CLEAN NAPTHA ODOR

© Fels-Naptha Co. Philadelphia

"Our Greek successor, I mean, when we are gone," explained cousin Harriet imperturbably. "The sun-dial over the door will come down, I fancy."

"What?" asked Calvin.

"Harriet!" exclaimed his mother.

"Undoubtedly. I never heard of a Greek having a sun-dial, especially over a door, did you? And he certainly will change the location of the gate. It might have done well enough for a stockade but it's most impractical now; and this old wing will certainly come down. And did the furniture go with Eb Barlow's house, Calvin?"

"I don't know," murmured Calvin, constrained and furious.

"It did," whispered his mother.

"Our Greek will never believe what we have in the attic until he starts to clear it out. I know we have boxes which have not been moved for a hundred years, Abigail," pursued cousin Harriet. "He'll surely clear out our bedsteads too, and our ridiculous wash-stands and this table we're eating on."

"Cousin Harriet!" cried Calvin, feeling physically almost sick. He gazed at his mother, to whom this last had been addressed, and saw that, though she kept her face calm, she was ghastly pale; and cousin Harriet herself was pale at the horror to which her own words had driven her when she had set out to stir him and sting him from his singleness.

Having halted, she became unable to resume; and though they talked impersonally and cheerfully of other things, he was glad when dinner was over and he could go out and tramp through the woods.

He felt restless and offended. Cousin Harriet had upset his mother, he knew; but he knew too that cousin Harriet had not offended his mother; she had spoken at a time which his mother never would have chosen and in a manner which she never could have employed, yet she had said what his mother would say. He must marry. If not for himself, then for them, for their blood and heritage, for their duties and traditions, for the sake of the home and all the people of the past who had made him, he must take a wife and have children.

He strode away from the old house, conscious of no choice of direction except that he was avoiding the road toward Melicent's and the Barlow, now the Polos, place; he found himself upon the path which traced the traditional retreat of Timothy Clarke and Esther, his wife, and their children when they fled from the Indians two and a half centuries ago.

CALVIN came to the lonely copse, upon unused land still in the possession of the family, where Timothy had fallen and Esther had taken the gun from his hand, loaded it and shot an Indian and then hurried her children on into Haverhill. And standing there alone in the silence, with the afternoon sunlight golden through the trees, Calvin thought what a people had been they who were his fathers, who had crossed the empty sea and settled this savage land.

He was their seed; and he was like them; or he might be. If he married a wife like their wives, he could have children of their soul and body. Melicent was like them. But only once before, and that when he looked upon the scene of Polos, the Greek, taking over the Barlow place, had thought of her stirred him. He summoned her now, to make her stir him again as he dropped at the idea of duty to his forefathers, to his home and family, to the blood of them all within him.

As he stood there trying to imagine himself marrying Melicent, his mind went wildly aberrant and it was the Royle girl whom he married. It was the Royle girl—companion of Kellar the wife-slayer, daughter of Dads the dizzy, and of mama the doped, in the flat in Chicago—it was she whom he would take to wife.

At the idea, which he could not deny with his desire thrilling and trembling in him, he thought of his mother learning that he would

bring such a one to his home, make her his wife and the mother of the children to succeed him; and he swung toward the old house, clenching his hands and swearing with himself against such defilement of his blood and the blood of the others.

Then, dully and slowly, Calvin Clarke returned to his home.

"SLEEP," said Max Elmen to Joan Daisy. "Sleep is all I order now. Do not worry for one wink. All is ready; you are prepared. Every word, you understand. Sleep now, for the brightness of the eye beyond any which belladonna can give you."

Sleep, for tomorrow starts the trial; tomorrow Ket will be led from the jail across the Bridge of Sighs into court, where although for the first time in three months he will not see steel bars between himself and daylight, he is granted this indulgence only because he is called at last to answer for his life.

Tomorrow, in the morning, the People of Illinois—the State will set in motion its terrible, merciless machinery designed to kill Ket. Assistant State's Attorney Clarke will start it; and Joan Daisy Royle is to be placed in its path to stop it. Max Elmen patiently and repeatedly has drilled her in what she shall say and do; but at the most critical moment he cannot help her; he must say to the State, "Take the witness," and she must depend upon herself thereafter. Maybe throughout two days; perhaps through three or four. Who knows?

At every moment throughout these days Ket's life will depend upon her wit instantly to answer, never to contradict herself or become confused, never to falter, never to lose faith or courage. Tomorrow, to be sure, will be a day for selecting the jury and no one will go upon the witness stand; but already, upon tomorrow morning, her appearance in court becomes of vital concern. Therefore it is essential for her to sleep.

Joan Daisy tried to obey her orders and she began preparations for bed at the unheard-of hour of nine. It was a night upon which mama's back was unusually bad, as it was likely to be at a time of trouble; so Joan Daisy rubbed mama's body for half an hour and, when mama was better, massaged mama's face with endless patience.

Joan Daisy closed mama's door with hands atremble from the muscular exhaustion of the prolonged massage, and her whole body became a quiver, now that she was alone, as she felt the awful imminence of the trial. Plucking at the snaps over her shoulders, she dropped off her dress for relief from its weight before bending to pull out the couch to make it her bed.

Vaguely she heard the usual drum of music, which resounded constantly through the floors at this hour when loud-speakers were operating and mechanical pianos played; and when suddenly a nearer beat assailed her, absurdly she imagined Ket in the empty room below. She denied the accent of the music, thinking "Ket never would play like that" before she logically considered that Ket tonight was on his cot in his cell.

Tomorrow night, although the trial would have begun, he would lie similarly in the jail cell and likewise throughout the trial for ten nights, perhaps, or for two weeks or possibly for more. But the end must come; and then?

Joan Daisy had laid the white cotto. pad over the couch and now she was spreading the sheets; and smoothing them, she felt her quivering hands and her face go cold as she thought, "Would Ket lie down next in the death cell?"

If not, would it be upon a cot in the penitentiary upon which he would lie every night for all the rest of his life?

If not, if he won the verdict, if she, as she was sworn and determined, to do, won his freedom for him, where would he sleep?

With chill, quivering hands she smoothed the linen. "I'll marry you, kid, I'll marry

you," he had whispered again and again recently, through the visiting screen. "I'll marry you, kid, when you get me free."

What kept her quivering and cold was the idea of the death cell, she thought; was the idea of that cell in Mr. Clarke's mind tonight?

Where was he? What was he doing on this night before the trial? she wondered without any intention to have sent her mind to him, as she made her bed. He had gone home, she had heard; but it was long ago, before Christmas. In fact, it was before Christmas when Mr. Elmen had told her that Mr. Clarke was again in the city; but she had not seen him since he went home, so she had been thinking of him at home in Clarke's Ferry, in that old, old house of Queen Anne's War.

To be of account, in Mr. Clarke's mind, a person had to come from a home. Not from a home like his; for even he would not expect that and, Joan Daisy suspected, he would not quite like it if everyone had a home like his; for his went back to Queen Anne's War. But a person to be trustworthy—to Mr. Clarke's mind—must have a home somewhere and certainly at least a father who could confidently be named and a little land to give one's mother a garden.

Well—and hereupon Joan Daisy energetically finished making her bed—a person could be as good as anyone else and have none of those things. She would show Mr. Calvin Clarke, of Clarke's Ferry, Massachusetts, that a boy could come out of a barber shop with a manicurist for a mother and no father at all and make himself a great musician like Mozart, instead of a murderer; and she would show him that a girl could get from Chicago, from the street, from hotels and flats, from newspapers telling about the lives of great people, from motion pictures of things everywhere, from the radio, even from the fronts of buildings which spell in stone WAGNER BEETHOVEN MOZART—the idea and determination to be decent and to try to do something.

JOAN DAISY felt invigorated; she splashed her cheeks and showered her slim white body with cold water. She switched off the living-room light and, clad in pajamas, she swung wide the window, welcoming the stinging cold of the dry January night.

Snow lay upon the stone sill and clung to the copings; a white sheen shrouded the sod of the court, and over all spread the magic, silver refulgence of the midwinter moon.

Sleep, Max Elmen had commanded; and she shut her eyes, but her mind visited in the empty room below and ran the rounds of the walls covered with women's pictures; and she thought of Ket in his cell in jail, where he had lain every night for three months.

She opened her eyes and turned over.

A taxi, with clinking chains, halted and the driver said with deference, "A dollar ten, sir."

"Keep the change," bade Dads' dignified intonation.

"Sober!" thought Joan Daisy and glowed with gratefulness to Dads for keeping control of himself tonight.

Since he had noticed that the room was dark and the window open, he entered noiselessly until she spoke to him.

"Did I wake you?" he asked.

"No. Close the window. Talk to me, Dads."

He fastened the sash, switched on the light, and she saw, as she had begun to feel in the dark, that Dads not only was wholly sober tonight but that he had returned in a rare mood of his which reminded her always of his talk with her on her twelfth birthday, when he had told her he was not her father.

"Do you not like the light?" he questioned as he faced her.

"Let's look out at the moonlight," she replied; so he turned the switch again. He laid down his hat and stick, but he merely unbuttoned his overcoat as he seated himself on a chair near her.



GUESTS arriving at a supper dance, given for a New York debutante, at New York's most fashionable restaurant on Park Avenue.

Investigation shows that among New York's one hundred and sixty debutantes of the season, Woodbury's Facial Soap is more than three times as popular as any other soap.

One Hundred and Two New York and Boston Debutantes tell why they use Woodbury's Facial Soap

IN the social registers of the big New York newspapers one hundred and sixty debutantes were listed this season—a list unusually large, for the number of young girls presented in a season to what is authentically known as “society” in New York rarely mounts to more than a hundred. In Boston the list came to ninety-eight.

We wanted to know how these young society girls take care of their skin. What toilet soap do they use? Why do they choose it? And what are the qualities in a soap that especially appeal to them?

224 girls answer the questions

To learn the answers to these questions we submitted them to each of the 258 girls. All but 34 replied to our inquiries.

The results were extremely interesting. Twenty-three different brands of soap were used; but whereas 122 girls scattered their choice over 22 different kinds of soap—an average of a different soap to every 5 girls—the remaining 102 girls all used Woodbury's.

Among the New York debutantes Woodbury's was more than three times as popular as any other soap. Among the

Boston debutantes Woodbury's was nearly five times as popular as any other soap.

Forty-three girls said they used Woodbury's to overcome definite skin defects such as enlarged pores, blackheads, excessive oiliness, etc.

Seventy-six girls gave the purity of Woodbury's as their reason for using it, or its beneficial effect on the skin in general cleansing. Two girls used it because it had been recommended by their physicians.

Two points are noticeably brought out by the investigation: one is the constantly recurring testimony to the purity and fineness of Woodbury's Facial Soap. The other is the efficacy of the special Woodbury treatments for overcoming common skin troubles.

Why Woodbury's is unique in its effect on the skin

A skin specialist worked out the formula by which Woodbury's is made. This formula not only calls for absolutely pure ingredients. It also demands greater refinement in the manufacturing process than is commercially possible with ordi-

nary toilet soap. In merely handling a cake of Woodbury's one notices this extreme fineness.

Around each cake of Woodbury's Facial Soap is wrapped the booklet, “A Skin You Love to Touch,” containing special treatments for overcoming common skin defects. Get a cake of Woodbury's today and begin your treatment tonight. A 25-cent cake lasts a month or six weeks.

To free your skin from blackheads, follow the Woodbury treatment on page 4 of the booklet, “A Skin You Love to Touch.”



Free! A guest-size set of three Woodbury skin preparations, with new large-size trial cake of Woodbury's Facial Soap

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The new large-size trial cake of Woodbury's
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City..... State.....

"You are worrying," he said.
 "Some," she admitted, thrusting an arm from the covers, and he drew off a glove and clasped her hand.

"Over Ketlar?"

"Ket, of course, Dads."

"He will be acquitted," assured Dads, releasing her hand but keeping it upon his knee and patting it gently.

"I think so."

"Then what do you think?" demanded Dads suddenly, poisoning his hand over hers and ceasing to pat her. "What for you, Joan—little, little Joan? Have you thought it through?"

"What through?"

"What he will do and you will do when he is freed—if he is."

"He's going to have me," she whispered, "to make him a musician." She gasped, "Why, that's all my life, Dads!"

"How'd he done with the book you bought him?" challenged Dads.

"He hasn't read it yet."

"Not even read it!"

"That's not his fault. The jail's the trouble. The jail isn't what I thought it'd be for music. I guess that men who were made great in jails weren't in ones much like the Cook County jail. Everybody's crazy about Ket in jail, Dads; he's a riot when he plays his jazz, and he's written a lot of jazz in jail; but that's all he wants to do. He likes to please people, you see; and jazz does. But it'll be different when he gets out. I mean, he'll work then; he'll do big things, I know he will."

"How do you know it?"

"I can make him want to work, Dads!"

"How can you?"

"I can!" she cried, clutching the covers and gathering them close about her throat.

Dads leaned over and patted her cheek softly. "Don't dream you can by giving him yourself."

"I can!" she cried again and he arose, looking down at her. For a moment he debated whether to argue more; then she saw him become suddenly aloof. He opened wide her window, arranging it with care precisely as he had found it, and he strode into the bedroom without another word.

CALVIN attempted to convince himself, while he prepared to start for the court to open the trial, that he was in complete control of his emotions and that the sight of the Royle girl could not again affect him. His nervousness he deemed only natural upon a morning when he was to represent the State in a capital case. The day, like the night, was clear and cold and Calvin decided to walk.

Today, with the call of his trial, Ketlar's name again captured the head-lines; and portraits of Ketlar, of his wife, now three months buried, of the Royle girl and Calvin Clarke preempted the picture pages. One paper had taken the trouble to obtain a view of Adele Ketlar's grave in Minnesota with Ketlar's child posed beside the stone cross.

The child remained in Minneapolis, although Ellison had argued that she should be brought back and exhibited in sight of the jury for at least one court session, to offset the sympathy certain to be stirred by the presence of Ketlar's mother; but Calvin opposed the plan and Ellison himself reflected that the little girl might prove a doubtful ally.

"Suppose she reminded a jurymen of a child of his own and set him to thinking of himself in Ketlar's place; we'd never win," Ellison commented. "You can't take any chance when you have a hanging case."

Calvin wished that Ellison would not refer to "hanging"; the phrase a capital case adequately classified it in Calvin's mind, and he did not permit himself to dwell upon the infliction of the extreme penalty which it was his duty to procure.

At the doors of the Criminal Courts Building, a crowd was skewing and arguing for admittance. Police opened a way and Calvin went up to his office, where photographers with

flash-lights banging awaited him at the door. Scarcely had he passed them when he heard them calling to each other and scurrying away; and he knew that Elmen and the Royle girl were down-stairs.

"All set?" Ellison asked him.

Ellison, who had come in several minutes earlier, had lost his pinkness from the cold and became pale; and Calvin felt the flush leaving himself as he hung up his overcoat.

"I guess they're all up-stairs now," said Ellison nervously, after a few minutes. "We might as well go up."

Watchmen guarded the doors of the court, which were closed and therefore denoted to Calvin that the court-room was crowded to capacity. The doors were opened to a hushed hum of voices and to heads turning countless eyes upon Ellison and Calvin Clarke. "The State's Attorneys," he heard the whispers in tones of awe which heralded him as the awaited agent of death.

He halted for an instant as the doors closed behind him.

The court-room was divided, as usual, into a large public section which occupied about two-thirds of the space, and the section set off for the judge, the jury, the prisoner and his counsel and witnesses, for the attorneys and clerks of the State. In this court, the public section lay to Calvin's left as he entered, and claimed the south half and also the center of the room. It was furnished with rows of brown, massive oak benches arranged in even files, and from end to end every bench this morning held humanity. They faced the judge's seat, the witness stand and the jury-box, and consequently the windows were behind the benches and on the farther side, to the west.

In front of the public section was an open space—an aisle bounded by an oak railing beyond which the trial went on.

By common custom the prosecutors established themselves within the rail to the right; the clerks and court stenographers claimed the center; and to the left sat the defense. The judge presided from a dais against the wall at the center; to his left, as he faced the room, was the witness stand, also confronting the room; and farther to his left and facing, not the room, but the judge's seat and the witness stand, was the jury-box.

The judge's seat now was empty; and so was the chair for the witness; the jury-box also was vacant, but Max Elmen's bald head shone at the table for the counsel for the defense and Max Elmen's spectacled eyes scrutinized his opponents. A companion baldhead, somewhat more youthfully fringed with hair, marked the presence of Max's son Herman.

The glint of light moved up Max Elmen's scalp as the senior counsel inclined his head slightly in sleepy salutation; and Calvin nodded in reply and glanced away. The Royle girl was not at the table of the defense; nor was the prisoner there; he had not yet been brought from the jail.

BEFORE he was aware that he had found her, Calvin was staring into the Royle girl's eyes.

She was in a row of people, some of them seated, others standing, just within the rail beyond Elmen's table. Apparently she had turned at the opening of the door and, since she now was relapsing upon her chair, she must have arisen on some impulse which plainly had been disappointed. Eagerness faded from her eyes; her lips, which had parted, pressed tight in pale fright; and Calvin, staring at her, summoned to her the eyes of those who watched him; then he felt the swing of the eyes to himself again and hostilely, more hostilely than before.

He turned aside slightly and advanced, looking down at the opening in the railing through which he strode to his place at the table for the prosecution, realizing that she had risen and turned in her quick, pretty eagerness to welcome Ketlar when the door had opened, only to see him, who was come to demand Ketlar's life. He realized that

already she had scored for the defense; she had caught the sympathy of the court-room even before the prisoner had appeared.

Newspaper men surrounded her when he next glanced toward her, and between them he had a glimpse of her, shaking her head. "Yes," rumbled Elmen's distinct, heavy voice, "do it, Joan Daisy. It is all right; oblige the boys." So she arose and let them lead her to the witness stand.

Some one screwed a light-cord into a socket in the wall behind, and a cluster of brilliant white lights gleamed from a metal box fitted with reflectors to concentrate and intensify the beam. An operator trained it upon the Royle girl and she sat etched in the glare, slight and lovely and pale under the dazzling whiteness. The effect was to make a picture of her in her plain, fitted blue dress which caused the people on the benches to lean forward, whispering their delight. Cameras clicked and a photographer turned to Calvin.

"Will you stand up before her, pointing at her, please, as if you're cross-examining?"

"No," Calvin refused shortly, indignant at the whole performance.

So the photographers disconnected their light-box, thanked the Royle girl and led her back to her place, having pleased the people.

WHEN the door next opened it was to admit Ketlar and his guards.

He entered the court, where he was to be tried for his life, walking briskly so that he gained a step upon his guards, who had released him from any manacle. He squared his shoulders and lifted his head in a bit of obvious bravado which became him and gave him an air of superiority to his jailing which was increased by the smart and immaculate appearance of his new brown suit. His attractive flaxen hair had been recently trimmed; he had just been shaved and his clear, flawless skin shone pink in the flush of his excitement.

Upon sight of him, Max Elmen immediately arose; Herman arose together with a couple of clerks who accompanied him. Joan Daisy Royle jumped to her feet with a quick, eager exclamation which brought up everyone about her. Some one cleared the way before him, and as he stepped toward his place, for the moment he was more like a prince than a prisoner come to court.

Max Elmen warmly extended his hand; Herman imitated his father. The Royle girl gave both her hands to Ketlar's grasp and others pressed to him. The Nesson girl was there.

Calvin Clarke saw the controlled countenance of the woman who under the light of the street lamp had asked him for Ketlar's child. She was standing a few feet away but with all her being intent upon her son.

Calvin looked quickly away and caught up a paper from his table.

A door in the paneled north wall opened and everyone in the court-room arose as the Judge, in his robe, strode from his chambers; and there rolled, in the hush, the heavy rhythm of old phrases heralding that the court was in session; but the Judge's entrance was far less impressive than had been the prisoner's.

A clerk handed the Judge the inevitable document upon some extraneous routine matter; it was signed and immediately the clerk called, "The People of Illinois against Frederic Ketlar."

Max Elmen rose to his feet; and Calvin heard an expiration, like a great sigh, breathed by the women behind him at this first move of forces in the battle for the life of the boy who just now so jauntily had crossed the room.

Calvin arose, keeping his eyes from the prisoner and from the Royle girl; most particularly from the prisoner's mother, he held his glance. The tension of a capital case, in which death—deliberate, decreed death—was the aim of his efforts, pulled at his muscles.

The first man from the panel drawn for the jury presented himself for examination, and Calvin gazed at the dark foreign face of the



What the most beautiful Queen in Europe says about the care of the skin



No woman is so highly placed that she can afford to neglect her beauty. Personal appearance is vital to her success—she cannot allow the usual marks of fatigue or exposure to show in her face. I believe that her beauty can be thoroughly guarded by a daily use of Pond's Two Creams."

Marie
Queen of Roumania

POINT to another woman in the world today whose beauty, power and vibrant personality are equal to those of Marie, Queen of Roumania!

"A tall, majestic figure, hair of red-gold, a round white throat, flashing violet eyes and long lashes sweeping demurely the rose-leaf of her lovely cheeks." One who knows her well describes her thus.

Granddaughter of Queen Victoria, cousin to the King of England, to the Queen of Spain and to the late Czar Nicholas of Russia, she has lived from birth in the midst of the great affairs of Europe.

At sixteen she became the bride of the fortunate heir to the Roumanian throne and entered upon the vivid life of the Balkans.

Today, in spite of the responsibilities of state-craft, Queen Marie is still extraordinarily beautiful. She is known as the queenliest queen in Europe just as her daughters were called the prettiest princesses—before they married kings.

A womanly woman as well as a queen—and one to whom many things have come because of her own beauty—Queen Marie feels that "No woman is so highly placed that she can afford to neglect her beauty. Personal appearance is vital to her success—she cannot allow the usual marks of fatigue or exposure to show in her face."

MORE and more, women are realizing that the woman who is careless of her personal appearance is practically never a success. Yet thoughtfully chosen toilet preparations and regular daily care are all one needs to keep the skin fresh and clear.

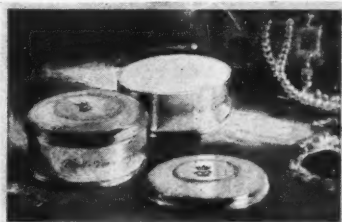
Years ago one manufacturer devoted his laboratories to perfecting the two creams that answer the vital needs of the skin. Today the famous Pond's method is used everywhere



HER MAJESTY, MARIE, QUEEN OF ROUMANIA

A recent portrait by Philip A. de Laszlo, eminent European artist. Queen Marie is called "the mother-in-law of the Balkans," having married her two eldest daughters to the Kings of Greece and Jugoslavia.

Below, silver boxes from Tiffany and Company, filled with Pond's Cold and Vanishing Creams, sent by the Pond's Extract Company as a gift to Her Majesty, are reproductions of early American silver boxes in the Metropolitan Museum of Art



by women who, because of high position, tax their skins the most and yet *must* keep them loveliest.

Every day, and especially after any exposure, a thorough cleansing with Pond's Cold Cream. Smooth a generous quantity on your face and neck. The pure cream works deeply into the pores, cleansing them of all impurities. Wipe the cream off with a soft cloth. It will bring with it the excess oil, powder, dust, and dirt your skin has been collecting all day. Repeat the process. Now notice how fresh and clear your skin is. Finish by dashing with cold water or rubbing with ice. If your skin is very dry let Pond's Cold Cream stay on all night.

AND then, to protect your skin and as a foundation for powder, use Pond's Vanishing Cream. Smooth in just a light film, enough for your skin to absorb. Now notice the limpid freshness of your skin; how soft and smooth it is to the touch, how captivatingly lovely to the eye. The delicate greaseless Vanishing Cream protects your skin, keeping it fresh and untired. And you will be delighted with the smoothness with which rouge and powder, which go on next, now blend—and stay.

Begin today, to follow the method the beautiful Queen of Roumania so heartily commends. Your beauty, like hers, can be "thoroughly guarded by a daily use of Pond's Two Creams." You will be enchanted to see how quickly your skin looks fresher, more youthful—with a freshness and youthfulness you can keep. The Pond's Extract Company.

FREE OFFER—Mail this coupon today for free tubes of these two famous creams and a little folder telling you how to use them and what famous beauties and society leaders think of them.

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141 Hudson Street, New York.

Please send me your free tubes of Pond's Cold and Vanishing Creams.

Name.....

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How many products have you stuck to for twelve years?

For considerably more than 4,000 consecutive days, Mr. Fuchs, of Atlanta, has filled his pipe with the same kind of tobacco and found satisfaction therein.

Before he settled on Edgeworth, in 1912, this veteran smoker had "tried 'em all." And since then he undoubtedly has heard the praises of other good tobaccos sung by fellow smokers.

But Mr. Fuchs stays sold—stays put. Because, he says, for a cool, pleasant, long smoke there is nothing to equal it. Other smokers who seek that kind of smoke should read his letter.

Larus & Bro. Co.,
Richmond, Va.

Gentlemen:

It has been my desire to write you for the past twelve years, ever since I have been smoking "Edgeworth."

I used every well known brand until I tried Edgeworth and have stayed in the ranks of Edgeworth smokers ever since. I have during that time mustered quite a number of recruits into the army of real pipe joy.

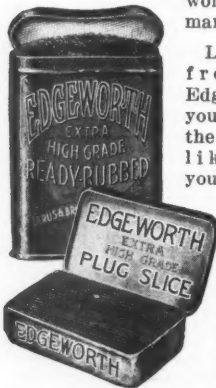
Edgeworth is truly the aristocrat of smoking tobacco. For a cool, pleasant, long smoke, there is nothing to equal Edgeworth.

Wishing you further success, I remain,

Yours very truly,

Eugene A. Fuchs

For men like Mr. Fuchs we keep Edgeworth uniform year in and year out. That's probably why the Edgeworth Club has so many life members.



Let us send you free samples of Edgeworth so that you may put it to the pipe test. If you like the samples, you'll like Edgeworth

wherever and whenever you buy it, for it never changes in quality. Write your name and address to Larus & Brother Company, 4D South

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Edgeworth is sold in various sizes to suit the needs and means of all purchasers. Both Edgeworth Plug Slice and Edgeworth Ready-Rubbed are packed in small, pocket-size packages, in handsome humidor holding a pound, and also in several handy in-between sizes.

We'll be grateful for the name and address of your tobacco dealer, too, if you care to add them.

To Retail Tobacco Merchants: If your jobbers cannot supply you with Edgeworth, Larus & Brother Company will gladly send you prepaid by parcel post a one- or two-dozen carton of any size of Edgeworth Plug Slice or Edgeworth Ready-Rubbed for the same price you would pay the jobber.

fellow and rallied to a feeling of offense which banished his qualm before his duty. Galaski was the fellow's name; an American, he called himself; he even claimed American birth; but Calvin would have none such as him upon this jury.

"Have you conscientious scruples against capital punishment?" Calvin asked him. "Or are you opposed to the same?"

"Huh! What?" demanded Galaski.

"A penalty prescribed by the laws of this State," explained Calvin patiently, "is death for a man convicted of murder. Are you opposed to voting the death penalty for a man found guilty?"

"Not me; I ain't skeary," assured Galaski, comprehending at last. "I'll hang him for you," he promised, gazing at Calvin with full friendliness.

"The State, not an individual, requires the penalty," said Calvin coldly, repelling the man's offer to do him a personal favor. He would have liked to have avoided at this time the speaking of the plain, brutal word for execution. It was too soon and altogether too glib; and Calvin knew that it offended the court-room.

"Have you formed and expressed any opinion as to this case?" he continued.

"Sure I got an opinion. I can read the papers. I said he done it," Galaski replied heartily; and thereupon, with relief, Calvin had the man dismissed for cause.

HE LOOKED at the candidates for jury service, longing to see lean, angular faces of blue-eyed, brown-haired men whom he could trust, longing to read upon the jury lists names like Webster, Bradford and Bancroft.

Instead he encountered "Americans" of swarthy skin and dark eyes, of nomenclature and mentality similar to Galaski. Two came up, one after the other, neither conscientiously opposed to the death penalty nor prejudiced by having expressed an opinion upon the case. Both men attested complete confidence in their ability to render a fair and impartial verdict upon the evidence to be heard. Calvin could find no cause under the law by which he could demand their exclusion from the jury-box.

Elmen, having examined for the defense, found no fault. On the contrary, it was plain to Calvin that Elmen desired them for the jury for their very lack of character and intelligence, for their lack of tradition and for their incapacity to understand the need of rigorous enforcement of the law.

Calvin had, as also had Elmen for the defense, twenty peremptory challenges in hand. He could challenge and dismiss, without other cause than his personal dislike or distrust, any jurymen or jurymen up to the number of twenty. Elmen, twenty times, could do the same. When his twenty challenges were exhausted, he no longer could exercise the privilege of personal choice but must accept any man who legally qualified for jury service.

Obviously an advantage accrued to the side which could keep its peremptory challenges in hand after the other had exhausted its privileges. Calvin knew this, but he challenged both men peremptorily and brought up for examination a young man named Rogers, of actual American birth and education, intelligent and of character. Elmen pretended to be willing to accept him and then dismissed him peremptorily, and brought up a succession of "skis, ovitches and -heims" who in half an hour forced the State to expend four more peremptory challenges.

A man named Monroe cost Elmen one challenge; and a Wentworth took another before a row of foreigners and of the weak, shifty many-bloods came up to draw upon Calvin's challenges.

He challenged two of them, accepted four men unwillingly, and later challenged two of them. At noon, three men were in the

jury-box; the State had exhausted half of its challenges while the defense held seventeen of its twenty in hand.

Calvin went out at adjournment, aware that Elmen that day might insure a verdict favorable to Ketlar—or at least make sure of preventing a verdict for the State—in the selection of the jury, before ever a word of evidence was heard.

The afternoon cost the State seven challenges and the defense five more; so Calvin started the third court session, upon the morning of the second day, with three challenges in hand against twelve which Elmen had reserved. At half past eleven, when nine jurors had been chosen, Calvin spent his last peremptory challenge to disqualify an Armenian-American who reminded him of Gos Augarian.

TEN minutes later a Greek restaurant owner, by name Andreapolos, qualified for the jury. He was a keen, alert, energetic man, speaking bad grammar and wearing diamonds; and Calvin, questioning him, thought of him as probably a duplicate of the Greek Polos who had taken over the Barlow place at Clarke's Ferry. Twice Calvin went over his questions, trying to find cause to exclude him, but there was no cause. The State's challenges were gone; and Elmen, smiling sleepily, waved Andreapolos into the jury box.

When the jury was complete twenty minutes later, Andreapolos obviously was the member of most force and energy; inevitably he became foreman.

At the beginning of the fourth session, in the afternoon of the second day, Calvin called the witnesses for the State; the tenants of the flat-building by the lake who heard the shot which killed Adele Ketlar, and who called the police; the policeman who found Adele's body and examined the flat and who arrested and questioned Ketlar and Joan Daisy Royle.

Calvin offered a large plan of Adele Ketlar's flat, showing the floor-plan, the position of furniture and the spot where Adele's body lay. Witnesses approved it and it was hung upon the wall above the jury-box, where it remained throughout the trial.

Two tenants of neighboring apartments swore solemnly that they had seen Frederic Ketlar, the same person who now sat in court before them, hurriedly leave the building after the shot was heard.

Max Elmen, for the defense, cross-examined for more than an hour but failed to shake or discredit them; and at adjournment for the day, Calvin felt that the case was proceeding better than he had hoped.

Comment, upon the next morning, was favorable to the State; but after court convened, Calvin was conscious of a slight ebb in his tide. The jurymen, as well as the crowd in the court, appeared to expect the prosecution to present some new and more sensational evidence, whereas the case was complete after the State had called Weigal and members of the Echo orchestra—Ketlar's own orchestra—to testify that Ketlar had abandoned the Garden without explanation early in the night on which his wife was killed, and that it was particularly unusual, since it was Saturday.

Elmen cross-examined only perfunctorily. It was plain to Calvin that Elmen was feeling, as he himself realized, the diminution of interest in the witnesses for the State. The jury, like the crowd on the court benches, seemed to be relaxed and waiting; their eyes sought more and more impatiently the face of the girl in the chair behind Elmen. For them, the prosecution had spent its sensation; throughout two days they had watched the girl who was to exhibit her beauty and bare her soul on the witness stand to save the prisoner; and they would wait no longer for their treat.

Joan, with Elmen's clever help, has her story all prepared; but can she evade the shrewdly prying questions of the Puritan Calvin Clarke? You will be present at a dramatic court-room scene Next Month.



As Quick on the "GO" as on the "STOP"

"Go!" And the powerful Buick Valve-in-Head engine obeys immediately. For twenty years Buick engineers have been bringing this engine closer, closer and *closer* to perfection—harmonizing and balancing—adding power to power—making silky smoothness smoother still.

"Stop!" And Buick 4-Wheel Brakes act quickly and smoothly. Proved through two years by more than 350,000 owners, *these* mechanical 4-Wheel Brakes stop the car firmly and safely in any emergency, in any weather.

Buick performance consistently lives up to the old, old Buick promise—"When Better Automobiles Are Built, Buick Will Build Them."

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Branches in all Principal Cities—Dealers Everywhere **Pioneer Builders of Valve-in-Head Motor Cars**





No Excuse Now

For dingy film on teeth

A way has been found to combat film on teeth, and millions of people now use it.

A few years ago, nearly all teeth were coated more or less. Today those dingy coats are inexcusable. You can prove this by a pleasant ten-day test.

Film ruins teeth

Film is that viscous coat you feel. It clings to teeth, gets between the teeth and stays. Then it forms the basis of dingy coats which hide the teeth's natural luster.

Film also holds food substance which ferments and forms acid. It holds the acid in contact with the teeth to cause decay. Millions of germs breed in it. They, with tartar, are the chief cause of pyorrhea.

Thus most tooth troubles are now traced to film. No ordinary tooth paste effectively combats it. So, despite all care, tooth troubles have been constantly increasing, and glistening teeth were rare.

New methods now

Dental science has now found two effective film combatants. Their action is to curdle film and then harmlessly remove it. Years of careful tests have amply proved their efficiency.

A new-type tooth paste has

been created, based on modern research. These two film combatants are embodied in it for daily application. The name of that tooth paste is Pepsodent.

Dental authorities the world over now endorse this method. Leading dentists everywhere are urging its adoption.

Other new effects

Pepsodent also multiplies the starch digestant in the saliva. That is there to digest starch deposits which may otherwise cling and form acids.

It multiplies the alkalinity of the saliva. That is there to neutralize acids which cause tooth decay.

Old-time tooth pastes, based on soap and chalk, had just opposite effects.

It polishes the teeth, so film adheres less easily.

Thus Pepsodent does, in five great ways, what never before was so successfully done.

Used the world over

Now careful people of fifty nations are using Pepsodent, largely by dental advice. You can see the results in lustrous teeth wherever you look today. To millions of people it has brought a new era in teeth cleaning.

Protect the Enamel

Pepsodent disintegrates the film, then removes it with an agent far softer than enamel. Never use a film combatant which contains harsh grit.

Pepsodent
REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.
The New-Day Dentifrice

10-DAY TUBE FREE 1624

THE PEPSODENT COMPANY

Dept. 503, 1104 S. Wabash Ave., Chicago, Ill.

Mail 10-Day Tube of Pepsodent to

.....
.....
Only one tube to a family.

What you will see

Send this coupon for a 10-Day Tube. Note how clean the teeth feel after using. Mark the absence of the viscous film. See how teeth become whiter as the film-coats disappear.

What you see and feel will convince you. No other way of tooth brushing has ever brought such results.

CUT OUT THE COUPON NOW

The Kind of Letters Celebrities Write

(Continued from page 107)

mentioned in your letter, secondly, because I have refused since I came to America every request made to me to see a reporter and these requests have been numerous. It would therefore be unfair for me to deviate from this rule, which, as I told the applicants I had laid down, that I would not say a single word in America on any political subject whatever.

Believe me, Faithfully Yours,
James Bryce

P. S. The expense of your telegram, regarding which you ask, was \$1.60. This amount was paid by my hosts when I was out. I have paid them. Please therefore remit this amount to me to the following address which is my standing one, Care Messrs. Busk and Jevons, 301 Produce Exchange, New York.

I could not recall that I had asked concerning the expense of the telegram beyond including the usual phrase, "reply prepaid," but needless to say I hastened to remit the dollar and six cents for fear of international complications.

IT WAS my good fortune too to become well acquainted with Mark Twain in his latter years. He lived for a time in a house at Ninth Street and Fifth Avenue, and as my home was in Eleventh Street I occasionally dropped in in the evening for an hour's chat with him as he sat propped up in bed reading and smoking, but I regret to say that in addition to an autographed photograph I have only two specimens of his handwriting. Once, as Thanksgiving Day approached, I asked him if he would not write something appropriate for the occasion. My request brought this surprising effusion, written at a time when he was wrought up over reported Belgian outrages in the Congo:

We have much to be thankful for; most of all (politically) that America's first-born son, sole and only son, love-child of her trusting innocence and her virgin bed, King Leopold of the Undertakers, has been spared to us another year, and that his (and our) Cemetery Trust in the Congo is now doing a larger business in a single week than it used to do in a month fifteen years ago.

Mark Twain

On another occasion some one had submitted an article telling how Mark Twain had once been held up and robbed at a lonely spot known as the Divide on the road between Virginia City, Nevada, and the mining camp of Gold Hill. I put the article in type and sent Mr. Clemens a proof of it. Back came the proof with this note written at the top:

No part of this is true—but perhaps that is not a defect. True accounts of the incident have often been published. I published one myself.

S. L. C.

In the case of another celebrated writer of a little later period, O. Henry, I am more fortunate, having half a dozen or more of his letters preserved from many scores of them that I received from him during a period of over two years when I was buying a weekly story from him for a Sunday newspaper. When one is working week by week with a writer, it is hard to think of him as a celebrity, and these letters of O. Henry were preserved, not so much on account of the author's fame as because of their amusing contents. Some of the letters are signed O. Henry or simply with his initials, while others bear his real name, Sydney Porter. Strangely enough most of the letters I have kept mention food.

Once in accepting a luncheon invitation, he wrote:

The only "Cabinet Babies"— the washing of their clothes Mark Twain and his famous white suits—

JEAN, JOAN, JANE, and JIMMY
—and their dainty clothes

"YOU'VE heard of many kinds of babies, but 'Lux babies' are quite a new thing, especially famous ones. Of course, they are not fed on Lux, but they have all their dainty dresses and soft flannels and cuddly woolens washed in Lux.

"Two of these famous Lux babies are Jean and Joan, the only Cabinet babies in Washington, daughters of the Secretary of Labor and Mrs. James J. Davis.

"Jean and Joan have a four-year-old sister Jane. She refuses to put on any dress unless the sleeves are 'pasted,' which is the way she tells whether the dress is freshly laundered or not! And seven-year-old brother Jimmy has all his play suits and silk blouses washed in Lux. So you can see how such a family of four lively children increases the output of Lux! Their mother says: 'With two babies and a constant demand for "pasted" sleeves and Jimmy's innumerable shirts, we give thanks daily for Lux.'

Elizabeth H. Shaw, Washington, D. C.



IMPORTANT USES FOR LUX that women themselves have discovered

THEIR finest fabrics—lovely silks, sheer cottons and linens—Lux cared for them so gently that women everywhere began using it for everything they washed with their own hands.

Dishes—All the ugly traces of dishwashing vanish from your hands when you wash your dishes with Lux. Lux leaves your hands so soft and fresh—and the dishes with such shining faces. Just one teaspoonful is enough for dishwashing.

The family laundry—Clothes and household linens are too expensive these days to trust to soap that is hard on them! For everything that is washed in the house use Lux! Those foamy Lux suds leave things

so sweet and clean without wear and tear on your laundry. You can do the washing with your own pretty hands when you use Lux—it is so kind to them. A little goes so far it's a real economy to use it.

Babies' milk bottles, linoleum, paint, porcelain, rugs, shampoo—Women love Lux for every one of them. It does the work so safely and keeps your busy hands so white and smooth. Lever Brothers Co., Cambridge, Mass.



Now the Big
New Package,
too!

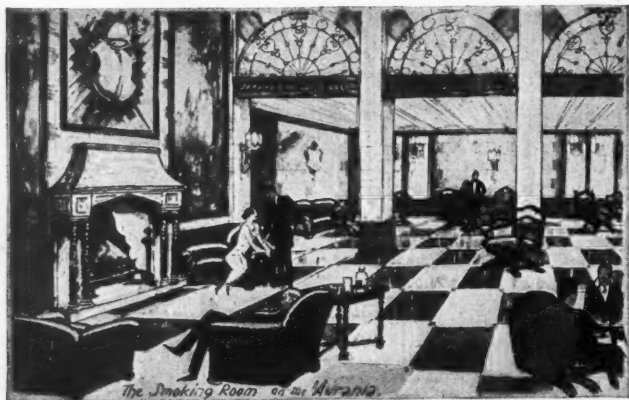
Lux won't hurt anything that water alone won't injure

Mark Twain's sure method—"MARK TWAIN had a 'battery' of about twelve white serge suits, and would wear one for about two days, and then it would be 'French cleaned.' One day he said he had heard of a wonderful new laundry material. He had forgotten its name, but said it rhymed with 'swans,' and he insisted that one of his suits be washed with it.

"Grocery stores were 'scoured'! However, the name suggested some sort of domestic bird—chickens, roosters, ducks. Lux rhymed with 'ducks.' 'Yes,' he said, 'that's the name.'

"One of his suits was washed in Lux. He inspected it—smelt it and felt it. 'I knew it!' he drawled, 'I knew they'd made a mistake in the name. This is as white, and clean, and pure, and soft as swan's down!'

R. W. Ashcroft, Brooklyn, N. Y.



The Smoking Room of the Aurania.

The Reason Why of Cunard Cabin Steamers!

True to its old tradition and aim to sense and meet the wishes of the travelling public at all times, the Cunard Company has now incorporated in its fleet a number of fine, unsurpassingly well-equipped cabin steamers. These ships provide a

Regular Service

from NEW YORK to

PLYMOUTH — CHERBOURG — SOUTHAMPTON — LONDON;

QUEENSTOWN (COBH) LIVERPOOL;

LONDONDERRY — GLASGOW

Fares range from \$130.—up

A maximum of comfort at a minimum of cost.

The Cunard Cabin Fleet consists of such well-known, oil-burning steamers as:

CARONIA CARMANIA AURANIA ANDANIA

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Up to date in every respect, these ships have spacious, tastefully decorated and furnished dining rooms, reading rooms, smoking rooms and lounges.

The staterooms are particularly comfortable, roomy, excellently lighted, perfectly ventilated; many have private baths.

The cuisine and service is of the usual *world-renowned* Cunard standard.



For special descriptive
folders and booklets
apply

CUNARD
and ANCHOR Lines

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or Branches and Agencies

I should admire above most things for me to come and chew grass with you and the eye of the most casual observer will not fail to behold me in your vicinity at the time named.

On another occasion he wrote me:

What you say let's take an evening off and strike the Café Francis for a slight refectation some time when it suits you. I like to be waked up suddenly there by the music and look across at the red-haired woman eating smelts under an original by Glackens.

But the prize of all my O. Henry letters is one in response to a reproof I had given him for failing to keep his promises in delivering the copy for his weekly story. It runs:

Guilty, m'lud.

And yet—

Some time ago a magazine editor to whom I had promised a story at a certain minute, and, strangely enough, didn't get there with it, wrote to me: "I am coming down tomorrow to kick you thoroughly with a pair of heavy-soled shoes. I never go back on my promises." And I lifted up my voice and said unto him: "It's easy to keep promises that can be pulled off with your feet."

Scores of others among my treasures are from writing folk. There is one slip of paper containing a statement by John Burroughs that is most notable. It reads:

The chief lesson of my life as I read it is this: That one may have a happy and useful life on cheap and easy terms; that the essential things are always at hand; that one's door opens upon the wealth of heaven and earth; and that all things are ready to serve and cheer one. Life is a struggle but not a warfare. It is a day's labor but labor on God's earth under the sun and stars with other laborers where we may think and sing and rejoice as we work.

John Burroughs

Many other notes in my collection give interesting sidelights on the different views people have of the values and meaning of life.

THERE'S one from Andrew Carnegie economically penciled on a scrap of paper in his own hand with his signature in answer to the question, "What is the best New Year resolution for a man to keep?" In reply he wrote:

To make this the guide to conduct—"Thine own reproach do fear."

There's a beautiful sentiment about Christmas, too, written in 1906 by the late Richard Watson Gilder, who was for many years Editor of the Century Magazine.

I believe in thrift, and in guarded giving and the responsibilities of beneficence and the dangers of pampering the poor and all the doctrines of the United Charities people but I am heartily glad that there is a season when those who have more than enough and those who have hardly enough can all be a bit recklessly and individually good-hearted.

Christmas from this point of view is very far from being left behind. And besides, it is the world's one great periodic remind of the Ideal, the Miraculous—of that "Best Thing in the World," which as Mrs. Browning said is "Something out of it."

Many of the letters, written with the ripened experience of old age, contain sentences of inspiring thought. Charles W. Eliot, President Emeritus of Harvard, writing in 1918, when he was eighty-four years old, expresses the thought that:

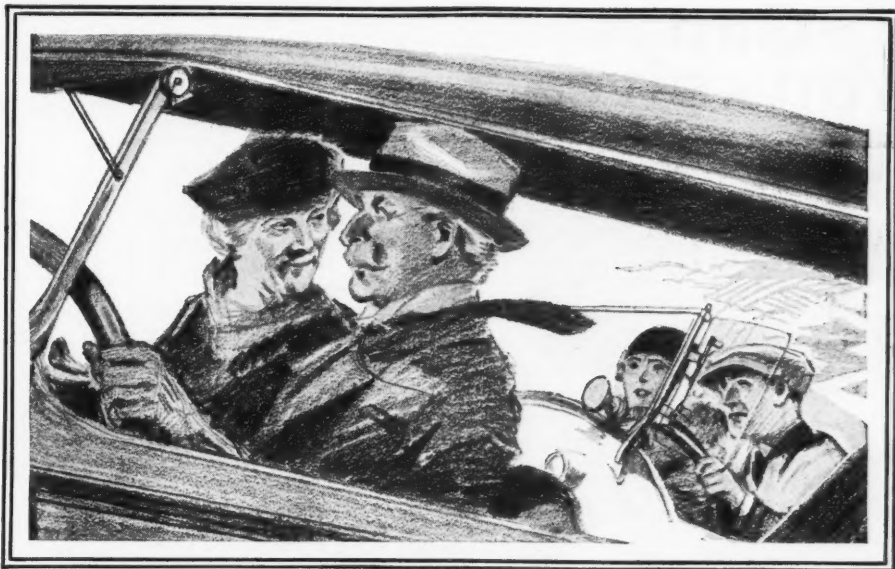
The most satisfactory thing in all this earthly life is to be able to serve our fellow-beings—first, those who are bound to us

Some Young Folks Will Never Learn That Beauty Is as Beauty Does

Look at Judge Hatch's Jewett beating Billy's beauty uphill! When the old man said, "Beauty is as beauty does," he was talking cars and their performance.

He got a beauty all right when he got the New Jewett. All the boys admit that. But he got something else, too, that *you* want in *your* car. That's power—for performance. Power that you can use freely without fear of wearing out your car.

Here's just a part of the story. What Paige-Jewett engineers have done to these new cars would fill a book. Ask the Paige-Jewett dealer to *show* you the results.



Real Power!

Economically Produced to Last!

Power is the thing that makes an automobile go. More power more go. The thing that makes power is tiny drops of gasoline. More gas—more power.

You can get power in two ways. A small motor worked to the limit or an ample-size motor that is never even taxed. Both will use the same gas if they produce the same power. But the small, over-worked motor will wear out sooner.

Engineering for Permanence

Paige-Jewett engineers have produced in the New Paige and the New Jewett, cars of new ability, new smoothness with costly balanced crankshafts and other refinements. Few cars can match—none outdo them. All this is done with motors that are never taxed, because of ample size. These new

perfected motors are typical of what you find in the New Paige and the New Jewett. Redesigning at every point—to make a better performing, longer-lived automobile, yet retaining features proved satisfactory. The result is Permanent Perfected Performance!

Many Proved Features

The New Paige and New Jewett have a silent chain with an automatic take-up to drive pump and timing shafts. In two years' use of this chain in the Paige we have yet to be asked for one replacement. So now it's in the Jewett.

We have a saw-blade steel clutch and transmission which are the delight of lazy men and delicate women. You don't have to treat them gently. 100,000 of our cars have served so well with this clutch

and transmission that we can find no way to better them.

There are twelve new bodies in new color combinations, with new appointments and equipment. Balloon tires with redesigned springs and steering add still further to your ease.

Extra Values

Scores of other improvements have added much to the cost of these fine cars. Added quality means better value than ever before. Compared with other cars they are actually underpriced from \$150 to \$200.

Remember, Paige and Jewett are now alike in design, alike in quality. Jewett gives you convenience and moderate price. Paige a larger car of greater power and comfort.

(320-A)

Hydraulic four-wheel brakes (Lockheed type) optional on all models at slight extra cost

New
PAIGE  JEWETT

PERMANENT · PERFECTED · PERFORMANCE

Can
You solve
this?

No
Opening

Free Flowing
Cream
[top stays on]

Again no
Opening

...and you
don't remove
the top!

In fact, you can't
remove the top

WITH one fell swoop Mennen has abolished the threaded cap that has always been a nuisance and time waster. Others have tried to make the cap a prisoner; Mennen has exiled it to Siberia!

Ask your druggist to show you the new Mennen Shaving Cream tube—capless but capable. Then you'll realize that the patented Mennen container is as unique as the cream inside. Words can't say more. Now the tube, like its contents, saves time for busy men.

Jim Henry
(Mennen Salesman)

MENNEN
SHAVING CREAM

by ties of love, then the wider circle of fellow-townsmen, fellow-countrymen or fellow-men. To be of service is a solid foundation for contentment in this world.

The late Mrs. M. V. Terhune, the mother of Albert Payson Terhune, better known perhaps to most readers by her pen name of Marion Harland, on her eighty-eighth birthday, when she still was busily engaged in authorship, wrote me cheerfully as follows:

My health is uniformly good and my hands and head are full of work. I am proud of my children and thankful for a host of friends. Hence ingratitude and misanthropy would be a sin.

In striking contrast with these optimistic phrases from persons who had spent their lives in helpful service is another letter, a long one of two typewritten pages, in which I find this paragraph—an amazing expression from a representative American business man who, starting as a poor country boy under the Stars and Stripes, had achieved a fortune:

I believe the best form of government for this country is a limited Monarchy like England's and with the Chinese Exclusion Act repealed and an army of ten million or fifteen million selected Chinamen, the best, most intelligent and honest workmen in the world admitted, and not wanting to vote, the labor, industrial and capitalistic questions will be settled for quite a long while to come.

It was written when he was eighty-two years old by the late Commodore E. C. Benedict, one of America's big business men, whose intimacy with Grover Cleveland had given him a closer and more intimate glimpse of the inner workings of our government than most of us ever get. And his verdict, after a lifetime of experience with our democratic form of government, was that it was a failure. He really believed it would be better for us if we had a king in America, for as he put it elsewhere in this remarkable letter:

I am quite solicitous and really apprehensive of how and when our country, which is now a despotism of the most rigid character, will again become a democracy.

By no means all of the letters are from people who have passed on. Some are of comparatively recent date. There's one, for instance, from Morris Gest, the theatrical producer who brought to America the "Chauve Souris" and some of the most beautiful productions ever seen on the stage.

I SAVED this particular note because it reveals the wonderful idealism that has led a penniless Jewish immigrant, who started his American life peddling flowers, to the high position he now occupies in the theatrical world. I had written to congratulate him on his artistic production of "The Light of the World," a play that failed. He answered with this:

I have just finished reading your note and do not think I am disgracing myself if my eyes fill up with tears. After all is said and done, that is all one can get out of the things one tries to do . . . a kind word.

I have never made any money, I don't expect to make any money and I hope I never shall. I am poorer today than when you first knew me fifteen or sixteen years ago, but if my health holds out I hope I shall be able to go on doing interesting things. "The Light of the World" lost \$6400—last week; my auditor showed me the statement this afternoon, but if it loses ten times that amount I will see it through. All it needs is the support of thinking people like yourself to spread the propaganda for people to go and see it. I sincerely believe in the play and I love it, even though I am a Jew. If only a few more people like you will say a kind

word for it, I am sure there are lots of people who will want to see it and enjoy it.

With kindest regards to your dear wife and yourself, believe me as ever

Yours very sincerely,

M. Gest

Far too many of the letters there are to be even mentioned in this brief article—letters from Jean Jaurès, the great French Socialist, from Ellen Key, Swedish philosopher, from Harry Lauder, from W. W. Jacobs, E. Phillips Oppenheim, from Sven Hedin, explorer of Thibet, expressing curiosity as to what American "sob sisters" were, from "Gentleman Jim" Corbett, pugilist, who speaks of a friendly note as "The kind of a thing that helps a man over the hard places and gives him fresh courage to go on with the fight for the achievement of his ambitions and his best aspirations."

The most treasured of all the letters in my possession, however, is from some one of whom I am sure no reader of this magazine ever heard. It is not from a celebrity but from a poor obscure orphan girl living with a stepmother on a far-Western farm. It came to me after a book of mine, "Limpy," the story of a lame boy who acquired an optimistic outlook on life, had been reproduced in raised type for the blind.

THIS girl had lost her sight, two years later her hearing, and four years later her left leg had to be amputated at the hip. Blind, deaf and crippled, she had learned at the State Institution to read raised type and to handle a typewriter. After her groping fingers word by word had spelled out my book, she wrote me—on her typewriter:

We, who are lame, who must lean and depend more or less upon our crutches when moving about, and cannot take an equally active part in the games and amusements which surround us, can still find something to do, something that will make us glad. We can be glad that we have good brains, we can fill our hearts, souls and brains with noble thoughts and feelings, while our more active comrades are skipping about with practically no thoughts or feelings at all.

I am happy in almost every way, I can do a lot of things with my hands and do not need my eyes at all in mastering obstacles. I have read a good deal and I think of things I have read, my thoughts are always wandering far and wide bringing back to memory some beautiful thing of the past.

I wish I could thank you for the wonderful message you sent us in your Limpy stories, but, I cannot, I am too poor a writer. I wish instead that you would look right into my soul and see what lies hidden there. Perhaps it would be a small box of keep-sakes. Something like the little boxes you see babies hide with bits of paper, perhaps, broken dolls, etc. Perhaps the box hidden away in my heart would be crowded with memories of childhood and school-days, and on top of all you might find your Limpy stories.

So as I look back over the drawer full of letters accumulated in years of newspaper work, each of them serving to recall incidents and happenings that have made my life interesting and happy, I most heartily subscribe to a sentiment expressed by Robert J. Burdette, the distinguished humorist, in a letter he sent me shortly before his death:

Newspaperdom is a pleasant land to look upon from across the Jordan. It is pleasanter to enter into and take possession by the great faith and the strong arm, and it is just as pleasant to survey in the afternoon sunshine, when the shadows are growing longer and the younger men are doing the fighting the old Caleb sits under his own vine and fig tree with neither Philistine nor Moabite to make him afraid.



"MY REAL TROUBLE WAS chronic constipation, which had caused pimples, acne and frequent headaches . . . Skeptical, I began to eat Fleischmann's Yeast regularly. Then—after a little over a month—the miracle became an established fact: pimples gone, headaches gone, acne fast going, and no more constipation."

E. H. HOWARD, Santa Fe, N. M.

The PRICE of HEALTH

For a few cents a day thousands have found again the freshness, the vigor of youth

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(LEFT)

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The Husband's Side of the Story

(Continued from page 35)

me very much about life. My adventures were like fiction to me. I had an idea that I could always go on that way.

Of marriage, I refused to think. I only knew that it would tie me down to one place and one woman, and that seemed intolerable. It was when I got back from a trip to Valparaiso, a month or two after my eighteenth birthday, that New York began to get hold of me. My slim collection of poems were an open sesame for me to most of the things I had desired. They were published in magazines I had regarded with awe, and finally in a volume. Through the kindness of an editor, I was taken everywhere to meet people I had never imagined I would know.

I found those poems even a wedge for entering a newspaper as its youngest reporter. New York began to unravel its interesting nooks and corners for me. As a product of the post-prohibitionary age, I began to drink more than I had ever drunk at sea. I loved to dance and to take girls to tea. I always had to borrow ahead on my salary. I was usually the last one in to work in the morning. Life was a gay and ideal holiday.

Then Ruth came to work in the same office, and I fell in love with her. We found to our delight that our tastes were similar. We were enthusiastic about modernism and the younger generation, which was then the vogue. Ruth was every inch a modern girl. She had earned her own living since she was twelve. She had nursed a mother through a fatal disease and buried a wastrel father. She had been an actress, a social secretary to a millionaire painter, and had even run a cafeteria. When we met, she was the highest paid Sunday magazine writer on the paper, earning more than twice as much as I.

But she was tiny and looked helpless when she didn't set her jaw, and men always did things for her. If she had a cold in her head and stopped on the street to chat with a man or two, lo and behold, there were dozens of fine linen handkerchiefs at her hotel when she reached there. Did she want dinner? There were a score of men at the end of a telephone ready to leap at her ring.

Ruth had only to look out for her individual needs. Her salary went mainly into clothes, but each week regularly she saved a tithe of her earnings. It made her secure and happy to know she always had a little in the bank against bad fortune.

There was the combination: Ruth, with her upper New York Dutch-English heritage, her lessons about finance and living learned by rote, the more obvious but expensive means of enjoyment well explored; and myself, just emerging from the ferment of the East Side and fo'c's'le, and acquiring a taste for the pleasures that maturer people had tired of.

ONE day, over luncheon, the idea of marriage gripped Ruth and me. The word was somehow suddenly in our conversation, and at its mention I sat silent, fork poised, and felt my heart slowly melt inside of me. It seemed the most romantic thing that could happen. Not only was I in love with the girl, but it was something new, something disturbing, something I had never thought of before. Marriage seemed as exquisite and desirable as writing a perfect poem. It was all mixed up in my emotions with love-making, and babies, and cottages, and all the things they sing about in vaudeville. But beyond that, it also seemed a great adventure in living, greater even than going to Madagascar or Afghanistan.

And so, leaving my food untouched, I propelled Ruth to City Hall, Yonkers, and finally a county capital up-state to get a license. It was at the latter place that I remembered to lie about my age. So we were married.

When we got back to town, we tried to keep

it a secret, but didn't succeed. We were terribly in love with each other, and very thrilled and confident. But we were continually surrounded by people who had lived love down and made a bad job of it. So being young and modern and enthusiastic about ideas, we announced dispassionately to our cynical mentors that our marriage was to be an experiment. We knew that most marriages failed—those of both our parents had. But here we were, eager and intelligent members of the younger generation, who were going to live with a minimum of friction or immediately find out why.

Ruth, however, while she was carried away by my enthusiasm, knew that under these discussions we were just two young people in love with each other, who were married, and who had a hard pull ahead of them for more reasons than usually beset newlyweds.

OUR marriage began inauspiciously. It was bad enough that Ruth was earning twice as much as I, but the worst of it was that half my salary had to go to my mother, who was dependent on me. So it was Ruth's money that took us on our honeymoon. And it was Ruth who arranged for our home when we returned to New York. It was not a peaceful place, this apartment. Ruth wanted desperately to move. But my ineffectual way of approaching material problems blocked her. Finally we did find another place, much too expensive, but very cozy. We moved, happy to leave our first home.

It was too bad that our marriage should have begun that way. It gave us a bad start, and probably contributed a great deal toward making us subsequently restless and dissatisfied.

I rather liked Barrow Street, where we now lived. It interested me to sit up late and argue with moth-eaten literateurs over a glass of muscatel bought in an Italian grocery. I liked to prowling under the dark alleys of Greenwich Village at night. Ruth preferred going to bed. She also liked to rise early so she could have a leisurely breakfast and read her paper before starting work. Very soon the hours at which we went to sleep became a bone of contention. It made me restless to go to bed early, and I said so. Besides, I didn't care anything about breakfast. But it annoyed Ruth exceedingly to have to wake me up in the morning and have me grouchy about rising. Here again, she felt I was failing her. Of all this I was blissfully ignorant.

It was not until later, when I read parts of Ruth's diary, that I found out that she was never happy in Barrow Street. She couldn't get accustomed to having a man in the house all the time who was more like a child. She resented picking up my laundry and sending it away. She resented my lack of protection and support. (But you're a modern feminist, I remember thinking, amazed!) At a point when our feelings were somewhat strained, I was given a publicity job at twice the salary I had been receiving, and I suggested the country to Ruth. Ruth, I knew, loved the country. She had been bred in a country place, and it was in her blood to return to it every so often, as it was in mine to return to the sea.

So we went to Croton, noted for its dogwood and perfect autumns as well as for its writing and radical colony. Here I was in a place where I had always longed to live, surrounded by the people from whom I had learned my letters. Here marriage was worked out on an intellectual basis. Here talk solved everything. The house was superb, the largest in which I had ever lived. We had a Japanese house-boy and a garden. We taxied to and from the station, and lived on a sumptuous scale. Every cent Ruth and I made went into it. But the splurge was worth it for me. Out of the East Side tenements, out of the crowded

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glory-holes into a land full of sunshine, with gracious people and outdoor showers and a tennis court!

There was a huge fireplace in our house and plenty of room to dance, so people were always in to visit us. I loved the parties and the moonlight dances on the porch. Ruth, though, wanted to be alone. She felt that our marriage was slipping, and she wanted to be alone with me to work it out. Her eyes across the room, as I was dancing with another girl, disturbed me. Sometimes, as I lay on the couch and read, she would suddenly come over to me and begin talking, but not about the things she wanted to, I sensed. All she needed was some sympathy, some encouragement on my side, and possibly the whole situation would have been cleared up.

It was with loathing that I recognized my fear and independability. Why didn't I make some effort to repay Ruth the money she had laid out for our honeymoon and rent? I knew she needed clothes badly, yet all the money we were earning was going into this mad extravagance of mine. All she wanted was the country. A shack would have been enough. And that was proved to me when she went back the next summer and lived in a tiny cottage. But what I wanted was a large house in which to play the charming host. And for that Ruth was paying.

We needed money so badly that Julianne, a mature woman who had been a sort of foster-mother to Ruth, came to live with us to help pay the rent. Julianne was divorcing her husband, and I felt it was not wise for us to be continually confronted with the ashes of love.

THINGS tangled up thick and fast. I began to stay in town nights. A cocktail or two before train-time would keep me in town for dinner, then a party. I told Ruth it was work, but she knew. And being there alone in the country, in that bare, large house that she really hated, my negligence was thrice-fold. When I returned home the next day, I was always penitent and she was sweet. Only Julianne's eyes chastised me. In them I could read contempt, sophistication and a complete understanding of the male species. They unnerved me and make me want to explain.

I wanted to say, "I am not like that. I don't mean to hurt Ruth. I'm not a double-dealer. I'm not like your husband."

But her look continued to say, certainly, snugly, "All men are alike."

Ruth tried. She tried very hard. She squeezed and saved to buy some new dresses and began hinting that she would like to go to town with me on a party, that living in the country grew monotonous. I took her but with half a heart. Both of us knew that the money we were spending came out of a mutual pocket. That was the rub of it—and to this day I am baffled by the problem.

When things were at their most muddled, I went to Paris. On the surface, my feeling was nostalgia for the sea which had taken on the symbol of peace and sanctuary for me. I remembered McFee's phrase somewhere, that "the sea was an escape from the intolerable burden of life. A cynic once described it as having all the advantages of suicide with none of the inconveniences."

Underneath, I was all twisted with pain, disillusion, disgust and self-pity. But somewhere in that mess of mixed purposes, I harbored the hope that I could come back from my sea trip, the haze blown out of my mind by the gales, revived, and eager to take up the burden of civilized living again—Ruth, marriage, a job, responsibility.

To this day, Ruth believes that I went away to have a grand holiday full of wine, women and song! But I didn't care anything about Paris. It was the sea I wanted mainly. So I went on a slow freighter as its only passenger, a trip that took two weeks where ordinarily it would have taken half that time. I had plenty of solitude to meditate. Leaning against the rail and feeling the spray blow against my cheek was

benediction. But something lay heavy in my heart. It was the uncompleted job I left behind me. My cowardice was inexcusable.

When I landed in Havre, I wanted to turn back. By that time I was in actual torment. I missed Ruth wofully. But a consul was booked for the return passage, and there was no room for me. It seemed my fate to go to Paris.

As I anticipated, I spent an unbelievably miserable time. I was lonesome, was dogged by misfortune continually, and was incessantly plagued by my conscience. Everything I saw I wanted to share with Ruth. I tried to say airily to myself in the mode of the times and atmosphere, "Bringing a wife to Paris is like taking a sandwich into the Ritz"—but it didn't work. I tried to recapture my ability to write sonnets, but I couldn't do that. I wandered around the streets half-heartedly, drank to forget my troubles, and ran into debt. I wrote voluminous letters to Ruth, trying to explain myself, but they were too knotted up with emotion to sound sincere, too inarticulate to be worth anything to her. In my entire stay abroad, I received only one answer, a sweet, sane, beautiful letter, pages and pages of truth and affection. But in it she said that as a husband I had failed, that when I returned, I returned only in the capacity of a sweetheart with whom she could dance and play and never be serious. I just simply was not grown-up enough to live with. She said all the things she wanted to say, expertly and sympathetically; while I had babbled incoherently on paper like a mooncalf, as ineffectual as ever.

I returned by way of a freighter also—but only because it was cheaper this time. The weather was bad the entire trip. Instead of being exalted as I usually was with the wind and high waves, I felt sick inside of me. Even the sea, my sea, was giving me no peace. I was worried about what faced me in port. I landed in New York broke, tired and cold. My overcoat had been stolen in Paris. I hadn't enough money to get my baggage off the ship. I had no job, no wife, no respect for myself. Life seemed absolutely at its blackest.

There was no sense, however, crying over spilt milk. If my sea trip taught me anything, it was that Ruth was very important to my happiness. So I tried. I whipped myself on to work and to win back Ruth. There were long bus rides together in the autumn dusk and tête-à-têtes in quiet restaurants. During this time, Ruth lived with Julianne, and I with my mother. She had sent my trunks back to my paternal home when I went to Paris. There was modernity for you. The young husband sent back to mother for misbehavior!

RUTH persuaded me finally that we were temperamentally unfit to live together, that doing the same work which demanded quietude, we would find it best maintaining separate establishments. So we entered on this widely exploited marital relationship. We phoned each other for breakfast and met only on appointment. I was serving my novitiate again.

During the months we lived apart, I tried to pay back some of the debts I owed her. It went very slowly for I wasn't earning very much money at the time. Summer came around again, and Ruth and I had another talk. We agreed that this business of living unqualifiedly apart was not satisfactory. It was expensive. It gave us little time to see each other. We were cultivating different spheres of friends. It was not by any means constructive. But most of all, it was an artificial manner of living, flagrant rather than sound, and if we were going ever to live together again, this was not the way to go about it.

While casting around for a solution, spring began to get into Ruth's veins, and the country called her. She found a tiny cottage in Croton and announced that she was going to stay there for the summer. What had helped her make up her mind was that it gave us a better

chance to get on a more solid husband-and-wife relationship. I could come out week-ends, and she could come into town one night a week and stay with me. The plan seemed plausible. As my share, I agreed to contribute to the food and rent. We felt that we would now find out whether or not we were really mated.

This time there were little expenses and no show. I didn't have to commute every day, so there was no excuse for staying away. Every Saturday at noon I turned husband. Monday mornings I came back to town and bachelorhood. When I was given my vacation, I spent the two weeks with Ruth. I tried to please her by painting and cleaning the house. Remembering my seagoing days, I did the cooking and the dishes. It was not till the end of this period that I began to sense that something was the matter again. Last summer, Ruth had complained that I never stayed in nights with her but went to visit our neighbors. To make up for it, I stuck close to the hearth during my vacation. But that didn't seem to work either. Whenever there was some writing that Ruth wanted to do, I was put out with the cat and told to walk up the road for an hour or two. It may have been that the cottage was too small for two after our long period of living apart, but I felt very much unwanted. Here again pride sealed my lips. I refused to ask Ruth what the matter was.

INSTEAD, when I got back to New York, I began backsliding. Not consciously; it was just that I knew I would be uneasy in Croton. There were too many ghosts for one, and Ruth's attitude annoyed me. I began to come out late, or drunk—or not at all. I forgot about my contributions toward the rent and food. I rediscovered Broadway, where my work-theatrical publicity—kept me.

It was just after my twenty-first birthday that Ruth moved into town, and on the train going in, told me she wanted a divorce. I was silent. I had begun to recognize that I was not the sort of husband for her. She wanted a responsible male with a definite paternal flair, who would pay the bills, look after the laundry and the maid and anticipate her wishes. I was too interested in my own ego and future to spend any time worrying about another's. It was not that I didn't love her. We were both in love with each other. But that, apparently, did nothing but clog us all up emotionally and prevent us from doing any clear thinking.

Despite the fact that I started out to show how many different husbands I've been to my wife, I've really proven that I've been only one kind—a poor kind. As much in love as we may be with each other, there is no question of the relief and lowering of tension that come about when Ruth and I live in separate houses. And it is because I am convinced there should be something basically constructive in our marriage that I am almost persuaded to give Ruth her divorce. It is an effort though, for more than ever I love her. These differences that have come up between us are so elusive that there is no definite point of fracture between us. It would be so much easier if I had been unfaithful or cruel in the wife-beating sense. But apparently people don't divorce for those reasons any more.

I am not at all clear in my mind about my marriage. I feel that it has taught me a great deal I would never otherwise have learned. It matured me and made me understand the value of responsibility. It showed me that there was much greater unhappiness in breaking off the ties of convention than maintaining them. The insecurity, the unnecessary pain and heart-ache which running away from a situation entail, make the apparent freedom a sham and fraud. Otherwise, I've come to no conclusions. I refuse to be intellectual any more. Emotion and love have a ruthless way of tearing down whatever barriers or convictions I may neatly build up for myself. So all I can tell is what happened. What the future holds—I don't know.

Love Rides up in a Flivver by Wyndham Martyn (Continued from page 87)

who have opened their eyes after a long slumber."

"Do you wish me to call?" she asked.

Roger bent down and kissed her.

"No," he said, "I don't think so. I've a sort of rudimentary idea in my head about getting to know her. I'm going to see about it now."

Roger Venning, who had been almost invariably truthful because he considered falsehood a form of cowardice, went to his room determined upon a course of conduct which embraced lying and bribery. He called up a gardener and florist and made an appointment with him. He returned from it just in time for dinner, radiantly good-humored.

"By the way," said Mr. Herkimer to his stepdaughter during their late breakfast next day, "Mr. Parton keeps these grounds in order according to the lease. It seems he does so mainly for fear his rarer plants will suffer at unskilled hands. I have had a telephone message from the people who do this for him. Some one will be here today or tomorrow. He is to be admitted."

"Won't you be here to see about it?" Valerie asked.

"No, I am going to the Cerradura Club. Rockland thinks that because I haven't been in my native land for twenty years I have forgotten how to play poker," Herkimer laughed gently. "He plans to win so much from me that I shall be under an obligation."

"Will he?" she asked idly.

"My dear child," Herkimer said, "I may remind you that during the last two years we have lived—and very admirably—on my winnings at poker."

Later, Valerie saw that a man was working in the garden but she paid no attention to him. Then suddenly she became aware that the gardener had drawn near—very near. He was thinning out some plants by the fountain. Involuntarily she gave a little cry.

"You startled me," she explained severely. "What are you doing?"

Then she saw that this was not an elderly, shabby, bearded gardener of the sort to which she had been used. It was a young man who smiled up at her. A man with a little wave in his thick dark brown hair and the white even teeth she expected in Americans. There was a quizzical twinkle in his dark eyes. He did not seem abashed at her question or inclined to move.

"I am on my knees before you," he answered. "What better occupation do I need?"

"You are here to attend to the flowers," she reminded him, "not to be impertinent."

"Is it impertinent to adore you?" he asked boldly.

How handsome he was, she thought, and young! Her stepfather's friends were all middle-aged. She had been told not many months before that he had not introduced her to those of her years because he did not wish any stupid love affair to endanger their common prospects. Perhaps he had been right after all. But a gardener! Yet Americans did odd things and remained different from people trained in servility.

"It is dishonest to take money for working and not work." There was less hauteur in his voice now. She wondered why he took out a pencil and paper, looked at his watch, and then put some figures down.

"I agree with you," he said. "I'm taking time off and shall account for it to my employer. I have been toiling hard since eight o'clock. Why do you get up so late?"

"Late?" she said. "I always get up in time for breakfast at ten."

"I suppose every man who has ever seen you has said how lovely you are?"

"Certainly no gardener has ever said so."

"That's meant for a reproof," he said. "I am abashed." Then he rose to his feet and bowed. He was one of the tallest men she had

seen. And there was grace in his carriage, and something eternally young in his eager face.

"I like you best in gray and green," he continued, snipping at dead twigs. "Gray is for grief, and green for hope. Even my worst enemies allow that I can tell fortunes. It means in your case that hope will overcome grief and that you are about to be very happy."

"Happy?" she cried. "I? Oh, no." Then she paused. "But when did you see me in gray and green?"

"Yesterday," he answered. "I came to find what work there was to be done. You are wondering whether I can tell fortunes or not. I must look at your hand."

He took off his big gloves and the hand that held hers was as well-kept as a man's need be. When she tried to withdraw her own, his grip tightened.

"Please don't," she said quickly.

"You can't escape destiny," he said, "so you had better see what the future holds. Your past has been sad."

The handsome young gardener sat down at her feet and looked up at her. Apparently he cared nothing for the difference in their stations and as little for the time of his employer. Valerie wished she could be cuttingly polite as Herkimer was.

"The true psychic," he went on, "always sees more than he dare tell. The lines on the hand and the pack of cards or the crystal globe are merely the mediums. In themselves they are nothing unless the man who uses them has the gift. I have it. It has its penalties. For example, I am suddenly placed in possession of almost all the things you think are hidden."

"Of course you must know that I don't believe you?" she said. She was indeed frightened by what he had said.

"You will tomorrow," he said. "I shall be here then."

"I will send my maid for you to experiment upon. She is superstitious like all Italians."

Before she could stop him the man at her feet had seized both her hands. He was looking up at her face in a way that sent the blood racing through her veins. "You will not send your maid," he said. "You will come yourself because you will want to know your future."

"I shall not come," she said, her eyes flashing. "I shall tell my father of your impertinence. Will you let go of my hands?"

"Later I must because you will have to dress for dinner, but not yet." His voice took on a deeper, tenderer tone. "The moon who is caprice itself, looked in through the window when you lay asleep in your cradle, and said inwardly, this is a child after my own soul. And she came softly down the staircase of clouds and passed noiselessly through the window-pane. Then she laid herself upon you with the supple tenderness of a mother, and she left her colors upon your face. That is why your eyes are green and your cheeks extraordinarily pale."

The tall gardener arose, kissed the hands he had prisoned and left her. Two minutes later she beheld him, in a shabby flivver, descending the long hill to the State highway.

For a long time she looked after him amazed. A gardener who kissed her hands and quoted Baudelaire's "*Petits Poèmes en Prose*"! And more amazing still, she had permitted it.

WHEN Herkimer left next morning for his engagement, he complimented her on her costume: "You look your loveliest in white," he declared.

She smiled a little and there was in it almost a species of mockery. What would Herkimer, who upheld caste and abhorred democracy, say if he guessed that she had dressed for a gardener, in a shabby car, who wore blue denim overalls?

She strolled to the car with her stepfather. The gardener had not come. It was not until after luncheon that she saw him working in a

distant corner. Today he would have no opportunity to talk to her as an equal.

But the desire to discipline him died away when she perceived that he was not going to offer himself for her rebuff. It was then she became conscious of two almost overpowering desires. One was to see him again and the other to find out her future as he read it.

After some hesitation she strolled along the flagged path where he was. She arranged her parasol so that he could not see her face.

"I cast your horoscope last night," he said unexpectedly. "Tomorrow will be the most important day in your life. Everything depends on your courage and the loyalty of your friends."

It was bewildering, she thought, that just as she had concluded his prophecies were chance guesses he should stab her with such a statement as this. It was impossible he should know that tomorrow she was to be auctioned to the highest bidder.

"The loyalty of my friends," she repeated bitterly. "Then I am lost indeed."

"Not necessarily," he answered. "If you keep along this path and turn to the left you will find shady seats by the swimming pool."

IT WAS as though his stronger will forced her to this quiet, screened spot. To the man following, it seemed as though she walked toward the pool nonchalantly, almost disdainfully, a princess about to grant an audience to a peasant. He could not then guess how desperately nervous she was or how friendless. He could not fathom the look she gave when she had taken a seat and looked up at him.

She did not know how nervous he was. To the girl he seemed a tall, handsome man, wholly at ease, adroit at turning all situations to his own advantage. She was now certain that there was about him an air of distinction that could not sit so easily on the manual worker.

"Of course," she said, "you are not really a gardener. I have watched you at work, and all you do is cut things with those shears."

"This is an age of specialists," he said, "and I'm a flower surgeon. Most of the things I have cut down will come up next year. If they don't you are to blame."

"I am to blame?"

"Yes," he retorted. "You. How can I attend to my duties as a gardener and look at you too? I hereby resign as a gardener."

"Happy flowers," she murmured. "But if you are no longer a gardener, what is your excuse for remaining where you are unknown and unwanted?"

"Interest in you entirely. I may not be the last word in gardeners, but you can't deny that my psychic gifts are worth investigation."

She leaned forward almost eagerly. "Will you answer one question truthfully?"

"Yes," he said unwisely.

"Are your psychic gifts genuine?"

"They are not," he said, smiling.

"Then you are doubly an impostor," she said indignantly. She felt cheated, robbed, almost insulted. "Please go away at once."

He shook his head. "Not yet. I admit being neither professional gardener nor clairvoyant, but that is no reason why I should go away. You ought to be amazed that a stranger without these gifts can know so much about you. How, for example, do I know about Levenson and tomorrow night?"

"You may be Mr. Levenson's spy."

"I am no man's spy," he answered. "For the moment it does not matter who or what I am. It is enough that your stepfather takes you to dine tomorrow with three men who have at their command almost unlimited money, the power its possession brings and the certainty that no man or woman lives whom they cannot buy. I am not on my defense." He looked at her with a smile that had some new



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expression in it. She was certain that it was faint contempt. "You are."

"You have no right to say that," she cried. "Then I take that right," he said. "Yours is like a story of the dark ages when women were men's chattels. You are an American. Your mother was American. Don't you know that here the idea of May and December marrying is out of date, laughed at, ridiculed as something against the laws of God and man?"

He broke off abruptly. The sound of a motor approached.

"It is Mr. Herkimer," cried the girl. "He must not see us together."

Herkimer came out seeking the girl. He scowled when he saw the man. He pointed with his cane to a heap of leaves and twigs.

"Sweep this up," he commanded, "and finish your work. It is past five and you should have left."

Valerie knew from the haggard expression on his face that some bad news was coming. He spoke in French.

"I lost," he confessed. "I have never had such a run of bad luck nor met such players. Their stakes were monumental. Dreading so much to lose I lost my nerve. I have given them checks on a bank where I once had an account."

"But is not that dangerous?"

"It all depends on tomorrow night," he retorted.

LATE on Sunday afternoon Roger went to Drina's private sitting-room. "This rain," he began, "complicates matters somewhat." He sat down and lighted a cigaret. Drina knew the visit was not idly made. Roger rarely wasted his efforts. "I've got a confession to make," he went on. "Clifton Crosby called you up a few minutes ago and asked you to go to the dance with him. I informed him you were going out with me."

"But I'm not," she said a little indignantly. Clifton was for the moment the admirer who most nearly approximated the ideal.

"Yes, you are," Roger asserted. "Listen, Drina. If I had to pick out any girl I know who could carry off a difficult situation well and show cold nerve when danger seemed at hand, I should choose you."

"That's very sweet of you," she answered, "but what has that to do with keeping me from an adorable dance?"

"Everything," he said. "You've got to carry off a difficult situation tonight and there may be moments when the outcome is wrapped in mystery. Clifton can wait. Emerald Eyes and I cannot."

"Emerald Eyes?" she queried.

"The girl I'm going to marry," he explained. "The one you recommended, the priceless pomegranate, Valerie, daughter of Vanessa Malden whom mother knew. Her stepfather is selling her tonight to the man who bids highest. Tandy, Rockland and Levenson! Marriage goes with it so no scandal follows. It will be one of the many cases where a beautiful, inexperienced girl is legitimately disposed of to benefit her family."

"What right have you to interfere?"

"Legally, none. But I'm not going to allow a stepfather steeped in European matrimonial conventions to arrange a marriage for the girl I'm absolutely crazy about."

"Oh, Roger!" she cried. "How wonderful! But what can you do?"

"Every move is planned," he said, "but I won't deny that we may run into danger."

"This is going to beat dancing," she exclaimed. "What have I to do?"

"Get into the most gorgeous evening clothes you have. Arrange your hair so neither of them will recognize the girl who burst in on them that afternoon."

"That's easy. What else?"

"Cover yourself with rain and cold-proof wraps because we are not going in a closed car. Also take an extra lot of wraps."

Roger drove a long, low car, very high-powered and an enormous consumer of gas.

Drina settled down in the deep seat at his side protected by rain-proof clothing from the drizzle that was still falling. But before she climbed in, her sharp eyes had noticed some unusual feature of the expedition. Roger had chains on all four wheels.

"What's the idea?" she demanded. "Haven't you four almost new anti-skid cords?"

"We may not need chains," he said, "but I shall be badly disappointed if we don't."

There was little opportunity to talk and Drina snuggled down as low as she could. Roger drove at a steady pace and said nothing. It was almost seven when he stopped the car outside the high wire gate at the entrance of the Cerradura Club's property. It was locked. A big man looked through the gate and demanded to know the stranger's business.

"I'm dining with Mr. Levenson," Roger explained, "and I wish you'd let me phone him that I'm on my way. This rain and wind has almost frozen me and I'm going to ask him to have a hot toddy waiting."

He pushed by the man who seemed uncertain whether or not to admit him, and entered the little lodge. Drina and the gate-keeper both heard the conversation.

"This is Roger Venning talking . . . Yes, I'm late but we had a blow-out. My sister and I are almost frozen. I'm wondering if you'd have some hot toddy for me? . . . You will? Thanks. I'll be up in five minutes."

He climbed into the machine, nodded cheerily to the reassured man and started the ascent.

"Are we really invited to that dreadful place?" Drina asked.

"No. Levenson hasn't the faintest idea we're coming."

"But you warned him," she expostulated.

"You thought so and that hired thug of his imagined it too. I used a favorite movie stunt. I kept the lever down and talked to nobody. I know positively that Levenson is warned of every caller and I wanted to anticipate it." Roger grinned cheerfully. "I have in me the makings of an eminent criminal as you will see."

A MILE from the wire barrier he ran his car off the road into the shelter of a grove of live oaks. Then he got down and took something from the tool box on the running board.

"Keep a sharp watch on anything coming up from behind," he commanded. "If you see anyone, toot the horn immediately."

In ten minutes he returned. "I am also a resourceful carpenter," he remarked. "I hope later you will approve of my work."

He drove no more than a hundred feet. Then he climbed down from his seat and swung back a big barred gate of wood, painted white. This divided the Club property from Levenson's estate. Drina noticed that he closed this barrier very carefully.

After five minutes of steady climbing they came in sight of the house, vast, imposing and dominating as its owner. In the shelter of the porte-cochère was a big sedan belonging to Rockland. Roger turned his own car around so that it faced west.

A Japanese butler opened the door. Roger brushed him aside and passed by him with Drina to the outer hall. Beyond the tall glass doors Roger knew Levenson's famous inner hall lay. It was a superbly furnished apartment, he had heard, decorated by noted artists. Roger opened these doors almost against the plaintive protests of the butler, who asked the visitors to wait in the outer hall.

As the door was swung open the sound of voices was heard. This was succeeded by a sudden silence when the Vennings came in.

There were four men standing, Levenson, Tandy, Rockland and Herkimer. Enthroned in a Venetian carved chair raised on a little dais above the surrounding floor level sat the pale girl with golden red hair and inscrutable green eyes. The four had glasses in their hands. They were toasting her.

Valerie, free for the moment from devouring

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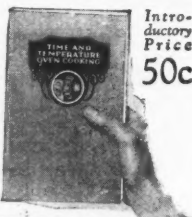
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looks, knew them both. Here was her gardener, magnificent, debonair and wholly at ease, accompanied by the girl she had seen first in riding clothes. They were superb physical specimens seemingly unconscious of the four pairs of hostile eyes that glared at them.

"I really must apologize for this intrusion," Roger said easily, crossing to the group. "You must blame Mr. Parton for it. We had a letter from him this afternoon commanding us to show our utmost hospitality to his tenants." Roger turned to Herkimer. "We motored to your house with the hope of bringing you back to dinner but we had tire trouble and then this storm delayed us. At your house we were told you had come here—"

"And you followed," Herkimer said. "I hardly think Mr. Parton expected that." His tone was acid, his smile a sneer. "Also it is a little late to ask us to dinner."

"It is about a masquerade dance tomorrow that we came," Roger went on. "My sister—by the way, you don't know her, do you?" He introduced her to the four men. "My sister insists that you both come."

Drina seemed unconscious of the hostility in the air. She bowed graciously and then walked to Valerie's side.

Roger continued to display urbanity. It was to the frowning Levenson he addressed himself now. "When last I met you at the interstate polo games you asked me to come and see you, if you remember. I don't suppose you anticipated this sort of a visit but I want you to let me phone for a limousine. I was foolish enough to come in an open car. I forgot your mountain storms."

The butler threw open the doors and announced that dinner was served. He hoped that his employer would discern a polite note of annoyance in his tones. He had been called upon to set two extra places because Levenson had forgotten how many were coming.

Levenson well remembered his cordiality to the captain of the Middle-California Polo Club on the occasion when the team won the State championship. That was almost a year ago and now—at the most inconvenient possible moment—Venning had turned up with his sister just as dinner was announced.

"My mother," said Drina to Valerie, "will be delighted to see you. Years ago in New York she knew your mother."

"I shall be so happy to meet her," Valerie answered.

"A pleasure that you will not be able to enjoy for some time," Herkimer remarked blandly. "My daughter goes out very little. On that account I am forced to decline your invitation for the dance. Ah, dinner is ready."

IT WAS eleven when Herkimer began to wonder if this visit was as innocent as it seemed. Drina addressed herself to him with that easy tone of command she could adopt at need.

"Your stepdaughter is not going to disappoint my mother. She will come to the dance after all tomorrow."

Herkimer was suave but firm. "I am afraid she will not."

"Do you," said Roger Venning, "decide everything of that sort?"

"I do. May I ask if you feel any right to dispute my authority?"

Roger smiled at Valerie. "Do you want to come, Miss Malden?"

"Oh, so much!" she cried eagerly.

"Then that is settled," he said. "Your guardian, although American born, seems to forget that you have outgrown his authority."

"You have no right to say that," Levenson asserted. He, too, was beginning to feel that things were not running smoothly. A fierce hatred of this debonair youth filled him.

"My mother," Drina said, "would be very glad if you would stay with us for a few days." A pleasing thought came to her. "Why not come back with us tonight—now?"

"Oh, if I might!" Valerie cried. She clapped her hands almost childishly. The prospect of

losing these new-found friends appalled her.

"The idea is absurd!" Herkimer cried.

"Miss Malden is my guest," Levenson exclaimed.

"You'd really like to come?" Roger asked.

"There is nothing I should like so much," the girl answered simply.

"As your guardian I absolutely forbid it," Herkimer said.

"These people have forced themselves upon Mr. Levenson, uninvited and unwanted, and now propose to take you off with them." White-faced, he turned on Venning. "Once and for all I decline to know you or your family."

"What a terrific ultimatum!" Roger Venning said, smiling. "Drina, I think you had better get ready. It seems they do not like us."

When Drina had gone, Roger Venning, still unabashed, pulled on his heavy coat. "Extraordinary," he commented, "how Americans who live abroad get bitten by those medieval ideas about women. Mr. Herkimer seems to think he can dictate to an American girl whom she should know and where she can go."

Herkimer and Levenson looked at him, scowling. Rockland was amused. Tandy was impartial. He thought Drina a beautiful creature. Any partisan display of sympathy for Levenson would make it impossible to call upon her. She swept into the hall regally.

"So delightful of you to entertain us," she said to Levenson. She bowed smilingly to the other men. She put her arms about Valerie. They stood talking by the glass doors leading to the outer hall while Roger went to bring the car to the door.

HERKIMER was the first to see the danger. He saw Roger come into the hall, pick up his stepdaughter and carry her into the open air. He was too late to stop them. With a lurch the car sprang forward and roared down the steep drive to disappear in the darkness.

"They've taken her off!" he cried to Levenson who was now at his side. "It's abduction. They must be stopped."

He followed Levenson inside. He heard his host phone to the lodge-keeper to open the gate to none. Then a quick message was sent to the garage for two cars and men.

Levenson cried furiously: "I'll get that puppy inside of five minutes. It was a plot and that innocent daughter of yours put him up to it."

Leaving some rapidly flung order, he took a heavy automatic pistol and jumped into Rockland's sedan, pushing Herkimer before him impatiently.

Levenson did not think for a minute the girl could escape. Murderous hate for Roger Venning possessed him. For all his suavity and cunning, the younger man was in a trap did he but know it. The white gate was electrically controlled. It was one of Levenson's many devices against burglars. He would come upon them striving to open it. Levenson's cruel face almost frightened Herkimer. There would be a terrible scandal. More, there would be murder. All Herkimer's carefully laid plans would be shattered. He, too, cursed Roger Venning.

It was true that Valerie made no resistance. But until she was carried to the car she had no idea how the evening was to end. Drina pulled heavy coats about her. She knew they were going down-hill at tremendous speed. Through the noise she heard Roger's voice.

"Get your heads under the robes; there's going to be a smash!"

But Drina was not one to hide her head when danger threatened. She supposed that her brother must have seen another car ascending and feared he would be unable to avoid hitting it. Then she saw what he meant. It was the white gate that barred their way. He did not slacken speed. Instead, he accelerated and the car seemed to launch itself against the imposing barrier. There was a crash, the noise of breaking glass, the big lamps went out, but the car went steadily on.

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"I sawed it partially through," Roger explained, turning on a very powerful searchlight. "It's a trick gate."

"The other one is made of steel," she shouted.

"I'm not going that way," he said. "Hold on." Then, swerving to the right, he drove over the fairway of the seventh hole. There was one dreadful moment when the car almost upset. "Bunkered!" Roger explained as the car climbed, tank-like, out of it. "I'm glad they didn't trap the course more."

Presently he slowed down and switched off his lights. Apparently he was making up his mind to charge a heavy wire fence. What new madness would he attempt, Drina wondered? She knew the whole estate was wire-surrounded. She did not know that he had cut an opening for himself the previous day and was seeking it now. He crawled through the gap, climbed a steep bank, and came safely to a narrow dirt road.

Drina knew now why he had chains on every wheel. He was heading for the abandoned Friars' Pass. She had ridden it on horseback but never in an automobile. The grades were terrific.

"Oh Roger," she cried, "you aren't going to try and make the pass?"

"Nothing else to do," he answered.

There was little likelihood of meeting anyone on the deserted trail. The danger lay in its uneven, muddy surface, the sharp turns and steep grades, and the possibility that neglected rocks, fallen from the mountainside, might have blocked the way.

Roger knew very well that this was the only route by which he could travel if he hoped to place the girl under his mother's protection. Already Rockland's big machine and another fast car were speeding over the perfectly paved lower road with the hope of intercepting him where, a dozen miles distant, the two ways met. They would have twenty-two miles of paved and graded highway. He would have twelve miles of abandoned mountain road. Roger knew very well that if Leverson should chance to head him off there might be a tragic ending to the adventure.

FOR the first half-mile there was an eighteen percent grade. In places the sucking, treacherous adobe clay held the powerful car on its lowest gear. The big headlight showed menacing, overhanging rocks and gaping chasms. Half a dozen times on the climb to the summit Drina averted her head as the machine slithered, trembling, to the edge of the pass and then, with a lurch, steadied itself for the ascent.

When Roger reached the crest of the pass he knew that his one chance to beat Leverson would be to make the descent faster than any motorist had ever done before him.

Drina's arm was about Valerie. "Don't be frightened," she whispered. "If anyone can make it Roger can."

When the car swung into the last half-mile of its journey a good view could be obtained of travelers along the highway. Two cars were coming along at a tremendous pace in the distance. The rain had ceased. Roger jammed his foot on the gas.

If he could reach the intersection first, not a car in the county could overtake him. The odds seemed to favor the pursuers. They need not slacken their speed whereas Roger had an acute-angled turn ere he could get his wheels on the paved highway.

After one palpitating moment of terror when he feared he had lost control of the machine, he was safely on the wider road a hundred yards ahead of Leverson but as yet going only half as fast.

Just ahead he saw the lights of the Portland-Los Angeles stage. This heavy conveyance was engaged in overtaking a truck. The two vehicles occupied the entire road. There was no room for another car to pass.

With a wrench at the wheel Roger turned from the road, crashed through a picket fence

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with a noise like Lewis guns at work, ploughed along a lawn, destroyed some flower-covered trellis, hit the fence again and made the main road undamaged except for a wobbly front wheel. This made steering impossible at more than twenty miles an hour. But that was fast enough to enable him to limp safely up the drive to his home.

As soon as the three drenched, wearied travelers were in the shelter of the Venning hall Roger locked the front door and sent the butler to see all other entrances were fastened. For all Roger knew there might presently be an attempt to enter.

"Drina," he said when the two girls had thrown aside their heavy wraps, "go and tell mother we are coming."

Tactfully Drina hurried away. The two were alone. A feeling of diffidence, almost of unworthiness which sat oddly upon Roger Venning, tied his usually ready tongue. He experienced acute nervousness. After all he had not consulted Valerie as to his methods and the prize he sought was too precious for him to feel certain he had won it.

"I'm afraid you think the gardener exceeded his instructions," he began, "but that seemed the only way to escape. This can be your home for as long as you like. I am going to take you to my mother."

He wished he dared interpret the look she gave him as one of encouragement. He was not then to guess that she saw in him the supremely desirable man among men, the hero for whom all women seek and whom so few find.

"My mother will love you," he assured her. "Only your mother?" she said softly.

The Roughneck and the Lady

(Continued from page 84)

and buckles rather than smooth turns, but a coil none the less.

The sun had risen high by this time, and was beating down out of a brassy, tropic sky. Ragnar realized there was need for haste. From his next quick trip below he returned with a big galvanized iron tub and two buckets. These had come from the mop chest in the forecabin.

Once more he went below. On a high shelf in one of the dunpage lockers he found a box of damp matches and for the first time since the skipper had called him from his dinner two nights before, Ragnar Stiversen smiled his habitual heavy smile. Out on the hot deck, under the pouring sun, he spread his matches to dry the while he returned to his labors.

With his clasp-knife he cut across the rubber hose that led from the fire extinguisher cylinder to the brass nozzle. Hammering one end of the conduit coil until he had wrinkled it into a tube of smaller diameter, he worked the cut end of the rubber tube that was still attached to the fire extinguisher cap over it.

Somberly he then kicked R. Chapworth Hinchley Third into groaning wakefulness. "Chains and irons—a pile of them you get," he directed.

"See here, lad, who d'ye think you're talking to?" snarled R. Chapworth Hinchley Third, not yet thoroughly awake.

"I am keptn now," Ragnar returned quietly. "You'm crew. You doe like I tal you ollright."

He roused the Irish fireman and the Pago-Pago nondescript next and under his direction they placed a layer of chains on the deck planking. Then he ordered them to get firewood—anything they could find that could be coaxed to burn.

Cannice—a dragged, sore and slatternly Cannice—had been roused from her torpor by the pitiless beat of the tropic sun upon her tender and salt-stung skin. She watched these preparations unseeing. Ragnar built a fire on the pile of chains, filled the fire extinguisher

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with sea water and set it on the flames. From the extinguisher the short rubber joint led to the pile of conduit tubing. This coil was placed in the tub so that the free end of the tube projected over the tub's edge.

In the meantime Ragnar had bent two short lengths of line to the two buckets. He handed R. Chapworth and the nondescript each a pail and ordered them to the edge of the fore-castle head where he directed them to dip up buckets of the chill sea water from the well-deck and to sluice this water over the metal coil to keep it cool. It was a crudely effective still, even if they had to disconnect the coil every now and again in order to tilt the accumulated distilled water out of it by hand. Ragnar estimated they could distil about a pint of water an hour.

"Now we get something to eat," he decided. "We're fixed purty gude for water. You get the first drink, lady." He beckoned Cannice to the basin into which the first condensation from the still had just been tilted.

She drank gratefully.

"You're wonderful," she assured the mate. "You're magnificent. When I think what would have become of us without you . . ." Her eyes glowed as they rested upon him and upon the play of rippling muscles which were accented by the tatters of shirt. Her glance swept the others and passed, cloudily with indifference, over the dragged figure of R. Chapworth Hinchley Third. "What a helpless lot of animals!" she exclaimed. "About as helpless as I would be—without you."

Ragnar grinned shyly, and murmured an inarticulate disclaimer. There flashed upon him pleasantly the sudden consciousness of his new-found status—notably the shift in relative importance as between himself and the son of the owner of the Trident Fleet. Now it was Ragnar who had everything to give and R. Chapworth who had nothing; for all the millions in all of the banks in New Orleans couldn't buy a single glass of water or a single bite of food out here.

The thought of food, however, galvanized Ragnar into renewed activity. He stepped to the companionway and looked along the water that washed over the Slothwell's waist to where the stern housing showed above the waves. And then he saw what drove everything else from his mind.

THERE were two of them, come straight from the place where nightmares are spawned. Gray-green above, with an occasional flash of sick-white belly or of upright dorsal and tail fin, as they rolled lazily in the wash of the Gulf over the Slothwell's submerged well-deck. Thirteen feet long the bigger of the two looked to be; and the other perhaps nine. Man-eaters, both; and both between the castaways and the only available store of food.

Something of his alarm must have communicated itself to the others. They clustered behind him and followed the general direction of his gaze. It was Cannice's scream of horror and fright when she beheld the monsters that recalled him to their present need. He first cuffed R. Chapworth and the nondescript back to their neglected task of sluicing the still. Then he disappeared into the fore-castle head.

He returned some ten minutes later, grinning reassuringly at Cannice, and bearing with him two objects. One was a can of a widely advertised brand of lye. The other was a flat, dark, leathery and oily-seeming thing which turned out to be a large fish, split open and sundried. One of the negroes in the engine room crew had bought it in the tropics and was bringing it back to be exhibited proudly in New Orleans Darktown.

Ragnar worked, as always, definitely; and Cannice, watching him, her tawny eyes aglow, marveled at his immunity from fatigue. The man had done ten times as much actual work as all the rest of them put together; yet he was the only one who had neither rested nor slept. But for him—even had they survived the actual shipwreck—they would probably be

going mad with thirst by this time. And now he would somehow brave two man-eating sharks and provide food.

Ragnar Stiverssen, however, contemplated nothing as spectacular—or as asinine—as braving two sharks. With his clasp-knife he had punched a large number of holes into both ends of the lye can, as well as into the sides. The perforated can he then wrapped into the dried snapper, which crinkled in brittle fashion as he did so. Securely he tied it into place with twine. Then he walked to the edge of the fore-castle head and threw the oily bundle into the waves.

The largest shark came nosing up to it, pushing it this way and that with his blunt snout, and finally swam lazily away. The smaller of the two sharks then came a-rolling up to the bobbing bundle, seeming to sniff at it, very much as might a dog. Apparently satisfied, he began to worry the bundle, again much as a dog might have worried it. And this proved too much for the larger shark. Turning upon his own course, and shearing through the water with a speed that was dazzling, he snatched the dried fish bundle and bolted it.

RAGNAR beckoned to Cannice silently to come and watch what should happen. It was spectacular enough in truth. For a few minutes the sharks continued to roll lazily over the submerged decking and near the logged ship, as before. Then came without visible reason a wild thrashing in the midst of which the larger of the sharks seemed to stand upright, first on his head, and then on his tail. After perhaps twenty seconds of this commotion, both sharks headed in the general direction of the South Pole at a gait which promised to get them there by nightfall.

With the giant negro to assist, Ragnar made his way many times back and forth across the well-deck, carrying back to the fore-castle head what stores he could break out.

Half a dozen cans of soup were emptied into a pot and warmed slightly. Cannice the fastidious, to whom in the past soups had existed as a cup of bouillon, a bit of jellied consommé, or perhaps a smoothly creamed bisque *à la crème*, took the first drink of canned soup from the common pot whose contents and use she shared with a negro fireman, a beach-combing nondescript, the son of the Trident Fleet, an Irish seaman and a Norse mate whose conversation sounded as though he were chewing slippery elm bark as he spoke.

Yet she drank greedily and, indeed, wanted more; but Ragnar took the pot away from her and set it to his own lips. Once more her tawny eyes glowed as they rested on the big mate.

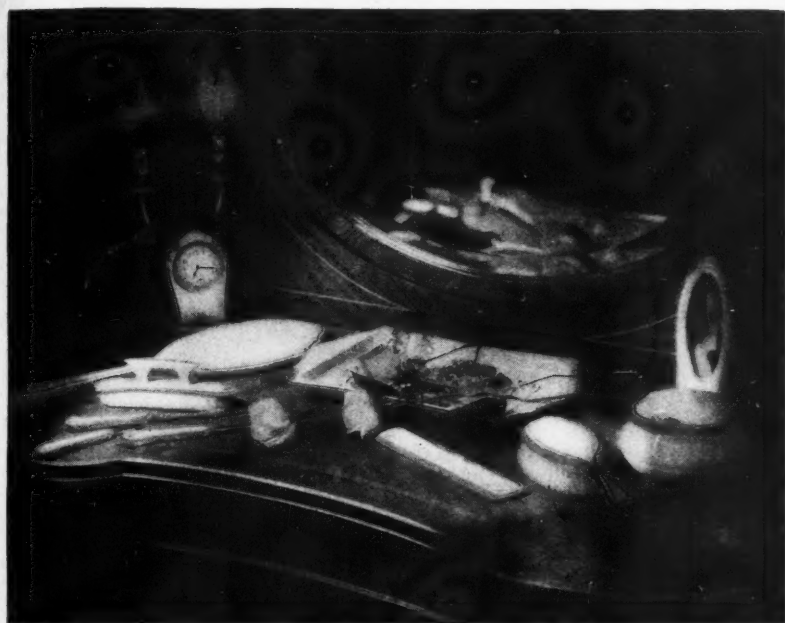
"Mayn't I have just a wee bit more?" she asked, her lips parting in the full, slow smile she had heretofore reserved for R. Chapworth Third. That young gentleman instantly prepared to pass the kettle across to her. But Ragnar's huge arm interposed itself.

"Drenk, faller," he ordered. "When it comes for the lady toe have more, Ay geev it."

Cannice's glance passed for a moment over the bedraggled scion of the Trident fleet when he prepared to offer her the soup pot. But the tawny eyes were cloudy with indifference. Ragnar grinned with a vast delight, and ordered Chapworth Hinchley Third to wash the pot well when they had emptied it. Leaving the Irishman and the negro, whose one arm was bound tightly to his side, to sluice their water still, and ordering the nondescript, the girl, and Chappie Hinchley into the small patch of shadow at the forepeak, he set out to roam over the ship for further supplies. Once he emerged with soaked mattresses and blankets which he spread out to dry; twice with boxes of canned vegetables. Once he came up with a ham and with an electric torch.

Then, for the first time since a clucking cabin boy had summoned him to the bridge which was now a twisted mass of iron stanchions and splintered woodwork, he lay down to rest.

He was up again by nightfall, and ate sparingly, seeing to it that the others did the same.



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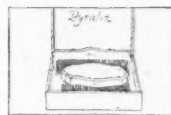


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Keeps Wave and Curl In

Wash your hair as often as you like, and have no more trouble afterwards.

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Their precious store of matches he wrapped carefully in dry cloths and hid. Then he extinguished the fire beneath the still and told his crew of castaways to get what rest they could, the while a scarlet sun-disk slid down out of a fiery powdered haze into a violet and opalescent sea.

He too stretched himself out to sleep; but the vision of the tawny eyes of Cannice Rivarde, and of her slow, full-lipped smile, kept slumber from him. The picture filled him with a strange delight tinged with a sort of tender fear and awe. Never had such a girl smiled on him before all the world. And he thought of the girls who had given him their smiles—the girls in Gallatin Street; recalling how they fawned on him when he was in funds. Which brought a low chuckle from him; for he was certainly in funds now, he reflected. So far as this bit of the world was concerned, he was the wealthiest man in existence. He had an absolute corner on food and drink.

IT WAS this thought that erased the half formed, shy smile from his features, while a brooding darkness settled upon the Gulf and eager stars flamed into being. For though the blood that foamed through all the reaches of his tremendous frame told him it was good to be bathed in the glow of Cannice's tawny eyes and in the radiance of that slow, full-lipped smile, there was something within him that insisted he was being fawned on once more for what he could provide in the way of wealth and comforts.

Stubbornly he argued against this obtruding thought, telling himself over and over that where a subordinate officer would pass unnoticed in the calm and ordered routine of ship-board, he had been given an opportunity, during the past tense hours, to show the stuff that was his—the power for conquest over the very elements. The girl had simply not known him before; but this, and this alone, accounted for her changed attitude.

Impatiently he heaved himself to his feet and paced restlessly back and forth. Darkness had fallen upon the world. Not quite forty-eight hours before, he had been pacing back and forth upon the bridge of this same Slothwell, while shreds of light laughter and the tinkle of glass had been borne upward to him.

He was the same Ragnar Stiverssen now that he had been forty-eight hours before. The fanny little faller with the rat-proof haircut was the same. The girl was the same. They were still on the same ship. Yet forty-eight hours before he had been a great hulking animal to the girl and the fanny little faller had counted for everything. Now, because the path of a violent eddy in the wind had chanced to cross their own, it was all topsy-turvy. He, Ragnar Stiverssen, counted for everything; the fanny little faller back there was one of a helpless lot of animals and counted for nothing.

Ragnar sighed gustily and shook his head. Perhaps he had best let well enough alone. It would be sweet for the present to be the recipient of the smiles of Cannice Rivarde. But in his heart he knew that thought was a lie; in that light the savor of her nearness and of the glow in her eyes was not of honey, but of harsh brine and stale wine-lees.

His breath whistled out between suddenly clenched teeth and his whole body jerked around and grew tense. Far off to the south his keen and sea-trained eyes had discerned a dancing point of gold.

A ship! A passenger vessel, fully lighted. He greained at the thought of the futility of signaling to that golden mote and, with the sound, a figure detached itself from the gloom and came stealing noiselessly toward him.

"What is it? What has happened?" whispered Cannice.

He pointed dumbly to a dancing speck of gold.

"A big ship—a vairy big ship," he clipped off in a staccato whisper. "But he iss toe far away—he kent see oss."

A shudder ran through the girl's frame and

she nestled instinctively against his protecting bulk. "Oh-h-h!" she sighed in a barely articulate aspirate.

He thrilled to her touch and flung one great arm about her. It was pure reflex, automatic and unthinking. But the next pulse beat brought him realization that Cannice was in his embrace, and the blood went drumming along his temples and behind his eyes, blinding him with a sudden glory in her softness as she nestled in the crook of the mighty arm that tightened about her. Unseeing he bent toward her. A sense of unimaginably cloying sweetness pervaded him with the consciousness of her soft, warm breath against his cheek. He swept both arms about her and lifted her to him in an ecstasy that left them alone in a starlit void.

Breathlessly he relaxed the great corded arms, and seizing the girl's shoulders, held her at arm's length. The flaming lacework of iridescence that had momentarily enveloped them faded. They were two castaways on a derelict, afloat upon the rolling Gulf. That thought smote them both, as did the tragic nearness of human beings who might have rescued them. Both turned to the point where they had last seen the golden mote a-dance along the horizon.

"Ah," rasped the mate. "He'm coming close—so close."

"But there will be other ships all the time—and the next one will pass us by day," said Cannice, her voice soft with the touch of that one overwhelming moment still upon it.

Ragnar shrugged his shoulders, and dropped his right arm to his side. The movement brought his wrist into swinging contact with the flaring reflector of the searchlight he had thrust into his waistband. With a cry he drew out the torch and pressed the button that switched current into the powerful filament behind the bulbous lens. A beam of light sent a stabbing white pencil along a tight, conical path clearly limned in the misty haze that hovered over the sea.

It was as Cannice had said. They were in one of the principal tracks in the Gulf lanes. There would be other ships in plenty. And it was only as chief of the castaways that he had appeared mighty in Cannice's regard.

But he had threshed that all out, he told himself, fiercely, swiftly. He knew that there could be no delight in the glow of those tawny eyes if it was kindled only because here he alone could provide necessities.

"Maybe—maybe if he'm come close enough—maybe Ay can work it," said Ragnar, while Cannice seized his free arm in her two hands and clung there, torn between hope and distress, yet marveling at the hard bulk of the shifting muscles she felt beneath her fingers.

"Well—we got nothing toe looss," continued Ragnar and began to press the button of the torch rhythmically. Three short flashes, three long flashes and three short; three short, three long, and three short; spelling out three letters, over and over, in the code that is known wherever salt tides rise and fall throughout the world.

"S-O-S—S-O-S—S-O-S," flashed the stabbing pencil of light.

SOME obscure telepathic current in the aching tenseness with which Ragnar sent abroad that silent call must have aroused the others. One by one they came stealing toward the rail and clustered there about the big mate and Cannice, who impatiently signaled the others to silence. So slender was the thread to which clung their united hopes that it seemed a word might snap it forever.

But the suspense that held them enthralled was too gripping, too fierce, too agonizing, long to be endured in silence. The possibility of rescue had keyed them, on the instant, to the very highest pitch each of them could attain. Inevitably the reaction set in. Conviction that the chances against them were too great, the odds too heavy, settled upon the group, as they saw the dancing speck of gold swing



-and One was fair to look upon—the Other fading fast — A Bedtime Story

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Boncilla

Classic Beautifier

"YOU look as young as you did eight years ago, Adele"—"How in the world do you do it?" And a wistful tone of envy unconsciously crept into Marjorie's voice.

They are the same age—had been school-girl pals and co-ed chums. And now, after eight years' separation, they are having a heart-to-heart talk-fest.

Adele has all her youthful freshness, with the added dash and verve that only the woman confident in her charms can register. Marjorie still has the contour of beauty, but little lines and wrinkles have crept into her face and she is beginning to "show her age."

"I simply try to keep what Nature gave me by exercising care in my toilet," replied Adele. "When I have been 'on the go' and feel 'all played out,' I refresh and rejuvenate my skin. I use a delightfully soothing and invigorating blue-gray pack called 'Boncilla Beautifier.' It lifts out the tired lines, keeps away wrinkles, cleanses my skin way deep down into the pores, and puts the life glow of renewed circulation into every muscle of my face."

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Simply apply Boncilla Beautifier to the face and let it dry. No massaging is necessary.

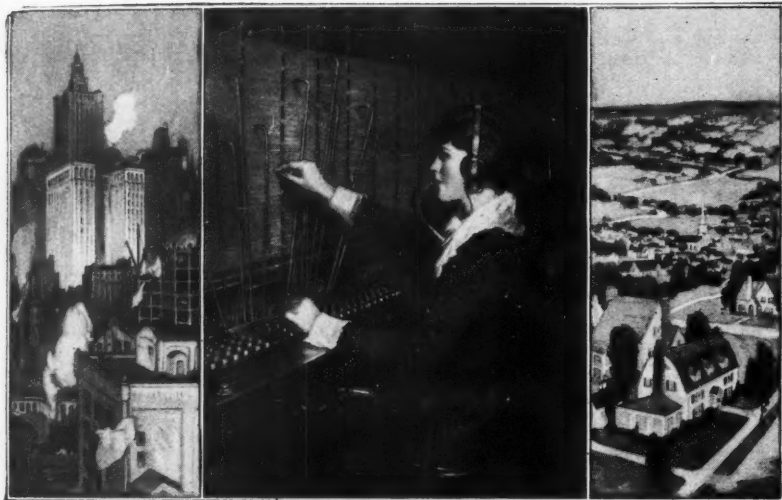
Five minutes after its application, you begin to feel the re-creating, refreshing effects of Boncilla. When you remove it, you can see the renewed color in your cheeks, your skin will be soft and satin-smooth, free from pimples and blackheads, and you will experience that delightful sensation of having been "made over."

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along its orbit with no more concern for their plight than was shown by the high stars that beamed down upon the Gulf in ageless serenity. "Why couldn't they come just a little closer?" wailed Chappie Hinchley suddenly.

The negro fireman, his eyes half closed, began an incantation with many a "Yes, Lawd" and "Sholy, Lawd!" the while the stubby little Irishman swore with equal fervor. The nondescript turned sullenly back to the burrow where he had been sleeping.

But Ragnar clung stubbornly to the task of sending three short, three long, and three short flashes of light into the misty haze that hovered over the sea.

ABOARD the Coppennima, fastest of the mighty white liners plying between New Orleans and the Central American banana ports, a lookout suddenly came to attention, riveting an unbelieving stare on a barely visible pulse of rhythmic white light to the eastward. It seemed an eternity of anguish before the sharp change in the Coppennima's course became apparent to the eyes of a group of castaways; then there was an unrestrained frenzy of joy aboard what had once been the Slothwell. Cannice Rivarde fainted, and never knew how she was carried aboard the Coppennima by Ragnar Stiverssen.

Only later did she learn that radio flashes, shearing through the void, had notified all those who were abroad upon the waters of the Slothwell's plight; that the life-boat in which her aunt had left the helpless Trident freighter had been picked up with five other survivors.

Cannice found other balm, too, in the attention whose focal point she and R. Chapworth Hinchley Third had become aboard that stately liner. A day and a night of rest and care had restored them completely. Decently clad in borrowed finery that the donors were only too eager to lend, they attended an informal reception tendered them on the brilliantly lighted saloon deck, and there they made detailed and glowing report of their adventure.

While the affair was at its height, Cannice's tawny eyes laughed gaily into the dark eyes of R. Chapworth. "And won't we have a story to tell them when we get back to the Oaks and the country club?" she bubbled.

"You bet," cheerfully agreed R. Chapworth. "And just think of it—when the papers announce the engagement—troth plighted during shipwreck—oh Chappie, I'm so thrilled that I'm dizzy."

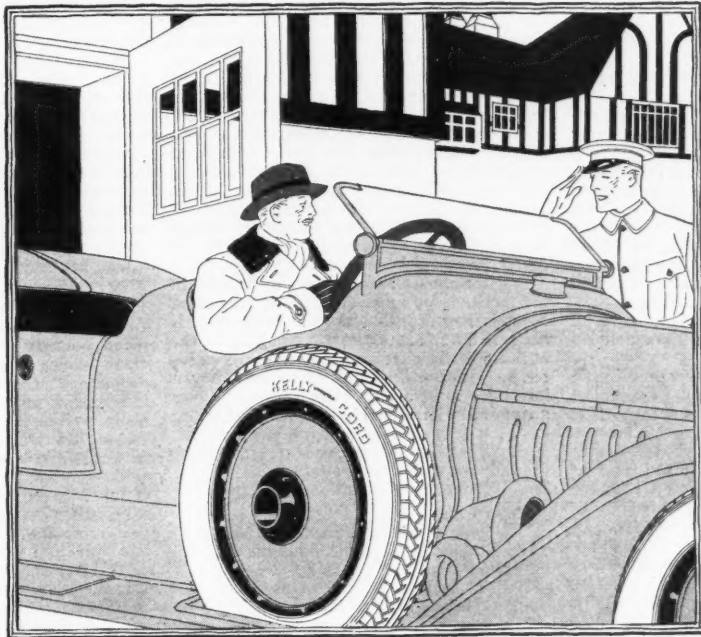
At the outer fringe of the circle that centered about them there was a stir as several large figures threaded their way to the officers' quarters. Towering above the rest was Ragnar Stiverssen.

Cannice beckoned to those nearest her. "There he goes," she thrilled. "You've no notion what a resourceful creature that great hulking animal is. He saved the lot of us; and I'm going to let him know how I, for one, appreciate it, just as soon as I can get within range of daddy's check book. Just think, Chappie, we'll be back at the Bienville Street landing tomorrow noon."

Ragnar had turned at the sound of her voice and stood for a moment regarding the vivacious girl, aglow with life and laughter—radiant in beauty. Her tawny eyes roved over him as he stood there, but they were unseeing and cloudy with indifference, like the eyes in a painted photograph.

Ragnar turned to follow the others; and as he turned, he muttered a name. It was a name one might hear on Ship Street in Hongkong, or in certain purlieus of Bombay, or at Wapping Stairs, or the Embarcadero—or along Gallatin Street, New Orleans. In a rather remote way that name dealt with pigs—pigs, be it noted, of the reputedly deadlier sex. And as he uttered the name, Ragnar stepped to the rail and spat into the fire-shot froth which the Coppennima trailed out behind her in tattered phosphorescence across the polished jet of the Gulf.

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The KELLY FLEXIBLE CORD

THE new Kelly Cord gives more mileage, because it is a vast improvement over previous types of cord tire construction.

It gives greater comfort because it is more flexible than the ordinary cord tire, and hence easier-riding.

In the ordinary tire each ply of cord fabric is cut off at the bead, which is thus held in place merely by adhesion to the plies.

In the Integral Bead construction, used only by Kelly, the cords are *not* cut off, but by a special process are looped around the bead.

This construction has two marked advantages. It anchors the bead firmly in place, and it gives the whole tire a flexibility impossible where the ordinary type of construction is used. Not only does it make the carcass of the tire more flexible; it makes possible the use of a flexible tread.

The name "Kelly-Springfield" on a tire has always meant a thoroughly good product. In introducing the Kelly Flexible Cord to the motoring public we do so with full confidence that we are offering the best tire we have ever built.

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The drawing at the right shows how the bead of the new Kelly Cord is formed by enclosing strips of braided wire in the loops of the cord fabric. The cords which form these loops are continuous from the beginning of the inmost ply to the end of the outer. The whole tire thus has a flexibility and "give" that is necessarily lacking in tires made by the ordinary method.



BRAIDED WIRE INSULATED IN RUBBER

KELLY-SPRINGFIELD TIRES

I Have the Most Peculiar Job by Isabel Cooper (Continued from page 79)

I was far from cool. So I slunk off rather cautiously and got lost on the way back to the trail, and when I arrived at last at camp, had my story denounced as the most feeble invention of a sensation monger.

I came in for a good scolding for getting lost, however. As a matter of fact getting lost in the jungle is as serious as being bitten by a poisonous snake. You might go round in a circle for days until you starved to death, or more likely died of horror. For when you lose the Ariadne thread of your trail, and can see nothing but leafy vistas curving and doubling about through the tangle of vines and tree trunks, the peaceful friendly jungle changes its face. It becomes an exaggerated octopus of smothering greenness, and the jungle aisles close in around you like strangling tentacles.

My friends need not have been so gruff about it. One taste of that despair and bewilderment is enough for me.

A month later in the very same jungle studio, I had an even more startling encounter; fortunately this time with witnesses, so that my lurid adventures are now given credence.

I was roaming about in the creek-bed, with a suspicious eye on the famous rock—which was silly as snakes do not always sit on the same rock. I heard an astonishing bubbling noise from the very depths of a rock cairn. A frog calling to his mate! I wanted to catch the frog. I could picture my triumphant entry into camp—frog in hand—and I myself uttering his exact musical gargle. Scientists love these homey little details of wild creatures' lives, and you can hardly ever persuade frogs to speak naturally in captivity.

I found the rock under which he was holding forth, but just as I was about to lift it I saw, six inches below my hand, the rough scales and diamond pattern of a small venomous cousin of the bushmaster—a deadly fer-de-lance. Bent over as I was, his tiny expressionless face was just a few inches from my ear. He was after the taste of the frog. I, who do not like even frogs' legs, wanted to exploit the frog for the glory of science. Neither of us got him.

I forgot him entirely in the excitement of bellowing for members of the party who were near-by, and who came and chivvied my fer-de-lance into a bag.

I WISH I could decide just what it is about deadly snakes that makes the places where you have seen them slightly more rare than the surrounding territory; which causes even some very bright persons to give the reptile house at the Zoological Park a wide berth. Taxicabs, I am sure, have many more casualties to their count than all the reptiles in the world, and yet people do not draw away from them in horror. No mysterious cult of worshipers has grown up around them. Possibly this will come a thousand years from now when a race with a strong taxi-phobia shall have been evolved by the elimination of the unwary and the survival of the strongest dodgers.

Leaving aside my snake-haunted studios, I have many delightful perches round about the woods near Kartabo, our permanent camp in British Guiana, where we have a clearing with a glorious bamboo grove and a miner's deserted bungalow and many tents, to say nothing of the wilderness spread to the north, west and south of us. All this region around Kartabo is utterly wild—a land of rain, forests and swamps and swift rivers flowing from Brazil and Venezuela. There are troops of monkeys, and jaguars, and the wild trampled trails of peccary, and footprints in the mud of tapir and capybara and giant ant-eaters and the fabulous armadillo, and all the other handsome and homely animals of tropical forests, who are cleverer than you might imagine at keeping out of sight.

And in the midst of this wild environment I sit, with the latest and most perfect utensils and inventions of civilized artists—and paint

portraits from the life of snakes and lizards and frogs and birds and a hundred other creatures that have to be seen to be believed. And it is not simple, or even possible, to arrange these models in becoming postures and lights, and just look at them. They must be lashed firmly to something, or tied up in bags with their heads sticking out, or held still by force. Or, in the case of deadly or unmanageable snakes, they must be dosed up with just enough ether or chloroform to stop their motion but not their pulse—an interesting problem in anesthetics.

Along the shores of the rivers where the rocks make excellent easels and stools and where there is always a tiny pool in which to dip my brush, my work is comparatively easy.

But it is not such a simple matter to work in the forest. You must bring along a civilized chair, in any case, because the jungle floor is alive with a million creatures going about the business of their strange little lives. You interfere with the highroads of the ants if you lean up against a tree trunk. Queer visitors arrive and swim around in your painting water. Boring beetles send down clouds of wood dust, and crickets flop through your nicest, wettest drawings, or drop down your back.

FEW of my "studios" are more difficult to work in than a forest jungle, but some are more difficult of access.

I once toiled up the side of an extinct volcano, with my drawing-board flapping from my waist, a canteen clanking against my tenth vertebra, paints under one arm and collecting gear under the other, which left only my civilized and non-prehensile toes, my teeth and an occasional elbow free to negotiate the angles and perpendiculars of the slope. And the descent to the floor of the crater was just as trying, since my equipment seemed to feel the urge of gravity even more strongly than I did. But what could be more deliciously geological than the rim of a volcano crater on a desert isle? I shall never forget my first sight of the interior, the perfectly sloping, towering sides and the bowl of sunlit air full of the cries of wheeling gannets.

Our camp at Kartabo is the only place where I have been able to stake out a place for myself and set up a really useful workroom in a bit of space officially known as mine. To be sure, it amounts to little more than deskroom, and is completely filled with myself, my paints, my models and quantities of incidental visitors—tiny house lizards who use the place as a sort of lobby, and bees and wasps who make rendezvous there, and a hundred other wild creatures in whose guide-books the desk of the artist has evidently been starred.

On my left is a casement window through which the sudden rains often come before I have time to drop my brushes, unwind a snake from my arm and stow him carefully. The stowing of snakes is an art in itself. It all depends on whether he is the kind of snake that can be stuck quickly into a box with the cover flopped down even more quickly, or the kind that keeps bubbling up in unruly coils, until you feel like a subway guard trying to squash an impossible crowd behind a subway door; then you find yourself calling a masculine some one who has a way with snakes.

On my right are many outjutting shelves—the laboratory simply bulges with shelves at all possible points, anyway; and within colliding distance of my knees are piles of glass vivaria, containing anything from a somnolent bushmaster or coral snake to a cringing little mouse opossum with her young—the saddest little creature in the world, with dark circles under her eyes and deprecating little pink hands and a case of chronic nerves. I presume it doesn't help her nerves much to be next door to a bushmaster with only a sheet of invisibility between. I wish there were some language in which I could tell these gloomy little captives that glass is marvelous stuff; that

humans put their treasures under it, and keep marauders and the cold out with it, that there isn't a snake in the world with the wit to get through glass.

Anything is likely to happen in this jungle studio of mine. My snake subjects escape and glide away between the inks, spurning all the work of man with the departing curves of their flashing bodies. They are spurred on no doubt by the loud cries of rage that arise from the laboratory, and which indicate that I have once again allowed a valuable specimen to escape. Hunger strikes go on before me, and strange metamorphoses of tadpoles and hatchlings of swarms of young insects.

ONCE I was making a portrait bust of an alligator. He was about three feet long, and reposed quietly across my desk—the inks and paints having been shoved aside to make room for him. We thought that he was dead, or else in a state of profound collapse, as the medical books put it. So the only precaution I took was to tie a string around his nose, just in case he might give a gasp and spoil the effect. I worked on him for about three hours—went off to luncheon—returned and finished the drawing—amber eyes and all. The photographers then came and started to carry him off—still in a comatose condition—to have his picture taken. Whereupon he came to with a vicious hiss and lashed about with his tail, to all appearances a perfectly well alligator. If he had acted like that on my desk, not only would he have wrecked the place, but my face and hands would have come in for a terrible scoring from his swift, corrugated tail.

And outside my window are many distractions not often met with in and about studios. Ant-eaters busily lapping up egg-nogg with their impossible long tongues; our pet monkeys being as fascinating as possible in their large play cage; the strange hoazin, a peculiar bird never before kept alive in captivity, swaying and balancing with his pale yellow and russet wings; and the sloths hung like so many garbages on the limbs of a tree which is their feudal home, with a circular moat around it to keep them from escaping. The grown sloths look like nothing else on earth; the baby ones have just enough indication of youthful features to make you fond of them. Sloths are chronic reachers; they will climb as far as they possibly can, and then reach, apparently, for the sun, with intellects too feeble to worry as to whether faith is really the substance of things hoped for.

Indian travelers and hunters and decrepit Boviander families go by on the broad rivers before my eyes. We can see visitors approaching from three miles away—an excellent arrangement which gives time to civilize one's costume and mix a rum punch, or, as the case may be, arrange for a quite plausible absence.

This Kartabo studio is probably one of the rarest places in the world. Certainly it has been fascinating and delightful for me, and I can think of only one drawback. It is most centrally located as far as smells are concerned.

The scientists use their most noisome chemicals practically under my nose. They dissect their larger and more important specimens outside my window. They tether their pet vultures in the bamboos. What is more, they arrange their vulture traps slightly to the windward of me. And the meat that is used in vulture traps is such that I should think it would spring the trap all by itself.

Most pungent of all, this last year, were a pair of tree porcupines, kept in a small and noxious cage near the monkeys. They were nice little things, very friendly and funny to look at. But if you can imagine an essence of an essence of distilled garlic, you will have only the vaguest idea of the strength of these porcupine odors. But when you live in one of the most interesting places in the world, and have almost the world's best job, why worry about a little garlic?

A Happy Man by Frank Swinnerton (Continued from page 33)

the trade of book publishing. A friend—whom at that time I knew almost exclusively by correspondence—was good enough to introduce me to Mr. Hugh Dent, of Messrs. J. M. Dent & Co., and I became a reception clerk in the office of that firm.

Mr. Dent was always a very difficult man to see, and I had to tackle all sorts of visitors, from those who brought masterpieces to those who wished to borrow half-crowns. It was necessary to decide at sight whether Mr. Dent might wish or be willing to see each man or woman, or whether the caller must be maneuvered out of the building without offense, without an interview. It will be seen at once how such a task formed a training in the summary estimate of character, which must always play an important part in the novelist's equipment. It will also be seen how such work influences ambition.

At the age of eighteen, accordingly, I formed the ambition that has remained constant ever since. I wanted to write a novel about human beings. From that moment human beings became my absorbing study. I wrote a novel about human beings. It was not published, but it was written to the bitter end. I wanted at that time to write goodish novels, and to read everything. I wanted to live in a little old-fashioned cottage in the country, to write goodish novels, and to marry for love. It was never my ambition to write great novels—I recognized perfectly that although I had talent I was not a genius. But I wanted to do the best I could, to live by the work of my pen, and to be happy.

THIS last item was a superfluous ambition, because it is very difficult for me to be unhappy. "Cheerfulness," as the would-be philosopher once said, "will keep breaking in." In the matter of writing I have always done the best I could do at the given moment, and I do not feel that what I have written has ever been more than "goodish." As for the rest, I have married for love, and I live in a little Elizabethan or Jacobean cottage in a charming countryside. And anything human is dearer to me than all the wealth of all the world.

As to friends, I have always found it easy to make them. My manners are affable and inoffensive. I have a sharp, but not a venomous, tongue; and my friends do not greatly fear it. Moreover, I have a considerable capacity for interest and affection. This capacity is not claimed as a virtue; but it is admitted by those who should know best. My friends are all friends worth having. Most of them are not especially wealthy or famous, but they are loyal, humorous, trustworthy and beautifully simple. Nobody has ever had better friends than I. And no person is my friend who is not also my superior.

If I had a great deal of money I should not work. But that does not mean that I want to try starvation a second time. I used to want three hundred pounds a year. I thought that if I could make three hundred pounds a year, and live with my wife in a country cottage,

I would write books I liked and read everything.

Well, I now want more than three hundred pounds a year—to some extent because the purchasing power of the pound has diminished, but also because others are dependent upon me; but I have the cottage, and have had a great piece of luck. Although my novels have been only "goodish," they have secured for me a small body of friendly readers in both America and England. These readers are so few compared with the numbers of which I see other authors and their publishers boasting, that they do not suffice to make me opulent. But they are constant. Therefore I do not feel bound, as the writers of very successful books may feel bound, to write every book according to the pattern of the last. I write what I want to write. I can earn enough by this means to keep me fed and clothed, and to keep fed and clothed those who belong to me. I have leisure, and tranquillity. I have not only attained all the ambitions of my youth—saving only that one which had journalism as its objective—but I have surpassed them. There remains the future.

What do I demand of life? First, health. Second, privacy. Third, a moderate degree of security. Fourth, the continued affection of those who are dear to me. Fifth, a modicum of leisure, during which I may indulge my vice of laziness and read the books I want to read, play the games I want to play, see the places I want to see. These things are all possible of attainment, providing the first—health—is vouchsafed to me. Privacy is a benefit which determination can secure. In the outdoor studio of my cottage, which has no telephone and no wireless apparatus, I can "sport my oak" as firmly as any working undergraduate.

And as long as I work in this way I shall have the leisure I require. It need not be stolen, because only that man is denied leisure who is so bent upon prosperity that he must not leave his work for a day lest it perish or cease to produce those monetary profits which are his only touchstone of well-being.

Finally there is the question of affection. I think that any man can endure if he has good friends. And I have proved my friends. In ordinary life they may regard me with great irony. They may find me facetious and voluble, and even tiresome. But when I have ever been in trouble I have found my friends constant and inexhaustible in patience. If they were to fall away, I should indeed be desolate. They will not so fall away as long as they and I remain unchanged.

As to comfort, I have enough of it. A roof to my head, chairs, books and a bed; a warm fire in the evening. It is ample. It is more than ample. It is ideal. I do not want to live in great hotels or to have many servants at my beck and call. And I do not want anything that will cause me to vegetate, because in return for the benefits I claim from life it is my desire to write one novel that is more than "goodish."

That is the whole point. No man can be satisfied with his attainment, although he may

be satisfied with his circumstances. In all the foregoing remarks, if I have given any suggestion that I am satisfied with what I have done, the suggestion is due to clumsy expression. I have been returning thanks for good fortune. I have been betraying, perhaps, a readiness to be pleased with small results. But I have not been patting myself upon the back. Something more is needed. A philosopher once said to me: "The man who is satisfied has no future but the dust-bin."

Moreover, I must point out that it is not the highest type of man who has moderate ambitions. The really great man is immoderate in his claims upon life; but that is because he is conscious of his power to give to life in return incomparable services.

MY own lot in life is less exalted. I have wanted only to understand human nature. I have not wanted to improve it, or to change the face of the world. There are such idealists, men as far above their fellows as spirit is above animalism. They are bringers of glad tidings to the suffering, the creators of a new era. They are men of destiny. I admire, I reverence them. But my impulses lie more upon the surface. I cannot too strongly emphasize the fact that I am agnostic even as regards the destiny of mankind. The stars fascinate and bewilder me; the beauty of the earth is a mystery to my heart. I love the earth, and a great many of those who dwell upon it, but I have never experienced revelation, and I remain merely a marveling student of the wonder of the universe and of life itself.

For this reason I look forward to the remainder of my earthly existence as the culmination of all that I am likely ever to know. Having seen and experienced earthly hardship I demand henceforward immunity from such hardship. I demand tranquillity and the beauty of human affection. But I do not insist that the miracle of life should be explained to me. Having been born ignorant and curious, I expect—with equanimity—to die almost as ignorant and curious as I was born.

My ancestors and my environment have given me a not very vigorous body, an extremely buoyant temperament, a modest talent and considerable facility. To the exercise of these possessions in the future I look forward. I do not demand to be happy, because I expect—on a basis of experience—to be happy. Is not happiness the most satisfactory of all possessions? I think it is. Others may demand wisdom, may demand eternity, or the salvation of the human race. I do not demand these things.

If there are those among my readers who despise such an attitude as the one I have outlined in this article I would remind them that when I come to die I shall be able—in spirit at least—to repeat the memorable last words of William Hazlitt. Hazlitt, as he lay dying, said: "Well, I've had a happy life."

Which of us—uncertain travelers as we are upon uncharted ways—can ask to say more? Not I.

Hood Riding Little Red by Harry C. Witwer (Continued from page 97)

train. It is and was different with Hazel. Remarkable that she saw no good reason why she should pay her own checks on the diner, my room-mate put on that school-girl complexion and tripped out to the observation car to observe. The very first day's sport resulted in Hazel's bagging no less than "Snapper" Hood, world-famous jockey, on his way to Tia Juana to ride in the biggest handicap of the season.

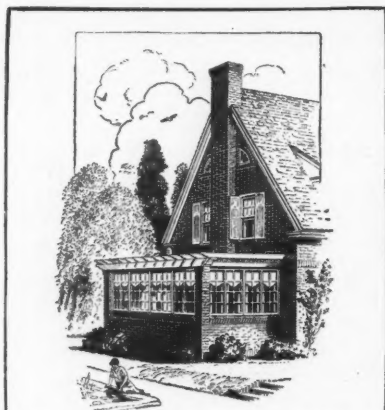
This midget, with the body of a twelve-year-old child, the face of a man of forty-five and the worldly wisdom of the latter's grandfather, fell for the beauteous Hazel like the movie comedians—and nobody else—fall for a

banana peel. Hood's hard and calculating eyes glinted also as he cast 'em over me when Hazel introduced us. His garb was something to think about and closely approached the violent. Talk about putting on dog! Really, I can't see Hood's type and I never will, so I high-batted him all the way out.

A slangy, self-confident wise-cracker. He told us all there is to know about the Sport of Kings, incidentally giving us the names of several "sure winners" at the Tia Juana meeting—names that entered one of my ears and exited by the other, but which the canny Hazel carefully marked down. Our jockey

spent most of the long trip in her company, and honestly I gave them plenty leeway for tête-à-têtes, as Mr. Hood's mad affection for himself got on my nerves. Through Hazel I learned that Hood had been especially imported from the East to ride Petit Rouge, the favorite in the big stake race to be run at Tia Juana shortly after we arrived on the Coast.

Making an engagement to show Hazel the high lights of Tia Juana later in the week, Snapper Hood left us at the station after seeing us safely aboard a taxi. Out motto has always been, "Travel first-cabin, or else don't travel!" so we checked in at the fashionable Hotel



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Egram—the St. Moe of Los Angeles. That's the trap where Jerry Murphy and Pete Kift were working and these eggs greeted us with amazed delight, Pete personally attending to getting our bags and hat-boxes up to our room and the mammoth Jerry acting like we were his parents that he hadn't seen for twenty-five years.

I hadn't given Ben Warren the faintest intimation that I was coming West, wishing to hand him the surprise of his life. So after I'd bathed fluently, had my hair washed and waved, and arrayed myself in my most breath-taking gown, I phoned him at his hotel. Yes, I waited all that time to let Benjamin know I was in town—the first dozen times I called him he was out.

When Ben heard my voice on the other end of the wire—well, honestly, he became incoherent with joy. Both excitedly talking at once, we were getting nowhere so I told him to hang up and come over, which he did so fast he must have had himself shot from a rifle. Hazel was at the movie studio finding out just when she was to begin trouping in "One Passionate Night" and though Hazel does a lot of things that burn me up, leaving Ben and me alone wasn't one of them. He took me to dinner and what with one thing and another we had a splendid reunion—which didn't make Hazel lonely, as that young lady had promoted the press-agent of the movie company and was dining and dancing elsewhere.

IT HAPPENED that the scenes to be graced by her presence weren't to be "shot" for several days, and Hazel, who must be amused every minute, developed a yearning to keep her engagement with Snapper Hood. We had no argument about that, because although I like this jockey and arsenic the same way, I really did want to see Tia Juana and the running of the big handicap. I'm just crazy about horses—and then again there was a chance that I might win the expenses of this trip at the track. You never can tell, as Captain Kid remarked to the dead pirate who had intended turning state's evidence.

Well, anyways, Ben arranged to drive us down to the races in a car he'd rented and at the last minute Jerry and Pete declared themselves in. They had a couple of days off and wanted to step high, wide and handsome, but the idea of them going with us was all moist to Hazel, though she never hesitates to ask them favors. On the other hand, I enjoyed the harmless patter of these boys and I craved a few New Yorkers about me in this strange clime.

Honestly, at the helm of a car Ben Warren is a speeding fool and on the way to San Diego the only thing that overtook us was darkness. As it turned out, that was plenty! Below the San Juan Capistrano Mission, a front shoe went as flat as a wheat cake and only some skilful tactics on Bennie's part saved us from skidding into a ditch.

But that was just thrill number one! Anxious to work their passage, Jerry and Pete volunteered to change the tire, while Ben went back with a flashlight to read the mileage figures on a signboard we'd passed. Then the entertainment began!

Jerry and Pete were trying to curse the new tire on the rim, all other methods having failed them, when the headlights of another car came glaring around a curve. There wasn't a soul in sight except us and whoever was in the auto that slowed down and stopped beside us.

"Look," says Hazel to me, "there's the California spirit! I'll bet these people are in a hurry, yet they're stopping to help us out. You'd never see that in New York!"

One of the Good Samaritans steps out of his car and the other follows him. They were a couple of burly, roughly dressed characters, and really, before they'd even opened their mouths, I couldn't help wishing Ben would make his return snappy.

"Hey, can we borrey a tire iron from you guys?" asks Pete.

"Reach for your ears or I'll cook you!" snarls one of the men, at the same time pointing a weapon at him.

Hazel promptly screamed, the gasping Jerry's and Pete's hands mechanically shot up over their heads, while, pretty low myself, I kept repeating over and over inwardly, "Come on, Ben! Come on, Ben!" as if it was a charm. At any rate, it worked like one! Before the bandits had a chance to search us, Benjamin came back.

As they were turned away from him and in the dark, the two men didn't see him, and taking in the situation with the well-known glance, Ben made sure they wouldn't. He dropped to his hands and knees and crawled silently along in the ditch till he reached our car, then he suddenly straightened up, pointed the beams of his flashlight directly in their eyes and roared:

"I have both you fellows covered—stick 'em up!"

This commanding voice coming out of the darkness, the blinding light in their eyes and a businesslike length of steel glinting in Ben's steady right hand was too much for the hold-ups. Taken completely by surprise, the one menacing us dropped his armament and fled with his pal into the night.

"Don't shoot, Ben!" I called out nervously, as the heroic Jerry and Pete began hurling tools after the fleeing robbers. "Let 'em go and let's get away from here!"

Without answering, Ben stooped down and picked up the discarded weapon of the highwaymen.

He immediately burst into wild laughter, sitting down on the running-board and wiping his eyes, while his sides shook.

"Oh, for gossakes' lay off!" snaps Hazel, beginning to be herself again. "I don't see any giggles in being held up at night on a lonely road!"

"No? Well, different here!" cackles Ben. "Those fellows faked it. They stuck you up with a monkey-wrench—and here's what I rescued you with!"

With that he holds up the "gun" he'd pointed at the robbers, and really, even Hazel joined in the ensuing howl. *It was another monkey-wrench!*

A wow, what? At San Diego the next morning, Snapper Hood joined the party bright and early—that is, the morning was bright and he was early. With a hired chauffeur at the wheel of Ben's car we witnessed the town, under the Snapper's guidance. The whole city buzzed with the names of the popular choices in the big Tia Juana handicap to be run the following day and racing was the sole topic of discussion everywhere we went. The overwhelming favorite was Petit Rouge—which Ben told me was French for "Little Red"—mostly because the horse was to be ridden by the famous Snapper Hood.

Our party split up in three units that night, by more or less mutual consent. Ben took me for a glorious moonlight drive to beautiful Coronado Beach, Jerry and Pete went seeking the elusive brew, and Hood won himself the exacting job of entertaining Hazel.

ABOUT three o'clock in the morning Hazel shook me out of a dream in which Ben Warren was riding Petit Rouge to victory on a race-track atop the Woolworth Building. They weren't real horses, though—just night mares. Anyway, when I got two-thirds conscious I saw Hazel sitting on my bed, fully dressed and fearfully excited about something.

"Where are you going at this hour of the morning?" I yawned.

"I just came in—wake up!" says Hazel, impatiently shaking me again. "I'm going to tell you something about Snapper Hood that will make you want to go out and kill him!"

That sat me straight up in bed. I looked at Hazel wide-eyed for an instant and then I smiled. Hazel's a good 130 pounds ready for

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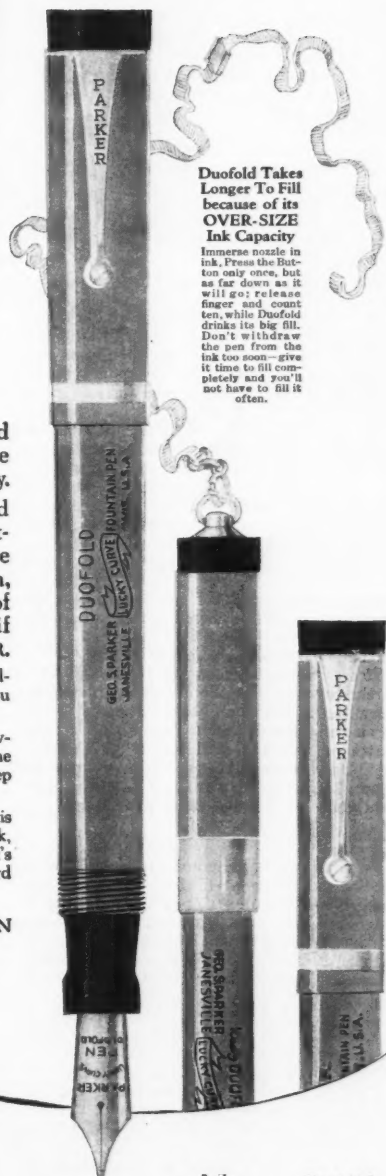
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her bath, while really this jockey wouldn't tip the beam at more than 100, soaking wet.

"What did he do to you?" I asked skeptically.

"Oh, he didn't do anything to me," answers Hazel, flinging her hat on the bureau. "If he'd even said anything out of order I'd have picked him up and broken him over my knee. It's what he's planning to do to everybody that's got me red-headed!"

"Well, it's a bit late for bedtime stories, but—" I began.

"You'll find this one tasty!" interrupts Hazel. "To begin with, Snapper Hood got very drunk tonight."

"And he's going to ride Petit Rouge tomorrow?" I gasped, my interest now thoroughly aroused.

"He's going to ride Petit Rouge about four this afternoon," corrects Hazel, showing me her wrist watch, "but he's not going to win with the horse! He told me that under the influence of the most potent hooch I've ever flipped at my tonsils. I quit after one swallow that loosened the fillings in my teeth—Snapper Hood would be bathing in it yet if I hadn't dragged him away. But before we parted, he confessed that he's going to pull the favorite so's a big betting hog-killing can go over in the East!"

Cold cat!

"He's giving you a run-around!" I says unbelievably. "That stuff only happens in the movies."

"Blaah!" snorts Hazel. "If you think this is a kid, bet on Petit Rouge and walk back to Broadway!" and she sleepily begins to undress.

Well, really, when I became convinced that Hood wasn't kidding her, I was furious at the jockey and horrified at what the results would be of the thing he planned to do. I thought of the hundreds who would lose thousands and might even be ruined by Snapper Hood's crookedness, since Petit Rouge was looked on as practically certain to win the big handicap if the race was run on the level. Why, I intended to bet plenty on the horse myself, so did Hazel, and I knew that Ben, Jerry and Pete were going to place about every nickel they had in the world on Petit Rouge's nose.

We talked it over till daybreak, at which point Hazel fell asleep, after yawning me a promise not to mention Snapper Hood's confession to anybody else. I made her do that because I had an idea I could outsmart Mr. Hood if I wasn't bothered by outside interference.

About ten o'clock the telephone rang.

It was Snapper Hood for Hazel. With a careful eye on her deep, regular breathing, I lowered my voice and told the jockey I was coming right over to see him on a personal matter, explaining that Hazel was still slumbering. Hood seemed mystified at my request for an audience, but far from displeased. Evidently all was fish that came into his net!

SO THAT was how, unknown to Hazel, I called on Snapper Hood at his hotel and told him point-blank I'd been tipped he was going to ride a crooked race. At first he laughed and tried to stall, but I finally cornered him. He wanted to know what got me so educated and then figured Hazel before I could open my mouth.

"No more of them big blond mamas in mine!" says the Snapper feelingly. "I didn't know 'at Jane was a broadcastin' station! Well, what are you goin' to do about it?"

"I'll go to the newspapers before the race and spill the beans!" I says firmly.

"You're just a baby, ain't you?" says Hood, throwing me a soulful glance and pulling his chair closer. "The papers would laugh at you. You got no proof but your talkative girl friend's word—and mine's just as good, or even more so. I'm known from Alaska to Tampa, whilst nobody ever heard of Hazel but her parents. I'd simply tell the reporters it was a case of jealousy on her part! And as far as

you're concerned, Beautiful—well, what are you doin' in my room?"

That last crack brought me thoughts of Ben Warren and between that and the business at hand, really, I was too excited to argue with this little hound further. Another thing, it suddenly struck me that if Hazel got mixed up in a newspaper scandal like this she'd lose her job in the movies. So I dropped my angry attitude and tried out a little high-class vamping on Snapper Hood. I kept ample distance between us, but began skilfully building Hood up, intimating that if he should win with Petit Rouge I mightn't find his company exactly nauseating. This got immediate results!

It required some careful maneuvering to keep Hood away after that, honestly. However, though some of his insinuations infuriated me and made me want to pick up this leering dwarf and drop him out the window, I managed to keep my temper. When I left him, Snapper Hood had sworn to ride Petit Rouge to win and I believed him for two reasons. One was that he wouldn't dare to pull the horse now, with me and Hazel to testify to his confession—the other reason was the ravenous look in his beady eyes when I agreed to a date with him that evening if Petit Rouge won the handicap. To me, masculine faces are open books, printed in large type.

I was further comforted by Hazel on the way to Tia Juana that afternoon with Ben, Jerry and Pete. She whispered to me that Hood had sent her a message saying he was joking the night before about pulling Petit Rouge. The jockey declared he'd ride the race of his life and that the horse could go to the post with but three legs, break one of them and still win by a cross-town block.

"I wonder what made him change his plans?" says Hazel. "I suppose he was afraid he'd lose me if he threw this race, huh?"

"I suppose so!" I smiled—and let it go at that!

I DON'T know if you've ever been to Tia Juana or not. If you have, a lengthy description of it will bore you and if you haven't it will also bore you, because I know you're dying to find out whether or not Petit Rouge won. So just take Mexicans, craps, faro, poker, roulette, chili, tamales, customs inspectors, book-makers, touts, Pari-Mutuel machines, saloons, dance halls and a race-track. Mix 'em all up, add a touch of bull-fighting, sprinkle with thousands of pop-eyed sightseers and a dash of *tequila*—a drink that tastes like a four-alarm fire—and the result will be Tia Juana.

The long and busy bars under the grand stand at the track got a great play from Jerry and Pete, who disappeared the moment we entered the gates and didn't show up again till right before the handicap. They negotiated the steps up to our box with great difficulty and just fell into their chairs, both lit up like cathedrals. Hazel glared and turned her back to them and I asked Jerry how he liked the races so far. Jeremiah presented me with a goofy grin.

"So they got racin' here too, hey?" he says; "at's nobby!" and immediately fell asleep.

Jerry, Pete and Hazel had bet till it hurt on Petit Rouge and as the bugle called the field to the post, I sent Ben down to the betting ring with a thousand dollars—my entire bank roll—to put on Snapper Hood's mount to win.

Nobody present sat down while the horses were prancing and capering about at the barrier. It was a big and unruly field, and really, the starter had his hands full lining 'em up, two false starts keeping the frenzied mob on its toes. Flecked with a foamy lather, Petit Rouge reared like a bucking broncho and horrified groans mingled with excited yells when this crazy horse suddenly dashed through the webbing, laid back its ears and ran away with Hood almost a half-mile before the Snapper could pull up.

As Hood cantered back to the post the crowd

milled about the lawn, grand stand and betting ring, surrounding the book-makers and frantically trying to hedge their bets on the favorite. Sick at heart, I kissed my thousand good-bye, after that runaway. Hazel was beginning to weep, when the swelling, booming roar from thousands of hysterical throats—the deep, short, thrillingly hoarse howl that has no equal as a pulse-quickener—thundered out on the air:

"They're off!"

FOR HALF a moment all I could make out was a blinding, swiftly moving mass of brilliant colors and flying legs in a cloud of dust. The wild bellows of those around me beat on my ears as one after another of the popular choices shoved their glistening necks in front for a brief instant and then fell back to be lost in the speeding jam behind 'em. "Come on with Petit Rouge, Snapper!" hundreds beseeched, while hundreds more shrieked triumphantly, "Hidden Gold walks home!" "It's all Haversack!" or "Royal Lady's towin' 'em in!" Excited? Honestly, I tore a six-dollar handkerchief to shreds!

At the head of the stretch Snapper Hood, in fourth position, made his bid. Then began a breath-taking duel between Hidden Gold, Lupo, Haversack and Petit Rouge. There was absolutely no question now but that Hood was doing his best to bring the favorite home a winner—his maniacal riding would have made Paul Revere take carbolec! A furlong from the finish, Hood saw an opening and went through to the rail, bumping Haversack and throwing Hidden Gold off its stride. A half-dozen lengths more and Petit Rouge and Lupo were running like a team in harness. Amid the wildest uproar I ever heard in my life, Hood went desperately to the whip and Petit Rouge flashed under the wire a winner by a neck! Hazel, Jerry and Pete go crazy, and really so did I. But Ben Warren, pale as skimmed milk, sat silently in the box looking positively stunned.

"There goes the numbers up—read 'em and weep!" yells Hazel happily. "We've won a fortune!"

Surprised at Ben's peculiar quiet and the fact that he didn't rush down to collect my winnings, I started to question him. Before I got anywhere, the horses had trotted back to the judges' stand. The first four jockeys, including Snapper Hood, were called up on the carpet. There followed a heated discussion, with much head-shaking and arm-waving. An ominous silence had fallen over the big crowd, but the silence changed to a roar of mingled fury and joy as Petit Rouge's number came down to be replaced by that of Lupo, the horse that finished second!

The favorite was disqualified for bumping Haversack and Hidden Gold in the stretch!

Stone-broke, the dumfounded Hazel, Jerry and Pete are ready to fall in a faint. I prepared to join 'em, but Ben jumps up in the box, skims his new hat out over the seething crowd and dances around like a lunatic.

"We beat the race, Gladys!" he pants. "We smacked the books for a trip!"

"How come?" I asks, faint and dizzy.

"I'll tell you how come!" says Ben joyously.

"When I went down to the betting ring with your money, Jimmy Clinch showed me a code wire from a gambler friend of his in New York. The telegram said Hood wasn't going to try with Petit Rouge. Well, dear, they were at the post and there was no time to run back to you and explain. So I bet your money and mine on Lupo, the horse that now stands winner of the race!"

"But why Lupo?" I asked, trying to adjust my muddled brain.

"Aha!" laughs Ben, pinching my arm. "I had an instant hunch when this array of names flashed across my mind—Hood, Petit Rouge, which is 'Little Red,' and Lupo. Lupo, Gladys, is Latin for wolf, and you know what the word did to Little Red Riding Hood!"

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Let X = Love (Continued from page 103)



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with oh, such a delicious fright! When she ran away like a fool, he promised to be good if she would only let him call again.

But she knew how much that meant. It was only a ruse to get within arm's length of her again. And even as she had panted with resentment and terror, she had consented to his return.

Then Jim Payson had to drag her out to luncheon and tell her all about his family and his dogs and his golf scores; while unbeknownst to her, Don Terriss the glorious buccaneer was sitting back of her. And when she passed him, how his gaze devoured her!

She had a gorgeous time, too, with her better self. She fought a duel with it and whipped it out. It wanted her to put on her least alluring dress and greet Mr. Terriss as if she were his offended grandmother.

Instead she dressed herself better than her best. She even did what she had seen the vampires do in the movies: she put a little perfume to her lips—not that she intended to let him kiss her there, but just in case he did. And she filled her head with thoughts, gay, springlike, Bacchantic mischiefs.

She was ready in costume and in spirit long before he was due—and he did not come! It was outrageous for him to be late. She was furious and yet a little anxious. She would go mad if he did not come at all.

AT LAST the door-bell rang. She coerced her features to indifference for the sake of Bridget when she brought up his name. She nodded coldly and the maid went. Then she made a hasty survey of herself, ducking and twisting before her glass as if she were a wood nymph primping above the mirror of a brook.

She went down the stairs and into the drawing-room with a Cleopatra sinuosity to meet her Anthony. Terriss stared at her in frank amazement. This was not at all the bleating fawn he had terrified an evening ago. This was a frank and audacious adventuress.

That fellow she lunched with was probably only one of a dozen she kept on a string.

Miss Garnet slanted herself ripplingly at one end of a divan with the air of draping a human scarf of silk across a velvet shoulder. It was a very learned and sophisticated improvement on just sitting down.

But it offended a sudden Puritanism in Terriss. He had never liked women to be too bold, too willing. He liked to furnish the boldness himself. When she motioned him to a place—not at the other end of the divan but close to her side—it was he that sat down as primly as she should have done. It was he, not she, that posed upright, clasped hands on locked knees. He tried to make up for his sternness by a smile of driven sweetness.

Being a woman and wise enough to trust her first intuitions of other people's real moods, Elitha read past the grimace into the precise thought Terriss was trying to conceal.

If he had slapped her across the eyes he could not have dazzled her with a more cruel rebuff. She was a-swoon with confusion. She had never before answered with such recklessness a man's call to an amour. To take the contagion from him and have him, of all people, rebuke her was the last word in degradation.

She felt helpless, duped, disgraced, stunned. She reminded herself of her own Bridget, who had recently fallen off a step-ladder and brought with her a family portrait. Bridget had sat down hard enough to be painfully yet ridiculously hurt; and she looked so silly with her own pop-eyed face thrust through the canvas in place of Aunt Susan's frozen stare, that Elitha had laughed in spite of disaster.

Bridget had laughed and wept and kicked the step-ladder for "playin' a dirty trick on her." That was just what Terriss had done to Elitha. She despised herself but hated the world.

Terriss saw her whiten to the brink of her

painted lips. A look of pitiful dismay filled her eyes with a child's tears for a moment. Then she laughed, harshly, and her features set in the waxen mold of a bored hostess whose fatigued smile says almost audibly, "For the Lord's sake, go home!"

This threw Terriss into disarray and he could not imagine what to say, do, think or feel. While his faculties swirled, Elitha steadied herself and said with mock humility:

"I'm sure you'll never speak to me again, but I forgot all about an invitation for tonight that I had accepted weeks ago. I just couldn't tell you over the telephone at the last moment. I wanted to make my apologies in person. I'm ever so sorry. The brutes are coming for me any minute now. Will you ever forgive me?"

Since he had been a boy rushed from a schoolroom by a hot-tempered teacher, Terriss had never found himself so ignominiously or so surprisingly on the sidewalk. All he could say was "Whew!"

After a time he said "Well!" He repeated it, doubled it, and added to it a prophecy that he would be damned.

As for Elitha, she ran to her room, cried a while, then telephoned Jim Payson to come and take her out somewhere. He assented with joy and came and took her out.

If he had failed her she would have hated Terriss the rest of her life. But it was Payson's fate to atone for Terriss's sins and to beautify him by contrast. Payson was stodgy, stupid, indigestible. Terriss was a wrong one, insulting, poisonous. But never dull.

Terriss had his evening free now as he had wanted it. And didn't want it. He sat staring at blue-prints and seeing only Elitha Garnet as an amazing siren, a terrified girl in a stagy make-up, and a curious inscrutable mystery. So he could not rest till he had made another engagement with her.

He telephoned to her and Bridget answered—an echo of Killarney in her throat: "I'll see she in. Who is it it is?"

"Mr. Terriss."

A pause; then Bridget again, speaking with evident strain: "It's wrong I was. She's out."

"When will she be back?"

A silence of manifest embarrassment, then a quick, "I'll ask her." Another wait and again that Gaelic voice, "There's no tellin' whin."

Terriss blushed and winced as he heard the other telephone hung up. He was not quite sure what he had done to offend Miss Garnet, but he was sure that she had cut him dead.

He would not try to pass the barrier she had set up, but he could not forget her. She haunted him now because she was inaccessible.

ONE night he went to a dinner dance and found her there. He pleaded with her to explain the puzzle of his offense; but she could not tell him that she was angry with him because he had insulted her by not insulting her.

Therefore, since she could not explain it, she denied it. He disbelieved her denial but accepted it. The friendship was renewed and they danced together.

She had never been a good dancer because she had been afraid to abandon her dignity to the impetuous whims of rhythm. She had been too prim and stiff to surrender her own body and her members to the full control of their own raptures—much less to surrender them to the control of her partner's impulses.

Terriss, however, was a dancer by nature and the new music had encouraged him to a lyrical improvisatory skill that was wild without being conspicuous. Subtly lawless and circumspically hilarious, he managed to turn a ballroom into an Arcadian glen and to play satyr to any nymph who would accept his dictation—and all without attracting attention or violating the proprieties.

When Elitha poised herself as remotely and rigidly as possible in his arms and began to

hop about with the flexibility of a grasshopper, his heart sank. But he made so bold as to draw her close and compel her to relax and glide at his behest. After barking her knees once or twice on his and inserting her toes under his with disastrous results, she remembered to forget her inhibitions and to cling to him with self-effacing meekness.

She was learning for the first time what it is to dance. Terriss murmured into her ear: "Now we've got it!" and clenched her a little tighter.

Determined not to be an old maid any longer, she merely thought romance and was strangely melted, strangely set to music and imbued with fire. She amazed herself and Terriss by her unsuspected gifts of ecstasy.

Her head and her heart were swimming when the music stopped short and she could hardly endure the first intermission. At each reprise she grew more blissful and at the final finish she was ready to go at once to a minister and be married.

Terriss was equally intoxicated with her and ready to take the mad plunge into matrimony. But she had come to the dinner with Jim Payson and Terriss had brought a Miss Yates who would have been an ideal wife from every sane point of view and was therefore thoroughly detestable.

He could not dance again with Elitha, but his heart was full of her; his eyes like carrier pigeons flew always back to her, and when at last he was alone again in his bed, it was his chief consolation that he had made her promise to give him the next evening.

He was so madly in love with her that he was almost willing to marry her and her whole family. His fitful slumbers were filled with nightmares of interrupted wedding ceremonies, accidents, burning trains, shipwrecks and atrocities in which he lost his Elitha.

The morning found him a wreck. His office work was a devastating struggle to keep awake through monotonous details. He hurried home to dress himself like a bridegroom, and was so tired that he fell asleep in a hot tub.

Fatigue was a leaden crown on his brow and a knapsack of lead on his shoulders. Try as he would he could not regain his enthusiasm for Elitha.

ELITHA herself was unstrung because the nicest and most prudish of women have stomachs as well as hearts, alimentary canals as well as affections. At the dinner the night before she had daintily nibbled a bit of shrimp salad whose delicious *sauce suprême* had disguised the fact that several of the curly crustaceans had not been in the pink of condition when they passed away. It seems to be a cruel rule of health that edible animals must be murdered: if they die of their own distresses they find uneasy graves in the human tomb.

Elitha's shrimps had not been happy in their last hours and they came near to destroying her. She had slept no better than Terriss and had been even more restless. But it was not love that tormented her. It was a ptomaine carnival.

Doctors, emetics and purgatives had saved her life, but had left little of her except fatigue. Yet she was too fond of the new-found Terriss to lose another evening and in spite of Bridget's loud protests she dragged herself out of bed, pushed herself into her second best gown and went down the stairs to meet her lover.

He was so drowsy and she was so sickly that the evening was grotesque. She looked like spotted wax and had the pallor of a convict. He was scarlet with the hot head of a man who is dying for sleep.

Another noble communion was a complete failure. In a frantic hope of getting back to the plane of the dance, Terriss stayed on and on dying with stupors, while Elitha held herself up in an oscillating room, conquering her nausea with sheer grit. He went home just before she made her choice between sending him away and running away again.

The next day Terriss overslept and Elitha



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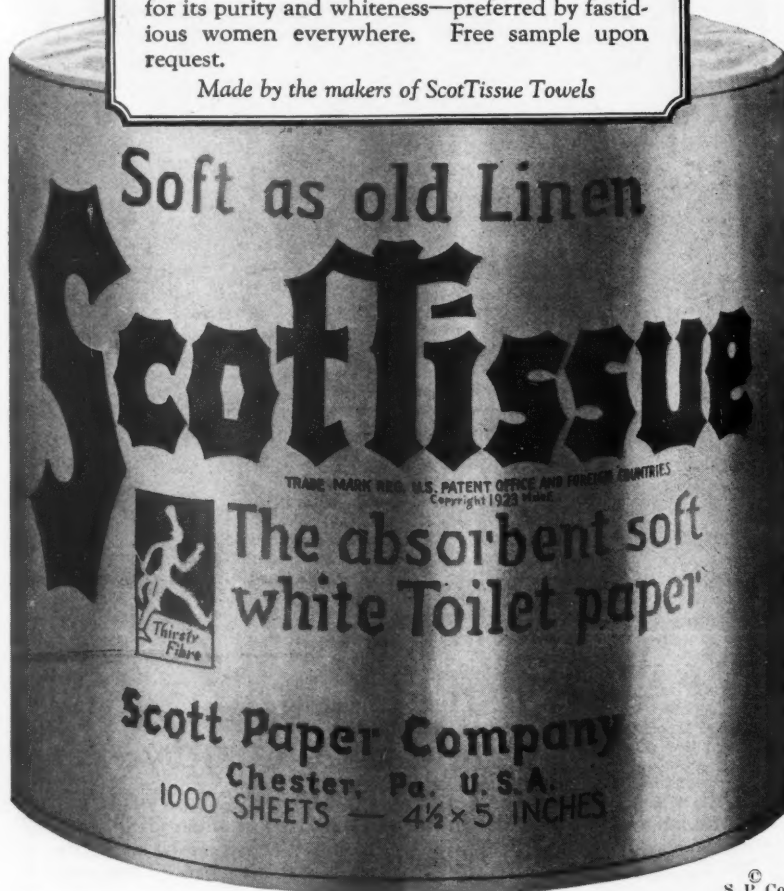
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had a relapse. When he telephoned to her, not even knowing that she had been ill, and Bridget honestly answered: "She's that sick she could never come to the foam," Terriss supposed that he was being snubbed again. He made no further effort to see her.

Elitha, on a rack of suffering, waited in an invalid's impatience for another message or a sheaf of roses or a call of sympathy, and not hearing from him at all, crossed him off her list again. She decided that all men are brutes and triflers and he decided that there is no understanding woman.

WHEN, after many days, they met again at another dinner, both felt the constraint of a divorced couple happening to collide in public. He did not even ask for a dance until he and she were left alone at their long table and it seemed better to lose themselves in the crowd.

He was the prude now and the prim one. She was thrilled with a sudden longing for another revel like the last one, but of course she could not invite him or compel him. Even in these days of equality we have not attained the heights where women will make advances frankly. The dance was such a lamentable fiasco that they sat down before it was finished.

Jim Payson trundled Elitha through the following number but she watched Terriss. She could see that he was languorously amorous with Miss Yates, who made no secret of her infatuation.

But Terriss was merely showing off for Elitha's benefit, and as he watched her being dragged about the floor in Jim Payson's arms he felt a resurgence of his former longing.

He asked her for the next dance and his heart yearned over her as he drew her into his arms. But she quite grimly drew herself out again and held him at a distance with a force that he accounted viciously spiteful, though in her soul it meant only hurt regret. They did not say good night to each other when the dance was over.

The following week there was a theater party and Terriss's seat was next to Elitha's. Her elbow seemed remarkably hard and sharp when he encountered it on the arm-rest they shared. She drew it away at once. But as the play unfolded its romance of passionate love that feared nothing, her elbow met his again and did not retreat. It seemed to be dimpled and warm. The lines the lovers on the stage exchanged served as a vicarious dialog for Terriss and Elitha. The male star wooed for him and the leading lady responded for her.

After the play was over Terriss held Elitha's cloak for her and, squeezing her shoulders, whispered: "Let me take you home."

She threw him an overshooulder glance like a kiss in the eyes, and moaned with a childish pout: "I'd love to, but I—I dassen't."

Then she turned her innocent gaze to Jim Payson, who was waiting to hold her cloak and resented Terriss's invasion of his prerogative.

And thus without a single declaration on either side, a stealthy, almost unconscious courtship went on, always thwarted by the fact that they never met in the same spirit except when there was something impossible in the situation. When the opportunity was perfect, their moods were incommensurate.

They played at love as if it were a game of tag. He made a lunge at her; she dodged; he pursued; she ran till she was out of breath and overtaken: the moment she tagged him, she turned and ran. How long could this alternation of fugitive and follower continue?

Every time he pursued her she grew a little dearer, she ran a little less fast away, a little faster after. Every time he caught up with her he lingered a little longer, turned from her a little less eagerly and let her overtake him a little quicker.

There was no villain to part them or conspire against them except the mockery of their moods. Terriss was ready to end the game,

The Glory That Was Greece

and the grandeur that was Rome, the Venice of the medieval Doges, the Hellespont Leander swam, the domed and minaretted City of the Turk, the Holy Land, with its thronging, absorbingly interesting Biblical associations, mysterious Egypt and the monuments of Pharaohs who lived and ruled before authentic history even began—nothing so brings home the legends and facts of history and gives to book lore the breath of life, as to visit and see personally the stage on which the early dramas of mankind were played.

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but he was still resolved that he would not marry her. He would not give up his freedom. The thought that he would not ask her to give up her freedom made it a good enough bargain in his eyes. He would not offer her his name; but then he would not ask her to surrender hers. What could be fairer?

Yet he dared not bluntly propose to so conventional a woman so gross a breach of the conventions. And there came no chance to win her over without words.

One forenoon as he sat at his desk in a tangle of mathematical computations, he took out his slide-rule as a short-cut. This graceful invention of the French lieutenant Mannheim saved a vast amount of figuring and gave prompt answers to complex riddles.

By moving the index of the sliding scale to a certain figure on another fixed scale alongside it, and by looking under another number, he could save himself laborious computation and find the answer waiting for him.

His immediate task was to find the width of a river at a given point. He knew the length of a line along the shore and the size of an angle one end of it made with an imaginary line thrown across the stream to a landmark opposite the other end.

He set his tangent scale against its number and read on the opposite side over another number the solution of his problem. The work had been done for him by the slide-rule.

TERRISS fell to musing on the mathematical laws that underlie the universe like a skeleton beneath the flesh, like a nervous system that pulls a certain distant lever the moment a certain spot is touched. He wondered if there were not laws of equal rigidity and accuracy holding the emotions of mankind together by similar articulation and controlling them with similar certainty.

If on the slide-rule you placed B-2 against A-3 the whole face of the world was changed. If you moved it farther along results followed in definite train.

Then if the variable hearts of a man and a woman were set alongside, would not their values control the outcome? At different times in different moods the hearts beat faster or slower, were more responsive or more hostile.

In his first visit to Elitha his heart had been as fierce as hers was cold. And the result was a nullity. When they met again he was cautious and she was reckless. Again zero. It was the algebraic multiplication of plus and minus.

At the dance under the spell of the music they had slipped into the same mood of love, each multiplying the other to a higher power. Nothing had prevented their union but the restraints of time and place, opposing witnesses and obligations.

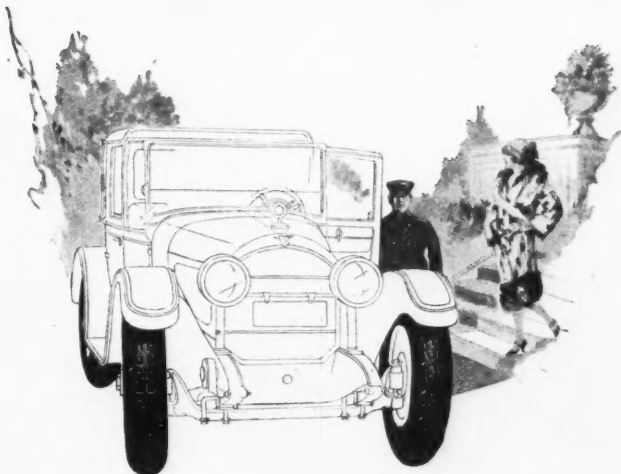
Again they met and he was at his lowest value from fatigue and she at hers from illness. The result was many times less than nothing. Never they seemed to find themselves in the same potencies at the favorable opportunity. If ever they did, there would be such a multiplication of themselves as in the world of love means conflagration.

Terriss wondered if human history were not altogether the total of just such values as only a divine slide-rule could figure out. The amorous tragedies that shocked the world might be nothing more nor less than spiritual trigonometry. The domestic "triangle" was perhaps a better figure than people understood. The importance of the three lines and the angles at which they met determined the result.

When a man was angry or ill or tired or frustrated he was himself at different grades of power. A woman must rate the same. Therefore when they met, their moods at the moment were their destinies. People called themselves righteous, then, because they had escaped encounters with other people at their height.

Subtraction, addition, multiplication of one soul from or to or by another or by many others—that was all there was to history.

It depended on who was multiplicand and



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who the multiplier, whether the meeting of A and B ended in something mediocre or something magnificently good or bad.

Daphnis and Chloe, Antony and Cleopatra, Romeo and Juliet, Abélard and Héloïse, Paolo and Francesca, Armand and Camille, Chopin and Sand, De Musset and Sand, Betty Jewel and Aaron Burr, Hester Prynne and the Reverend Mr. Dimmesdale—these were all, then, mere examples of the world's arithmetic.

Terriss wondered if he had not stumbled on something as mighty as the thought that came to Newton when he saw the apple fall. Well, he would put it aside and wait for time to work it out as Newton had done.

In the meantime there were bridges to be built. An engineer came in by appointment, and a clerk brought in a bundle of blue-prints and his great theory of the laws of love was driven from his mind by far less important matters. He talked of the tension and torsion tests of steel, and forgot that his own spirit was also undergoing demonstrations of its breaking strain.

He was called away to the site of his bridge, and lived roughly in mud and sleet and rain and toil. He ate bad food and slept in a tent and his hands were calloused with rough usage. He saw no women and Elitha was only a dream.

HE CAME back at last to the city, tanned and toughened and fed up on virile things. He was the sailor ashore, the soldier back from the wars, the hunter home from the hills.

He did not know how thoroughly finished he was for delicate things and luxurious people, for womanhood and tenderness. It was an unimagined delight to soak himself in hot water in a porcelain tub and to clothe himself in finery. He went to Elitha as Samson hurried to Delilah.

And she was in a Delilan mood. She had missed him so bitterly that she could not endure loneliness. There had been a tribute of loyalty that he would hardly have appreciated in the recklessness with which she flung herself into the company of other men.

It would have been impossible to explain to Terriss that she flirted with other men because she was perishing with longing for him; that she cultivated Payson and half a dozen others because their contrast with Terriss embellished Terriss in her lonely heart.

When she heard the voice of Terriss over the telephone it made a bell of her whole being and her body pealed with chimes of delight. When he asked if he might see her that evening her answer rang with festival. She broke another engagement with Jim Payson, and told the necessary lies about a sudden illness.

She dressed herself like a bride and when Bridget came up with Terriss's name she made no delay but ran down the stairs to meet him in such haste that she tripped and went head-long out into the air.

Having no better wings than her joy to sustain her she would have been broken in her fall if he had not been waiting for her at the foot of the stairs, and been strong enough from his life in the wild to sustain the shock.

He laughed and clenched her and swept her from the floor and carried her into the drawing-room with primal joy. When he seated himself on the divan he simply carried her with him on his lap. He forgot how strong he was and how frail she, until she whimpered from the pain and the danger of his embrace. Then he was smitten to such remorseful tenderness that she must reassure him by her own astounding fervor.

They kindled and rekindled one another's fires and multiplied themselves by themselves in every mood of love till they reached incredible, almost intolerable heights and neither had any remembrance of duty or any scruple or any mercy on the other or on the world. They were all but fused in their own flames when the door-bell rang.

Bridget's heavy feet were heard on the stairs. Jim Payson's dullard voice was heard in the hall.

There was just time for Terriss to hasten to a chair and straighten his tie and smooth his disordered locks, and for Elitha to slip into another chair, tuck in an escaped curl and rearrange a frill, when Payson lumbered into the room. He had taken seriously Elitha's lie about her sudden illness and had brought her flowers with a most unwelcome thoughtfulness. She had been enraged at Terriss once for neglecting her in her illness, but she was furious at Payson for his chivalry.

Even he, the untimely idiot, could see how unwelcome he was, but he did not know how to retire, and so he sat down on the divan and waited for Elitha and Terriss to say something.

They did not realize that the blunderer had unwittingly saved them from a spiritual disaster by his abominated entry at just the right wrong moment.

They could think of nothing to say aloud, though their hearts were crying out abuse against him for walking in upon their frenzy.

When the silence had grown exasperating to a madness, Jim Payson said: "I guess I'll be moving along now, seeing that you are engaged for the evening. But how about tomorrow night? I could get tickets for the opera."

Elitha was incapable of answering, but Terriss spoke up. "Miss Garnet is going to the opera with me tomorrow night."

"Oh!" said Payson. "Well, how about Wednesday night? There's a—"

"Miss Garnet has an engagement with me on Wednesday night," said Terriss coldly.

"Oh!" said Payson. "Then I guess I'll have to wait till Thursday. You promised you'd go to the theater with me Thursday, you know, Elitha. I got good seats, too."

Elitha was dismayed until she heard Terriss's voice booming again: "Miss Garnet forgot that she has made a previous engagement with me for that evening."

Payson turned scarlet and truculent as he growled: "Oh, no, you don't! I got the tickets."

Like the immemorial doe who watches two stags locking horns in battle for her, Elitha waited. Then Terriss ended the war abruptly: "Miss Garnet is engaged to me for life—or at least until our marriage. And that won't be long now."

Jim Payson collapsed before this shock. He had only strength enough to mumble: "Is that so, Elitha?"

"Yes, Jim."

"Oh!" Then he left the field.

Elitha and Terriss had a good laugh over his retreat and fell into each other's arms again. But now the sanctity of their approaching state and the solemnity of their pledge before the world gave their rapture a new spirit, and when Bridget, wondering at their long silence, peeked in through a gap in the curtain, she saw them sitting calmly, silently, holding hands and staring into the future.

IT WAS a happy future and does not belong to public chronicle, beyond the significant fact that Terriss forgot that he had ever abhorred, dreaded and feared Elitha and that he and Elitha had ever been in any danger from each other. Worse, he forgot forever his tremendous theory of spiritual mathematics, which might have made him the Einstein of human relativity.

Mr. and Mrs. Terriss did not reward their rescuer Jim Payson with so much as an invitation to the wedding, to say nothing of a sentiment of eternal gratitude or a realization that accident and stupidity are often apparently more helpful than prayer.

They settled down to the stodgy bliss of other lovers, and when they heard or read of a scandalous amour or a disastrous entanglement they did not sigh:

"There, but for the grace of luck, went we."

They scorned the unlucky victims of too much multiplication as loftily as the sailor comfortably ashore mocks at the bad seamanship of the poor mariners who chance to be too near the rocks when the gale is at its height.



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It's Great To Be Sober Again

(Continued from page 105)

may seem to us. If we think we can do it by getting on the water-wagon, no mere physical craving for booze is going to keep us off. And if a ride on the wagon doesn't answer that urge, no advantage that it offers is going to keep us on.

Getting drunk, some one may remind me, is not creative. I am aware of that. But when you are looking for something very urgently, and you don't find it where you are looking—on the water-wagon, for instance—it is the most natural thing in the world to look somewhere else. And I never met a booze-fighter yet who wasn't looking for something very hard. He cannot know what it is until he finds it, for he is looking for himself. His creative self. His good, sensible, civilized and moral self may long for the water-wagon, but what is he to do when the creative part of him has got away?

If he has sufficient character, I am told, he will stay on the wagon regardless. But I never had sufficient character to stick to anything unless I was there to do the sticking. I never fell off the wagon. I got off deliberately. It is my notion that most booze-fighters do. I was never at all confident, understand, that I could drink with safety. In all probability, I reasoned, I would lose my way, and life would again become a dull round of good intentions and rotten execution.

We are told, to be sure, that such a course is cowardly. The folks on the water-wagon tell us. We don't say a word. We can't explain—to them.

But we who are about to drink salute each other knowingly. We are all charged with that divine unrest. We are all looking for something. We are not exactly clear, perhaps, as to how we shall attain it, but here's looking at you and here's how.

WINE is a mocker; any booze-fighter can tell you that. The difference between what it promises and what it performs is thoroughly understood by all. It isn't practical. It never has worked. It has never done anything much except promise. But that's the lure of it. One can at least get away, and getting away is imperative for creators. They must get away from the beaten track. They must get away from the rules and the habits and the prejudices which seem to shackle them. They must get away from that inventoried list of things which practical people call the "realities," in the attempt to realize what lies beyond.

What they actually get away to does not contradict these statements. They generally land, to be sure, in a very real ditch. They get smashed up. As the Good Book says, they achieve woe, sorrow, babblings, contentions, wounds without cause and redness of the eyes. But all pioneers are subject to such penalties. Jungle explorers go crazy with the heat. Polar explorers sit through the night and curse each other with curses six weeks long. But try to tie these folks to civilization, try to educate them in the grand old principle of Safety First, and see where you get off. These men don't obey civilizations; they make them. They don't follow the rules; they go ahead of them. The water-wagon itself wasn't invented by teetotalers. It was invented by booze-fighters.

So long as I tried to be good, I kept going to the bad. As I look back on it, I'm glad I did, for I would rather know what I know now than be the best citizen of civilization. If a person fits into a civilization perfectly, he will never lift his hand to change it. If he doesn't fit into it at all, he may become worse than useless; but on the other hand, there is a bare possibility of his getting somewhere. The perfectly contented person has no such chance.

I tried being good; and as long as I had any

enthusiasm for it, its difficulties didn't bother me. But as soon as I lost my enthusiasm, the water-wagon, which had now become easy, became unbearable. If I had only tried being bad—I mean as bad as I wanted to be—twenty years before I did, I should probably have got through with booze just that much sooner. But I had a conscience, as most booze-fighters have. I thought I ought to be more obedient. I thought there was a conflict somehow between love and duty, and I couldn't reason this conflict out of my mind.

I got it out easily enough, but not through reason. I got it out by getting drunk. At such times I bubbled with good-will and it was revealed to me that my conscience had erred and that the courses of love and duty were identical. This revelation was never quite obscured thereafter, but it was often slightly clouded by the process of sobering up. What clouded it, generally, was the realization that I was awfully short of change.

There was another drawback to drinking which tended to revive my conscience during my periods of sobriety. It was the awkward disparity between good intentions and performance. I had the right idea generally but seldom did much toward carrying it out. By the time I was emotionally ready to save the world, I couldn't keep my mind on it; and the job was never quite completed.

Everything considered, there were very few if any rounds in my fight with booze that didn't belong to booze. This being licked in every round tends to confuse the fighter. It confused me and tended to revive the theory that the paths of love and duty were separate. Until the last year or two of the contest, I never could quite get rid of my conscience. When I did get rid of it, I decided that I would drink all that I wanted to, if I could get the price. I discovered that I wasn't weak but merely vicious, and the appropriate thing for a vicious person to do, it seemed, was to wallow in iniquity.

It was a simple solution. It brought the paths of love and duty together again; and from that time it was little more trouble for me to pursue vice than it is for the temperamentally moral person to stick to his morality. It didn't help me any financially; but my finances began now to look like finances, instead of stalking like the Seven Deadly Sins. I became a realist. The function of a creator, I observed, is to create, not to wrestle with his conscience all the time. I wasn't creating much, to be sure; but no inherited fears, I perceived, would keep me hereafter from following the call of my own being. I would now get drunk, I said, and get drunk without a struggle.

And getting drunk, it turned out, wasn't what my being was hankering for after all. I might have discovered this years before I did if I had answered the call directly instead of fussing so much with my conscience and my sense of neglected duty. Getting drunk served a purpose. It never really liberated me, but it helped me forget a lot of things that weren't so, along with a lot of others that were. It made me tolerant. It enabled me to understand ever so many human beings to whom, if we had been on the water-wagon, I should never have been introduced.

So-called bad people especially. Had I never been drunk, I never could have known what a fine lot they are. Getting drunk, in fact, helped me to see that life is so infinitely complex that everybody goes silly in one way or another. It made me do so many things that I couldn't possibly justify that I ceased to be offended when others made themselves ridiculous. It made me laugh at the world. It helped me eventually to laugh at myself—even at the way I, a booze-fighter, was now rationalizing about drink and trying, almost, to make a virtue of it.

That was such an interesting slant on things that I decided to make an experiment. I decided to quit drinking for good—just to show that I could do anything I wanted to do; and

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that, whether I was drunk or sober, the world would continue to be a funny place. I didn't want to be good this time and I knew it. I honestly believed that a drinking life was better than a sober one. But my conscience had ceased to haunt me and there was nothing to compel me to take the better course. I had a right to experiment, I said, and I climbed on the water-wagon, with no other motive than curiosity, intending to remain there the rest of my life.

It is true that my wife wanted me to do it but I didn't do it to please her. I had no idea, in fact, that she would be pleased when she was actually confronted with the results. And she wasn't pleased quite as much as she thought she would be, for I was on the wagon for six months and it greatly hampered my work.

I had suddenly become good but with no reverence whatever for goodness. I was good for no other reason than that I found the experiment most amusing. But I wasn't good for much. Either that or the editors all went silly at the time, for none of them could read what I wrote. They said it was dull, and I didn't argue the point.

I had a great time, however, and lots of fun; although the only joke I ever laughed at during that period was the one about the life prisoner who was asked how long he was in for. You've probably heard it. He answered: "From now on." I kept it up about four months before I changed my mind. Then I didn't jump off the wagon. I simply decided that I couldn't afford to stay on.

I got off two months later. I felt better immediately. If there was one round out of the empty-hundred we fought which might be said to belong to me, it was that. What queered me was that I rang the bell a week or so too late. But that spree was worth while. My ride on the water-wagon had not been dull. It had been a tough ride, the toughest I had ever taken, but it had been vastly different

from any other. I was really eager this time for more of it, so I kissed booze an affectionate farewell and got on again.

This time I had a really joyous ride. It was as hard as ever and as inconvenient, but I was following a trail that I had become definitely interested in, and one who has had the fighting experience that I have had cannot be turned aside by inconveniences. I felt that I was perfectly free to drink if I wanted to. But I didn't want to. The chase didn't look promising any longer in that direction.

THERE was only one fear that haunted me. Was I, I wondered, liberated from booze, or was I simply rationalizing again? I decided upon one more experiment. I got drunk again, after about four months this time of really enjoyable sobriety; but I had a rotten time. For the first time in my experience, I found drunkenness dull. My heart wasn't in it. It seems I didn't have a darn thing to run away from.

Only in one sense of the word am I on the water-wagon today. I am quite sure I am through with booze, but not in the same sense that my fellow-passengers are. Most of them seem to be riding either because they think they ought to or because they have no sympathy whatever with drink. My fellowship is rather with the booze-fighters, with the discontented, with those who cannot endure the imposed restraints—the "Thus-far-and-no-further shall thy soul go." With those who feel, whether they understand it or not, that life is greater than any formula and that they haven't got the answer yet. I am quite sure, of course, that they won't find it in booze; but the search should be worth all it cost if they ever reach the unexplored heights just beyond. I can't say, of course, that I have reached anything to be proud of yet. But I'm on the way and I'm traveling light. It's great to be living and to be sober too.

Your Voice (Continued from page 99)

A moment's reflection on the mechanics of speech will make this clear. The human voice is produced by the larynx, a cartilaginous chamber at the top of the wind-pipe. Across this come the vocal cords, and these, when made to vibrate by a current of air, make sound. Normally, this current of air is driven by the diaphragm, a muscular partition between the abdomen and the thorax.

Ninety-nine American women in a hundred start their voice troubles by wrong breathing. They breathe chiefly in the upper part of the lungs and never give the diaphragm a chance to be normal. They should breathe with the whole of the lungs and use the diaphragm to its natural capacity and in its natural way.

One important fact about this in its relation to speaking-voice quality is that the exclusive use of the upper part of the lungs seems to shorten the vocal cords or brings about the sole use of short cords and thus raises the pitch of the voice. Also, when the diaphragm is not used to its normal extent there is no full volume of air produced and the resonating chamber, adjacent to the larynx, being scantily supplied, fails to do its proper work in adding resonance to the sounds made by the vocal cords. Hence the voice becomes fixed at a high register.

ALL this can be overcome by any woman resolved to overcome it, and here are some sample exercises she will find adequate to correct most of her voice evils:

1. Learn to breathe properly by standing erect, heels together, head up, chin in; thumbs, first and second fingers spread upon the waistline, to notice the action of the diaphragm. Drop that o'ermastering jaw, relax the muscles of your mouth. Now inflate the lungs until you fill as much of them as you can without inconvenience. Then with a sufficient action

of the diaphragm, breathe out slowly, sounding "Ah!"

2. Standing as before, lock together your two middle fingers at the level of your eyes and pull them stoutly in opposite directions. Then while you breathe as in exercise 1, sound gently first "Ah!" then "O!" then "Oo!" Do the same thing the next week with the arms above the head, still pulling at the middle fingers. Only a few minutes of this.

3. Ascertain on a piano keyboard the ordinary key of your voice. That is, utter two or three words of common speech as you would say them ordinarily, and strike on the piano the key in which you say them. Then take the same key an octave lower and practise there until you have brought your voice down to the lower notes.

4. Practise scales an octave lower than you would naturally run them.

5. With the piano try this:



Keep at it until you can leave off the top bar and add one at the bottom. You will find that at first the shifting from "O" to "Ah" will tire the lips. Ease the strain at once by sounding "O" throughout one line and "Ah" throughout the next. The shifting from "O" to "Ah" should be resumed as soon as possible, for it

helps to improve your enunciation. After a time try humming "Mm" and "Nn" instead of "O" and "Ah."

When you have made a good start on these, see how long you can, without fatigue, sustain the "O" and "Ah" sounds and try to sustain them each day in a lower key. Then substitute "Oo" alternating with the others. The high vowels may be taken up later, but until you get your voice off its tendency to squeal, the lower vowels are your best friends.

With these exercises I have in four weeks lowered a shrieking voice by a whole octave and so improved its tonality that the least observant of the young lady's friends noticed the change.

You would not neglect teeth, hands, hair, complexion, the correct fashion of your gown, the right architecture of your hat. Yet the voice is in a way as important as most of these. It is indeed a more potent charm; many a woman without a trace of beauty has made a brilliant career on the witchery of her voice. Moreover, you might think a little of another indubitable fact. Complexions fade, hair turns gray, faces wrinkle, but the voice goes on to the end. It can be to those that hear it the source of infinite pleasure, or of inexpressible torment.

Rich Men

(Continued from page 41)

me. From then on I paid more attention to picking the right kind of men to do the work than to doing the actual work myself. If my health hadn't given way, probably I never would have been able to run more than a dozen stores, whereas I now have a thousand and we mean to have five thousand by and by."

One difference between our biggest men and our not-so-big men is that the latter try to do a lot of work themselves, but the former spend much of their time finding the best men to do the work for them.

WHY was Andrew Carnegie able to live to eighty-four? Why is John D. Rockefeller still staking after a golf-ball at eighty-five? Why is the most powerful of all living American bankers, George Baker of New York, still spry at eighty-four? Why is Judge Gary still fit to pilot the two-billion-dollar Steel Corporation although past midway between seventy and eighty?

Because they learned the wisdom of adopting that best of all maxims for business leaders:

Organize, deputize, supervise.

When Frank A. Vanderlip was presiding over the largest financial institution America has ever known, the National City Bank of New York, he said to me:

"In picking a man for a highly responsible executive position, I always take into account both his physical condition and his physique. Unless he has built up a strong, healthy body I don't want him, because during the terrible stress and strain of a great crisis, when you need his services most, he is likely to cave in."

Any morning during the greater part of the year New Yorkers can see a broad-shouldered, straight-backed, tan-faced, athletic-looking man walking briskly from up-town all the way down to Wall Street. This man is the present president of America's largest bank. His mental and physical qualities appealed to Mr. Vanderlip years ago; he was brought into the organization and later became Mr. Vanderlip's successor. He is Charles E. Mitchell.

"I agree with Herbert Spencer," Mr. Mitchell once said to me, "that 'to be a good animal is the first requisite of success in life.' I let nothing interfere with my rule to walk from five to ten miles every day and to take a proper amount of other physical exercise. I make every day a strenuous day. The head of a large organization must keep pumping, pumping, pumping enthusiasm into his people."



Irresistible! That delicious whole wheat flavor!

Watch the youngsters "take to" Wheatena! And how grown-ups do enjoy this natural whole wheat food—with a nut-like flavor that's wholly different!

Its perfect nourishment goes to every muscle, bone and tissue, helping Nature to build strong, healthy bodies and add golden years to lives.

Wheatena is so nourishing and so easy to digest that mothers start their babies on it for the first solid food, as early as the eighth month.

Wheatena is energy food, for even the *sweet golden heart* of choicest winter wheat, so full of flavor and energy, is retained by the exclusive Wheatena method of roasting. So are the healthful vitamins; the tissue-building proteins; bone-making mineral salts; and bran—the natural regulator.

Help all the family to add golden years with this natural, whole wheat food that has such a delicious flavor!

The Wheatena Company, Wheatenville, Rahway, N. J.



Your grocer has Wheatena, or will get it for you. Get the yellow-and-blue package today—for a delicious whole wheat breakfast tomorrow.

Free Sample Package
and book of recipes showing many dainty and economical ways in which Wheatena may be served. Write today!

Wheatena

Add golden years! Begin whole wheat today!

To infuse enthusiasm into others, you must be full of enthusiasm yourself. Unless you keep in the pink of condition, how can you radiate enthusiasm, or how can you do your best work?"

My observation and investigation compel the conclusion that the majority of Americans who have attained nation-wide reputations in business or finance do not, until rather late in life, devote much time to systematic exercises or physical recreation. Taking care of their health is secondary to taking care of their business.

SOME of our veteran Napoleons of business do scrupulously safeguard their strength. Cyrus H. K. Curtis, for example, never uses the subway during his frequent visits to New York, but thinks nothing of walking from uptown all the way down to the tip of Manhattan. Although he is well past seventy he has oftener than once walked the writer almost off his feet. Moreover, Mr. Curtis takes a moderate amount of physical exercise the first thing every morning. Also, he eats extremely sparingly.

Judge Gary, who is nearing eighty, had the advantage of being reared on a farm. Although he has achieved as much as any other industrialist in America and still discharges the innumerable difficulties attaching to the chief executives of the largest industrial enterprise in the world, the United States Steel Corporation, the Judge is still spry. He believes that his abstemiousness has helped; he neither smokes nor touches alcohol.

A. H. Smith, who became the foremost railroad president in the world, and who was recently killed while horseback riding in New York, developed hard muscles when he switched from a railway office stool to a railway construction gang. Never during later life did he allow himself to become flabby. One of his favorite recreations was boxing. Once when a longshoreman, during a strike, called Smith a liar at a strikers' meeting, Smith stopped the proceedings and calmly but emphatically informed the longshoreman that unless he took back the insult, he would find himself on the street below via an open window. The longshoreman eyed Smith critically, then decided he had met his match.

Golf ranks first among the favorite recreations of business giants. Riding comes next. Third place probably should be given to shooting. Yachting is gaining in popularity. Quite a number box. Some, but not many, wield garden spades and rakes. Very few play tennis. Most of them go in for motoring. On the whole, however, our business Trojans do not show much originality in the way of recreation.

Here's a romance of High Finance based on cultivating fine health and physique. Coleman duPont was asked one day if he could suggest a dynamic executive for one of the oldest banks in New York.

"I can. I know the very man you are looking for," he immediately replied.

After this man took office and began to make things hum, I asked Mr. duPont about him.

"For years I have been a director of a bank in Louisville," Mr. duPont explained. "I noticed that our deposits began to go up. They kept on going up. I asked the reason at one directors' meeting and was told that it was due to the work of a young officer. I asked to be introduced. The moment I saw him I sized him up as a comer. He was an upstanding, clear-eyed fellow who looked as if he had the strength of a giant. I talked with him and came away impressed. He kept on building that bank as it had never been built before, bringing in new customers right along. Of course we promoted him rapidly. He was too big for Louisville—New York was the place for him. Watch him."

This banker is Percy H. Johnston, who became the youngest head of any big bank in New York. Although he is still under forty-five, he has rapidly restored the hundred-year-old Chemical National Bank to its historic

standing and Gibraltar-like strength. He works at full speed all day and does more work at home than perhaps any other banker in the country. But he takes care of his health. Every year he buys a carload of wood, and with saw and ax cuts it all up for firewood. Also, he plays golf with the skill of a professional. He dodges big dinners and banquets.

"Unless I kept my muscles hard, I couldn't work so hard," was how he once expressed it to me.

Mr. Johnston will allow no important executive of the bank to work more than five days a week during the summer months.

Curiously, while I was writing the foregoing, a man holding a very prominent governmental position at Washington dropped in, and, explaining the failure of a certain big man there to maintain his former reputation as a go-getter, said: "The trouble is that he is not in good shape. All his life he neglected to take enough exercise, and now his digestive organs won't work right. You'd be astonished to know how many of the leading men at Washington are more or less sick. The Woodrow Wilson tragedy was not merely the result of a sudden stroke; the truth was that he couldn't do himself justice at Paris because of his rundown physical and nervous condition."

I told him I happened to be writing on this very subject of busy men and their health.

He broke in: "Health! The public has no idea how often matters of the greatest national importance are delayed and delayed at Washington simply because the heads of the departments, who must give decisions, have allowed themselves to get into poor shape and don't feel equal to battling with the work that keeps piling up before them. Progressive corporations today won't engage a common laborer without having him medically examined. It is high time the people insisted upon something of this kind at Washington."

Logic in that, isn't there?

THE original J. P. Morgan set a very bad example which may have had widespread influence. Wall Street heard one day that Mr. Morgan's health was breaking and that a doctor had been called in. The doctor questioned Mr. Morgan closely about his habits. What he discovered was that the dean of America's bankers never spent five minutes on physical exercises, that he never walked a step when he could ride, that he ate anything and everything and as much of it as he felt like, that he observed no regular hours of work or sleep, and that from morning till night he smoked the blackest and strongest and biggest cigars of any man in America.

The doctor, according to report, was puzzled as to what to do. Finally the doctor concluded that to transform completely the veteran banker's extraordinary habits would probably prove fatal.

So J. P., different from other men in many ways, continued to follow his own queer habits until the end. At that, he didn't die until he was seventy-six.

The foremost of the present-day J. P. Morgan & Company partners, Thomas W. Lamont, is one man who keeps up a killing pace.

Mr. Lamont's plea is that he works easily, that responsibilities impose no strain, and that he really enjoys being busy. So far as I know, he devotes no time systematically to recreation. Once in a long while I see him playing at golf, but he couldn't qualify as a professional should he lose his banking job!

Did you know that Edison will not employ any man for a responsible position who is a golf enthusiast? Edison, like the late J. P. Morgan, has always been a law unto himself in the matter of exercise and health. He has never gone in for play. Until recent years he thought nothing of working several days on end without ever going home to bed, but merely snatching a nap in whatever part of his plant he happened to be in when exhaustion overtook him. Latterly, however, Henry Ford

and John Burroughs and Harvey Firestone prevailed upon the matchless inventor to go motor-picnicking with them for a week or more in the summer.

It was play, on the other hand, which rescued one youth from a small-city mercantile office and placed his feet on a ladder which led to the presidency of the largest trust company in the United States.

Tremendous rivalry existed between the baseball teams of Albany banks. Just before the championship was to be decided, somebody noted that a youth in a produce commission merchant's office was a star pitcher. One bank team wanted very, very badly to annex him.

The problem was discussed with the high-ups. "Let's employ him," they said. The youth was promptly hired; he covered himself with glory in the championship game—which his team won—displayed equally brilliant ability as a bank clerk, won rapid promotion, became the most promising banker in the city, was spotted by H. P. Davison—then the leading Morgan partner—was brought to New York and made such a record that he didn't stop climbing until he became president of the Guaranty Trust Company, which he made the largest institution of its kind in America.

This man was and is Charles H. Sabin. He later became an expert polo player and equally skilful golfer.

A MAN who works twelve months in the year does not work more than six months," Daniel Guggenheim, "the Smelting King," once impressed upon me. He explained that no man wrestling with big problems can maintain his mental and physical condition at the highest pitch unless he takes vacations.

George M. Reynolds, head of the largest bank in Chicago, also believes this so ardently that he allows none of his co-executives to work six days a week. Mr. Reynolds wasn't always so wise. His own health suffered from long stretches of overwork.

You perhaps know that numbers of the largest and most progressive industrial companies in the world are now granting vacations, not merely to office workers and other collar-and-cuff employees, but to their wage-earners. Life insurance companies are cordially supporting this movement. One of the leading insurance companies in America recently conducted an investigation which revealed, among other things, the following, as recorded in the newspapers:

The "sickness tax" is said to be the most serious tax levied against American industry today. The time lost during 1923 was equivalent to the full working time of 1,000,000 workers, or close to three times the quantity of labor gained in the fiscal year 1923 through immigration.

One of the officers of a large silk manufacturing concern estimates that the loss is \$125 a year per person employed.

Some of the leading business men in America are behind an organization now of great magnitude which day in and day out conducts a nationwide campaign, through advertising and other means, to induce people to undergo a thorough medical examination once or oftener every year. Its aim is "life extension."

You would be astonished to know how many of our busiest men of affairs now take the time to be examined from head to foot every three or six months. These men have been "sold" the idea that it is not less important to build up their health than to build up their business. More and more men are coming to realize that it is just as good business to keep themselves running right as to keep their automobile engine running right. They no longer neglect the poet's warning:

Nor love nor honor, wealth nor power
Can give the heart a cheerful hour
When health is lost. Be timely wise;
With health all taste of pleasure flies.

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Will his eyes confirm
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Be as pretty as he pictures you—this simple rule of
skin-care is bringing charm to thousands

THE kindly candles of last night, the tell-tale revelations of noon! Do you fear the contrast they may offer?

Thousands of women have found the beauty that chooses no special hour to bloom, but casts its enchantment over every moment of the day.

There is no secret how. The scores of pretty skins you see wherever your eyes turn prove this to be true. Any girl can have the charm of a fresh clear skin, the gift more priceless than beauty itself.

The means are simple. No costly beauty treatments—simply common-sense daily care with soothing palm and olive oils as combined in Palmolive.

*See what a difference one week may make
by following this simple method*

Use powder and rouge if you wish.
But never leave them on over night.

They clog the pores, often enlarge them. Blackheads and disfigurements often follow. They must be washed away.

Wash your face gently with soothing Palmolive. Then massage it softly into the skin. Rinse thoroughly. Then repeat both washing and rinsing. Apply a touch of cold cream—that is all.

Do this regularly, and particularly in the evening.

Avoid this mistake

Do not use ordinary soaps in the treatment given above. Do not think any green soap, or represented as of palm and olive oils, is the same as Palmolive. Palmolive is a skin emollient in soap form.

And it costs but 10c the cake!—so little that millions let it do for their bodies what it does for their faces. Obtain a cake today. Then note what an amazing difference one week makes.

Soap from Trees!



The only oils in Palmolive Soap are the priceless beauty oils from these three trees—and no other fats whatsoever. That is why Palmolive Soap is the natural color that it is—for palm and olive oils, nothing else, give Palmolive its green color.

THE PALMOLIVE COMPANY (Del. Corp.), Chicago, Ill.

*Palmolive Soap is untouched by human
hands until you break the wrapper—
it is never sold unwrapped*



Your Hair Appears Twice as Beautiful when Shampooed this way

Try this quick and simple method which thousands now use.

See the difference it makes in the appearance of your hair.

Note how it gives new life and lustre, how it brings out all the wave and color.

See how soft and silky, bright and glossy your hair will look.

THE alluring thing about beautiful hair isn't the way it is worn.

The real, IRRESISTIBLE CHARM is the life and lustre the hair itself contains.

Fortunately, beautiful hair is no longer a matter of luck.

You, too, can have beautiful hair if you shampoo it properly.

Proper shampooing is what makes it soft and silky. It brings out all the real life and lustre, all the natural wave and color and leaves it fresh-looking, glossy and bright.

When your hair is dry, dull and heavy, lifeless, stiff and gummy, and the strands cling together, and it feels harsh and disagreeable to the touch, it is because your hair has not been shampooed properly.

While your hair must have frequent and regular washing to keep it beautiful, it cannot stand the harsh effect of ordinary soaps. The free alkali in ordinary soaps soon dries the scalp, makes the hair brittle and ruins it.

That is why thousands of women, everywhere, now use Mulsified coconut oil shampoo. This clear, pure and entirely greaseless product brings out all the real beauty of the hair and cannot possibly injure. It does not dry the scalp or make the hair brittle, no matter how often you use it.

If you want to see how really beautiful you can make your hair look, just follow this simple method.

A Simple, Easy Method

FIRST, wet the hair and scalp in clear, warm water. Then apply a little Mulsified coconut oil shampoo, rubbing it in thoroughly all over the scalp, and all through the hair.

Two or three teaspoonfuls will make an abundance of rich, creamy lather. This should be rubbed in thoroughly and briskly with the finger tips, so as to loosen the dandruff and small particles of dust and



dirt that stick to the scalp.

After rubbing in the rich, creamy Mulsified lather, give the hair a good rinsing. Then use another application of Mulsified, again working up a lather and rubbing it in briskly as before. After the final washing, rinse the hair and scalp in at least two changes of clear, fresh, warm water. This is very important.

Just Notice the Difference

YOU will notice the difference in your hair even before it is dry, for it will be delightfully soft and silky. The entire mass, even while wet, will feel loose, fluffy and light to the touch and be so clean it will fairly squeak when you pull it through your fingers.

After a Mulsified shampoo you will find your hair will dry quickly and evenly and

have the appearance of being much thicker and heavier than it really is.

If you want to always be remembered for your beautiful, well-kept hair, make it a rule to set a certain day each week for a Mulsified coconut oil shampoo. This regular weekly shampooing will keep the scalp soft and the hair fine and silky, bright, fresh-looking and fluffy, wavy and easy to manage—and it will be noticed and admired by everyone. You can get Mulsified coconut oil shampoo at any drug store or toilet goods counter, anywhere in the world. A 4-ounce bottle should last for months.

*Splendid for children
— Fine for Men*

Mulsified
Cocoanut Oil Shampoo



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The Heart of Juanita by Kathleen Norris (Continued from page 27)

landmarks; the Espinosa homestead, sadly shabby, sadly denuded of the royal acreage that had once surrounded it, was still as authentic, as historic, as the old missions themselves.

Upon the floor, which was sunken, smooth-worn earth, gaudy, rich Indian rugs were piled too deep; the windows, irregular oblongs cut through eighteen inches of plaster, were curtained in clean dimity, as had been the small-paned windows that looked out upon the elms and snows of Maria Espinosa's childhood. There were Pembroke chairs, and a useless, bulky high-boy, combined with the heavy table that had been cut and carved and stained from eucalyptus wood by one of the Mexicans on the place, and with home-made pioneer chairs with seats of laced cowhide. Navajo blankets covered a wide couch; modern books, the philosophy, poetry, essays of a wide-awake modern girl, rubbed shoulders on the book-shelves with old favorites.

Old black jars, once filled with Spanish olive-oil, brimmed now with cosmos and chrysanthemums, and gave life to the room. There had been a big fireplace once, but where the green bay logs had sizzled with creamy sap the smoked plaster was swept clean, and when Juanita and her mother needed warmth, they fired the little fat iron stove, the "air-tight" that made the room tenable in half the time it would have taken a dozen open fires.

Maria Cutter Espinosa, known wherever the Espinosa ranch was known as "the Señora," nearing sixty now, sat in an old-fashioned New England rocker of walnut and rattan. A flat cushion, protected by a lace tidy, was tied to the back of the chair, and each wide arm had its corresponding cushion and tidy.

At her elbow, upon a table filled with the useless accumulations of years, the gift books, trays, picture-frames, statues, vases, baskets of the passing generation, a double stunted lamp burned mildly behind its scholarly green shades. The lamp, the chair, the mantel clock of a plumed bronze cavalier and his plumed bronze charger, under their glass globe, all represented separate and desperate efforts upon the part of the Señora to bring Worcester, Massachusetts, to her young Spanish husband's distant home upon the Pacific Coast. East had met West with uneasiness, even in this small room, and they were still at outs.

JUANITA had seated herself now upon a hideous stool made in the Indian fashion of the skulls and horns of cattle. An Indian basket patterned in brown and black arrowheads she transferred from the chair to her lap.

There was darning in the basket, and the Señora's cool, thin, blue-veined fingers were gently, trimly busy with it. She smiled mildly, gently at her daughter through the strong glasses that fitted so well her high, pale forehead, her looped hair, her slender flat figure in its high-waisted, long-sleeved black alpaca.

"Well, Nita?" she said pleasantly.

"Well, mother!" said the girl, in a great burst. And sitting at her mother's knee she poured the story out eagerly, the story of the strange man who was so attractive, of the talk on the cliffs, of his final hurried departure to escape from the rancho before the tide should be over the bar. "For there's a terrific tide, mother; it seems to me that I never saw it so high in October!"

"I thought you were going to walk as far as the lighthouse, dear?" the woman presently asked. Juanita, her hands idly playing with the stockings, colored quickly. There was some reserve, some faint suggestion of disapproval, in her mother's voice.

"I was, mother!" she said eagerly. "But the road, where it goes along under the cliffs, looked so wild, with the sea coming in and the surf blowing up in the air, that I really didn't want to—"

Her mother was not listening; there was a

strained, absent look upon the pale, delicately molded face.

"Mother," Juanita asked anxiously, "do you think I shouldn't have spoken to him? Was that wrong?"

There was no immediate answer to the question, for Lolita came to the doorway with an apathetic announcement that dinner was ready. But Juanita noticed all during the simple meal that her mother seemed preoccupied, seemed strangely uneasy; and when they were again seated in the living-room she was relieved rather than surprised to have her mother revert to the topic.

"What you did, Juanita, was natural enough, my dear," the Señora began. Usually at this hour her lean, cold hands were busy with an intricate game of patience, but tonight she sat idle in her high-backed chair, and Juanita, comfortably sunk into an old velvet armchair opposite her, could only conclude bewilderedly that it was the casual introduction of Kent Ferguson's name that had caused her mother this obvious uneasiness and strangeness.

"It isn't your speaking to a strange young man, Juanita," her mother resumed presently; "that, I suppose, is a natural thing to do. But—I fear life for you, dear. It makes me realize how—inexperienced you are!"

Her voice dropped, and she was silent. Juanita, brimming with all the joy of life, felt her own heart bound with expectation and hope. Even in her life had the future, and the sense of her own personality, glowed within her as they did tonight.

"If I should die," said the Señora painfully, "who would be your friends? Where would you go?"

"You won't die, mother dear," Juanita said confidently, as she had said a thousand times, "and if you did, I'd simply live along here comfortably, selling cattle and fruit—"

The cheerful, half bantering voice stopped as she smiled encouragement at her mother. But the Señora's slim, spare figure actually writhed, and she put her bloodless hands over her face.

"You know *nothing* of life!" she whispered.

"I know—don't I?—as much as most girls when they're my age?" Juanita demanded, a shade affronted.

"Nothing! Nothing!" the Señora whispered again. And then with a visible effort she added, "Get my cards and table, dear. I shall go mad if I think—"

Juanita, concerned, set up the little green table and placed upon it the two worn packs, and the older woman nervously and quickly caught the cards in her trembling fingers and began shakily to lay out red and black.

Thus the evening became as all their other evenings. A wood fire crackled in the little stove, the steadily burning student lamps shed a pleasantly tempered light upon all the incongruities of the long, low-ceiled, plaster-walled room. They could hear the willows and eucalyptus straining in the garden in the black dark. Before eight o'clock the windows were streaming with a black glisten of rain. It dripped from the leads that ran about the low portico of the patio and chucked in the gutters.

The room held a thousand resources for Juanita on such an evening—the French books, the gay, enormous cards with tereadors and banderilleros on them with which Juanita sometimes told fortunes and sometimes played "Reina Isabelle," the rows of books she knew so well and yet never exhausted, the hours of idle, yet so pleasant, talk with her mother. Then there was cribbage—the Señora loved cribbage.

Sometimes Juanita practised on her type-writer; she had taken a business course at the convent, for no better reason than that Gertrude Keating, two years older than she, had praised it. Sometimes she wrote a charmingly free and amusing letter to some old chum, or to some nun. Sometimes she drew plans of what she would like to do with the old hacienda.

With ruler, soft eraser, large sheets of paper lightly tacked to a board, Juanita spent many a happy, too short evening.

"To tell you the truth, I'd leave the cabins as they are, mother. I don't believe there's one of the servants who would appreciate bathrooms and electric light."

"Well, I don't know but what I would, Juanita," the Señora, playing a red queen thoughtfully, would agree.

"But, mother—this house!" Juanita would begin, flashing. "The walls—all plastered, every one, and perhaps painted just a sort of dull tomato pink—very faint. Then, great soft lights shining on the ceilings—"

"Not glaring," the older woman might offer peaceably, in the pause.

"Oh, no! Very soft. Then these rooms turned all into living-rooms, libraries—I'd have lots of books. The bathroom torn out, that old door reopened into the garden, plenty of new baths up-stairs, rugs, hospitality again—"

"It would cost hundreds," the Señora said once, shaking her head.

"My dear mother, it would cost thousands!" answered Juanita gaily. "But in the end it would make of this rambling old tile-roofed place the most fascinating home in all California. With the sea, the big trees, the creek, the Mission, all our fruit—what king could have more!"

TONIGHT, however, Juanita did not have recourse to architecture. She sang as usual, three or four songs, at the piano, went out into the kitchen to inspect the puppies, returned with a story of Lolita's hygienic standard that made the Señora shudder violently, and finally relapsed in a big chair, to read and to dream.

Once, the dream getting very much the better of the book, she unexpectedly jumped to her feet. There was a big mirror, primly framed in black, with New England blossoms painted upon the frame, hung between the old engravings and samplers on the distempered walls. Juanita gave herself a sudden shamed inspection in it.

Her flushed face, with its self-conscious half lowering of the curled eyelashes, smiled back at her. The fair, shining hair was loosened carelessly, the cheeks were lighted by a new glow, there was a liquid brightness in the blue eyes. The linen collar fell back to show a white column of slim throat, and the red dim lights of the room glimpsed behind her framed the whole head in a halo of gold.

"What is it, Juanita?" her mother asked anxiously. The Señora was still uneasy, jumped and glanced about nervously at every tiny unexpected sound tonight.

"Nothing!" The girl resolutely resumed her chair, reopened her book.

But the thrilling story of Juanita Espinosa came between her consciousness and the flowery periods of "The Idylls of the King."

There had been something unusual about that young man. Tall, and handsome too, under his smooth crest of black hair. Her deliberate invocation of his memory brought the sun-browned, clean-jawed face and the quizzical smile suddenly before her, and her breath stopped for a second.

Juanita had known "boys" before this. During her last school year there had been dances, and then there had been Cecilia Leonard's brother Bernard, a really nice boy who had come all the way from Buffalo to take Cecilia home, and with whom and Cecilia and their aunt, Mrs. Conway, Juanita had had two wonderful weeks of travel last July. And—with the exception possibly of that last evening, when he had been "silly"—Bernard had made a delightful impression upon Juanita.

But Kent Ferguson—ah, that was different! Never had a conversation in her whole life had the curiously trembling, yet strangely simple and easy, quality that the words exchanged



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across the sandy floor of the little refuge in the cliff had.

She had been a solitary child for all her little-girl days on the old rancho, but that did not mean that she had run wild there. Maria Cutter's daughter had learned from her mother to write and read and cipher neatly, to recite "Barbara Frietchie" and "The Clown's Baby," to curtsy, to practise her scales, to brush her teeth and hair, to pray, to sew, to bake, to thrill over Gettysburg and Bunker Hill.

And with these elements and interests had gone others, about some of which only her mother was aware. Spanish the child learned before English, and to ride a broncho before she could walk well. The baking of tortillas, the habits of rattlesnakes, tarantulas, of the slimy black octopuses that infested the rocks, of the heavy-quartered bobcats that mated and fought in the chaparral, were all common-places to Juanita.

In the fights between Lola and Lolita, Juanita sometimes played a spirited part, and the "trouble" into which the third Dolores had recently got herself had been managed by the girl single-handed. The Señora, she had imperially decreed, was not to be bothered by anything so thoroughly disgusting as Dolores's conduct. Juanita had walked with the weeping Dolores over to San Esteban, and they had talked to the old priest, and the old priest had talked in turn to sullen, dark-browed Joe Bettancourt. And now the complacent Dolores was Joe's proud wife and had a fat dark-eyed baby whom Joe sheepishly adored.

But there had been nothing thrilling in all the placid progression from thirteen to twenty-three such as had been supplied by the events of this single afternoon. The word "woman" came to Juanita as she half lay, half sat here in the quiet room, lulled by the sound of the wind and the sea, and it seemed new to her.

She thought: "Girls marry. Marriage. To—to trust one's self to a man. Strange—strange. Kitty Norman's sister married—Josie Normand. I remember all the upper-class girls gathering around her when she came back, and how they laughed."

Odd cadences in his voice, when Kent Ferguson, looking up for a second from his marking of the sand, had told her of himself! Cadences that made a girl's heart rise suddenly and press against her breath. "You don't expect to spend all your life here?" he had said.

Had she thought so? Had she ever thought anything about it at all? Juanita began to think the answer to the last question must be a decided no.

At the Solito Hotel, what now was Kent Ferguson thinking? The telephone in the hall would bring that voice back to her in a few brief minutes, did she but dare use it. The knowledge made her hands go cold suddenly, and her heart beat fast. Would he come to the rancho tomorrow, big and loosely built in shabby tweeds, with that smile in his half closed eyes, and would they talk again?

SHE must think of something else—read a few pages. Her heart was beating so loudly that it seemed incredible that her expression did not betray her.

"Mother!" she said suddenly. The Señora, listless over the cards that usually held her in close and conscientious scrutiny, started nervously at the abrupt interruption. "Mother, how soon did you fall in love with my father?"

The pale, quiet face flushed, and the Señora smiled.

"Well, not immediately, although it was immediate with him," she admitted. "A cousin of mine, Lowell Clay, had some business connection with Roberto Espinosa—I only knew him as a Western man with wool interests. He was almost fifty then, and I past thirty—I was English instructor in a girls' school."

"And weren't they all surprised when you announced your engagement!" Juanita, who had had the meager outlines of the little story a hundred times before, asked with inexhaustible relish.

"I suppose they were. I don't remember," said the Señora.

"But, mother, when did you *know* that you loved him?" the girl pursued animatedly.

"Why, I don't know that I ever felt that before we were married," the older woman answered thoughtfully. "Although I always respected him, and he was always kind—"

Her eyes watered, she fell silent. Juanita, watching her curiously, with her head on one side like a bird's, tried in vain to imagine her mother young, thrilled, beloved, yielding to a man's devotion. Even now the Señora, quiet, reserved, unemotional, was something of a mystery to her daughter. Juanita's tears, tantrums, thrills, her eagerness and her imagination had little kinship with this calm, repressed personality. The husband of whom she spoke so dispassionately had died when Juanita was but three years old; the girl recollected him not at all. Sometimes she felt that there was some secret, something unexplained about her father, but this was but a suspicion after all, and stronger than any mere suspicion was Juanita's conviction that her mother, of all persons, was the last one to help her unravel it.

BUT in connection with the thought of her mother's strange silences and secrets, another thought came to her suddenly, a thought that had been relegated to the background of her recollection for several hours by more exciting matters, and she asked abruptly: "Mother, who came to see you today? Whose car was that in the yard—a little gray car—by the willow?"

The Señora's face, already pale, colored ghastly. She fixed a lifeless steady gray eye upon Juanita, giving the girl an odd, almost frightened sense of being held, being constrained by the other woman's eyes. It was as if the Señora defied her to think her own thoughts, or to escape to the freedom of thought at all, with that steel-gray gaze fixed upon her.

"What car was that?" she asked slowly.

"It seemed to be a closed car—a small car, mother. It was under the willow, and I couldn't see very well from the cliff."

"The man who came about the cattle, perhaps?" suggested the Señora, the muscles about her mouth barely stirring as she spoke, her body tense and her glance unwavering.

"But wouldn't he have been round by the barns?"

"I don't know," said the Señora slowly.

She continued to look at Juanita, cautiously, expectantly, but Juanita had already lost interest in the subject. With a delicious sense of returning to thoughts infinitely more absorbing, the girl relapsed into her chair, locked her hands, sank again into exquisite reverie.

She loved her mother, the woman who in her sad and gentle way had always been kindness and goodness itself to her. But Juanita had not reached her present age without appreciating her mother's limitations, without the knowledge that her mother had succumbed to the sorrow of widowhood where another woman might have risen up the stronger for it, that her mother's timidities, anxieties, inhibitions were things to be lovingly pitied and soothed rather than shared.

Already hers was proved the master mind a dozen times a day, already she had learned to laugh encouragingly at the fears and warnings that were showered upon her.

"Don't think I don't love you for worrying about me, dearest," she sometimes said. And sometimes her mother answered, with a brief pale smile upon her little New England face: "And I love you for *not* worrying, dear! Never worry, Nita. Life—life is too short, and things—things happen too strangely."

Presently the musing girl, with her book held in her indifferent hand, noted that the patience game was in progress again, if fitfully and absently. Outside the wind sang and whined.

Juanita dreamed the hour on the beach over again; smiled, curled herself up in a ball in the



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wide armchair, and let her book slide to the floor. Life, with big, smiling Kent Ferguson in it, in his tweeds, and with his quick half-smile, seemed incredibly good.

Suddenly, without a sound to warn her, a sensation of terror so hideously acute seized upon her that she sat motionless, frozen even to her eyeballs with fear.

It was as if—it was as if, she told her sick heart—some one was watching her.

JUANITA did not move, although the palms of her hands became wet and her mouth grew salty. Her brain raced.

Some one—was out there in the streaming dark wild night, looking in upon her mother and herself. But who, and why? The old rancho was no bait for burglars; no door had been locked there for two hundred years.

No use to cry out, to create a wild scene. The Spanish and Mexican servants had long ago withdrawn to their own cabins. There were but two women here alone tonight, and one of them was delicate and not young, and one of them only a girl.

Juanita sat on, holding herself motionless, not daring to raise her eyes, trembling inwardly like a rabbit in a trap.

What could she do?

She thought of the telephone, twenty feet away in the hall, only to sicken with fresh horror. She saw herself torn from it in the very midst of her screaming message, saw her mother gagged, bound, dying of fright.

Such things did happen on lonely farms. The servants talked of them on winter nights, of Señora Lopez, bound in her own bridal bed, forced to listen while her husband's horse came nearer and nearer cheerfully through the night, forced to hear him come bounding up-stairs to her chamber—and to violent death. Of the Montgomery boy, leaning in at the kitchen window as he passed it to greet his mother, to cry, "I got the money!" and mysteriously robbed, mysteriously murdered, stricken down between that window and the kitchen door.

The wind howled, the sea crashed, gathered, crashed again. A vagrant breeze complained like an inarticulate baby, high up in the chimney. Juanita sat frozen, merely trying to formulate some wild, frightened prayer.

"Nine o'clock—this is my last hand," said the Señora quietly.

The voice brought the girl's sanity back in a rush. Anything rather than frighten her mother. She answered somehow, anyhow, with a few incoherent words and a wild smile, and dared at last to raise her eyes carelessly to the black window-pane nearest them.

The panes twinkled with ink, gave back a placid reflection of the placid room. There was nobody there.

But Juanita was still trembling violently as she gathered the cards, closed the table, straightened the room for the night. The sense of eyes staring at her had been very real, the more so as she was normally neither imaginative nor nervous and had dreamed through a thousand, through three thousand evenings in this quiet room, affrighted by no such improbable phenomenon.

A man, wandering about in the dark, staring in here? But the hospitality of the rancho was famous, even though there was no social life here nowadays. The very tramps knew that they could find food and shelter and even music and good company at the cabins there, and that the boldest robber in the world could find no more.

The procedure with her mother and herself was exactly the same night after night. While Juanita, chattering or silent, sleepy or wide-awake, fussed about the room, her mother sat trim and erect and placid in her big chair. When the girl had finished, she extinguished all the lamps except the fat little china lamp with the pink shade and bowl, which was carried to the bedrooms. Then the Señora put her frail little arm in the crook of her daughter's warm, firm young arm, partly to steady her, partly to lean upon her, and they went slowly

across the entrance hallway and into Juanita's bedroom together. The hacienda boasted an upper story where there were many rooms, wooden-floored, plaster-walled, with deep-cut windows and doors alternating in a row upon the narrow balcony, but these had never been used in Juanita's lifetime. There was space and to spare in the rambling lower floor. The Señora's room was next to her daughter's. Beyond this was the large, bare bathroom they shared, a bathroom obviously an afterthought, for which a whole bedroom had been sacrificed.

Tonight, with the pink lamp in her hands and the light, familiar touch of her mother's fingers upon her arm, the girl, leaving the darkened parlor, chanced to find again, in the wall mirror, the reflection of her own face as she had found it an hour ago.

Behind it, in the mirror, the window's dark panes were captured, and in them now there was truly more than the running, liquid blackness. Juanita felt her heart plunge, consciously steadied herself upon her feet, consciously tightened her bent arm to press her mother's fingers a little closer. She made no sound.

A man's face, watching intently, was framed in one of the small panes as a picture might have been.

His face was close to the glass; he had not caught her look in the mirror, and the expression of steady scrutiny in his narrowed eyes did not change, nor did he withdraw.

Juanita, chilled with an icy fear, praying as she had never prayed in all her sheltered days before, guided her mother carefully, gently across the cool passage that smelled of rain and plaster tonight, through her own room and into the Señora's rather bleak one.

Her mother's unconsciousness saved her. It was possible to speak, partially to undress, to brush her hair, chatter about leaving the door between their rooms open, even to lie down in the horrible dark with her warm wrapper on and her wide-awake head so lightly touching the pillow that at the slightest alarm she might be upon her feet, ready for anything.

Juanita knew that her mother had a pearl-handled brace of small pistols, but not only was the girl herself rather afraid of firearms, but she knew that any allusion to them, any question as to their hiding-place, would frighten the gentle little Señora out of her senses.

So she lay with open eyes staring into the wheels and stars of utter blackness, listening to the buffeting of the winds, the roar of the sea, the creaking of the trees, and with her heart weak with fear and her mouth dry and her hands icy.

A man's face, watching gravely, steadily, purposefully. But that was not all. Juanita had recognized this face. The man at the black window-panes, the man who had for some bad purpose hidden himself out there in the wet, dark patio, was Kent Ferguson.

THE clock struck ten, eleven, twelve. "I am lying awake all night!" Juanita thought with a childish sense of awe. Yet despite her terror, despite all the wild confusion of the black night, sleep found her.

Perhaps he had gone away again into the dark. Perhaps he was sleeping in the hay barn, or in one of a dozen sheds where were stored drying sheep pelts, old horse blankets, wool heaped just as it was clipped from the fat sheep.

At all events the hours were striking, striking, and he made no move. If his motive was robbery, he perhaps had rifled the old sideboard, snatched Juanita's silver baby mug, and gone his way.

But she knew in her heart that he was not a robber. There had been none of the wild furtive peering of a sneak-thief in that quietly scrutinizing glance.

Nor had there been—with her new knowledge she knew this, too—the mere gallant curiosity of an idle man attracted to an unknown girl, in that look. His was the type that would have boldly knocked, have boldly presented itself to her mother, have carried off the

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situation of an unexpected call. He had not been a mere mischievous spy upon the home and the family of the girl with whom he had talked on the beach. No man in his senses could be that, at such an hour and upon such a night, cut away from his hotel on the mainland by a high-running tide, and by almost six rain-drenched miles of unknown road.

Trapped there by the storm? Not Kent Ferguson! Little as she knew of men, she knew of him that he would have rejoiced openly in so romantic a situation. How debonairly he would have explained his predicament to her mother, accepted a dinner and a bed, sat entertaining the two lonely women upon the dark, stormy night!

One o'clock striking. Juanita, lying lightly on top of her bed in her wrapper, alert to spring, a box of matches in her hand, suddenly drew the heavy warm rug up over her, curled herself sideways, was almost instantly asleep.

BUT the noise and clamor of the night roused her more than once, and she awakened in terror, raised on her elbow, shaking, panting, staring into the dark. Once she thought Lola and Lolita were talking, a steady, audible far-off murmur, and went like a flying gull in the blackness to her mother's door.

"Mother! Are you awake?"

A second's silence. Then mildly: "What is it, dear?"

"Did you hear—voices, mother?"

"No, dear. But it's a night to hear noises."

Relieved, Juanita crept back into bed. And this time, as four o'clock struck, to deeper, to exhausted slumber.

But in the cool gray windy dawn she was again suddenly, alarmingly awake. Where was she? Back at school, with the inevitable milkman cranking his inevitable car just under the dormitory windows?

No, these stained plaster walls, these deep-cut windows where the morning pressed its dull gray against the shadowy room, were home. Home! But what motor-car's engine was already breaking the peace of the rancho?

Juanita, bewildered, but not frightened now, with the heartening return of even so dark an autumn day, put her feet to the floor, gathered her wrapper about her. She sat for a moment, her cloud of pale gold hair drifting about the faint questioning frown of her face. Her own little school clock, clicking in its alligator skin case, said half past five. Half past five, and a car's engine roaring already?

Juanita went to the one window that gave on the front of the hacienda. And where it had stood yesterday she saw a closed gray car, spattered with mud, standing once again.

A look of utter bewilderment, of frowning astonishment, darkened her face. Impulsively she crossed the plaster-scented, cool passage-way, traversed dining-room and parlor quickly, and looked into the kitchen.

"Lola—" she began imperiously. But Lola was not there.

For an instant the girl hesitated, nonplussed. Then she swiftly mounted a narrow inner stairway and found herself in the bare rooms and passages of the upper floor. She opened a doorway upon the narrow balcony that was supported like a shelf on bare poles.

Here, hidden herself by the thick drapery of a shabby old gnarled pepper tree, she was just above the garden, and not thirty feet away from the gray car. The cold morning air enveloped her in its fresh chill, but Juanita's trembling was not of cold.

There were two women standing in the garden, murmuring. One was a stranger, wrapped warmly, veiled, indistinguishable both because of the dull light and because of her disguising clothes. The other was the Señora.

To see her mother out of bed at all at such an hour was sufficiently astonishing to Juanita. The older woman usually had her breakfast, and not infrequently her luncheon, in bed. She had had years of bad health; she was always a bad sleeper.

But to see her mother here, before sunrise, in

no more formal clothing than her thick padded Japanese robe and slippers, and to see her thus confidentially close to this stranger who had obviously spent the night hidden away somewhere in the hacienda, was to experience the most amazed moment of Juanita's whole life.

The engine had been stopped; there was an unearthly peace upon the garden. The Señora was talking, quickly, with an agitated hold of the other woman's arm. The stranger spoke only once, and then clearly, decidedly.

"Oh, never—never! That's quite out of the question!"

The words hung in the air, meaningless words, yet they made the heart of a listening girl thump painfully. Juanita shrank back; if they did not want to see her, they should not see her.

And almost immediately the scene ended, melted as if into a dream.

The stranger got into the closed car, started the engine again, leaned over to embrace the Señora—and was gone.

As if it had never been, the car vanished, sweeping smoothly toward the bar that the tides had opened hours ago, disappearing between the shabby trees and the gaunt stalks of corn and the rabble of collapsing sheds and fences and barns.

And when Juanita brought her gaze back from following it, her mother had disappeared too; slipped back quietly into the house and perhaps into her bed again.

But the adventure did not end here. The even tuck-tuck-tucking of a motor-cycle brought her about sharply upon the balcony when she turned to reenter the house, and Juanita saw a glitter of wheels flying smoothly in the wake of the motor-car. Was the rider a big, loosely knit man in tweeds? If she had never seen Kent Ferguson, would this mysterious wheelman have seemed such a figure? She did not know.

SHE bit her lip, and the heavy black brows were drawn close together as she went slowly in, out of the fresh wet air that was lifting and brightening every instant. The storm was not quite over, but there would be sunshine today. The upper rooms were dank, deserted, in disorder.

One held rotting old leather trunks with broken straps. In another weather-streaked old wood engravings, webbed thick by spiders, were faced against a stained wall. Seeds dried in what had once been a guest bedroom; the light here came eerily through closed green shutters; there was a sweet dull smell of rotting apples.

Juanita noiselessly threading the dismal empty place, opened a last door, jumped, stood still, shaking with senseless fright.

She had expected to find it; there was nothing really terrifying about it. This was where the woman had slept.

There was a tumble of blankets, pillows, on the long-unused bed. There was a glass kerosene lamp upon a thong-seated chair. And on the bureau's dark marble there was a circle of spilled pink face-powder.

No other traces of her occupancy remained. Juanita, still trembling, bent her face to the powder, caught a whiff of *mondaine* perfume utterly unfamiliar, and stared at the reflection of her own golden beauty in the dim mirror.

Back in her own room again she lay down on the cold bed. She had dared to peep in upon her mother; the Señora was asleep, or pretended to be. Dawn was steadily, steadily brightening; there was not a sound on the rancho.

Juanita heard the cocks begin, heard cheerful cursing and shouting as the men began to water stock, pitch down hay, get at their milking.

Lola's heavy tread and grumbling commentary—delicious as music this morning!—sounded dimly in the kitchen; young Dolores's sleepy replies. Dolores would be nursing her baby; Luisa would have her baby there too, perhaps, as she indifferently began her sorting and tossing of the day's washing.

The Eversharp point cannot wobble or turn

IT seems simple enough now. Everyone knows that a good pencil must hold the lead securely at the tip.

Yet for generations the makers of mechanical pencils overlooked this fact.

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Pale sunlight struck in a triangle upon her floor; the shaky beams came through wet leaves, paled, deepened, paled again. Her clock announced eight—it was morning at last! An uncertain morning, with clouds racing across a high, pale sky, chrysanthemums heavily beaded with water and collapsed upon the paths, sheets of blue water everywhere ruffled by low gusts. Every doorway leaked a cool wet current of air, but the sea was clear and sparkling, only chuckling and playing with rocks this morning, and by nine o'clock chickens were clucking contentedly upon the great heap of stable rakings that sent an undisturbed pillar of steam straight into the warming day.

Juanita, pale and distracted, the jumble of her puzzled thoughts crossing and recrossing each other, moved restlessly from one usual morning task to another. Her mother was never disturbed until noon. All questions must wait. The girl's bed was made, but she tossed aside her French. Lessons were somehow stale, useless today. She filled a bowl with flowers, straightened music, finally mounted her horse and rode with some hesitation, and more than one irresolute pause, toward Solito.

The little town twinkled and shone after the storm. Women stopped her, talked to her; Juanita was quite unconscious of what she said or did. Kent Ferguson might be in this town—might be loitering about at eleven o'clock, conceivably . . .

"You look pale as a sheet this morning, Nita," said Miss Elizabeth Rogers, sweet, intelligent, thirty-five, and one of the "Neighbors' Girls" of the Gift Shop. "Storm keep you awake?"

"No," Juanita answered lifelessly, with a ghost of a smile. She was thinking that if she met Kent Ferguson she would be very grave. She would presently say mildly: "Will you tell me why you gave me that terrible fright last night? My mother isn't strong, you know; it might have killed her. If the high tide kept you at the rancho, couldn't you have told us? Wouldn't that be better than frightening us so?"

It was incredible that he might be here, in the village, within a few hundred feet, and yet she not see him. The little gabled Hotel Saint Stephen was just across the street from the post-office; any man loitering there on the porch might have seen a buckskin horse, with a brownish tail and mane darker than his creamy body, and a girl in old corduroy riding-breeches, with fly-away gold hair.

But apparently nobody did. Juanita felt a certain contempt for herself as she delayed her errands and prolonged her stay, yet there was an odd need upon her, an odd hunger in her heart. Casually, for only a word, a glance, she must see Kent Ferguson again.

She had nothing special to say. She did not even feel the matter important. But nothing else seemed of interest except that somehow, in the sweet fresh morning sunlight after the storm, they should meet and have a few moments' talk together.

JUST before noon she rode home slowly, inexplicably chastened in spirit. It was hard to believe that the Kent Ferguson episode was over—nothing was going to happen. A fleeting hope that he might be waiting for her at the rancho led to nothing; no one was there.

The Señora, looking badly, and expressing a decision to remain in bed for a day or two, was languidly busy with a breakfast tray. Juanita, listening for a man's step in the patio, devoted herself to her mother. The quiet hours of the quiet winter day wheeled over the rancho.

"Mother, aren't you going to tell me," the girl implored her, upon an impulse, "aren't you going to tell me who that woman was who slept here last night and left so early? I saw her this morning from the balcony. Mayn't I know?"

The Señora, a little paler than before, looked at Juanita thoughtfully. "Yes, you may know, dear," she said slowly. "Some day."

"Some day!" Juanita echoed, disappointed. The other woman made no answer; she lay quietly staring into space, with her brows contracted.

"You have a right to know, Juanita," said the Señora, after a while. "But if I have a friend who is in trouble, and that friend makes a confidante of me, what can I do?"

"But you could trust me, mother!" Juanita said.

"I could trust you, yes," the Señora conceded; "but I asked her if I might not take you into—our confidence. And she said no. If we lived in a big city, I could have met this—friend anywhere, in a tea-room, in a shop," the Señora reminded her. "As it was, it had to be here, and I had to risk your discovering her visit."

"In other words," Juanita summarized it, with a child's touch of sulky protest, "it's none of my business!"

The Señora was silent. Nor was the topic mentioned again between them.

IN THE late afternoon Juanita went through the lane across the cliffs and down to the rocks where she and Kent Ferguson had met. The storm was over; the peaceful sunlight was dying away across a peaceful sea. But summer and autumn had died yesterday—it was clear bare winter now. The air was pure, heavy, still, the fields looked beaten.

Juanita mounted the rocky face of the bluff and sat again in the little shelter, with her legs dangling, as Kent's had done, above the tide. And some of the magic came back, but not all. Empty sea, empty sky, and all the world seemed empty too.

That night, in the dreary hour before dinner, always the hard hour in a country house where illness is, she telephoned to Kent, at the Hotel Saint Stephen, in Solito.

Her mother's room was dusky, close. The sitting-room was draughty and cool; all the life of the hacienda seemed concentrated in the warm red lights and moving shadows of Lola's kitchen.

The passage where the telephone was placed was dark in dusk and gloom. Juanita, listening, bent close over the instrument in the dark, caught the familiar odor of damp plaster, of mice, of wet woollens.

"Señor Fernandez," she presently said hastily, in a nervous undertone. The proprietor of the Hotel San Esteban had been born on the Espinosa rancho, seventy years ago—she knew him well. "Señor Fernandez, it's the Señorita. There's a young man staying at the San Esteban—a tall man with smooth, black hair, named Ferguson. Would you say I'd like to speak to him?"

"But no, Señorita," said the polite old voice deferentially. "Not now. The hotel is closed for the season."

A blankness fell upon Juanita. She struggled through a mist of disappointment. "But—one moment. The hotel wasn't closed—yesterday?"

"Closed ten days ago, Señorita. On the feast of San Francisco."

She thanked him dazedly, sat on blankly in the close, dusky hall that smelled of mice and damp plaster and wet woollens, and into which all the dreariness of the dreary autumn twilight seemed to have concentrated itself.

"Nita!" It was her mother's feeble voice from beyond a shut door. "The telephone, dear!"

"Yes, mother. I answered it. It was nothing!" Juanita called back.

Then there was utter silence while darkness deepened—deepened in the passage, and over the bare world outside, and in Juanita's heart.

After a few days of it Juanita came to realize that something quite definite had happened to her.

To meet a strange young man on the rocks, to talk to him, to know that he had been imprisoned on the rancho all night and had escaped in the early dawn without the formality of a good-by—that was nothing. Even his

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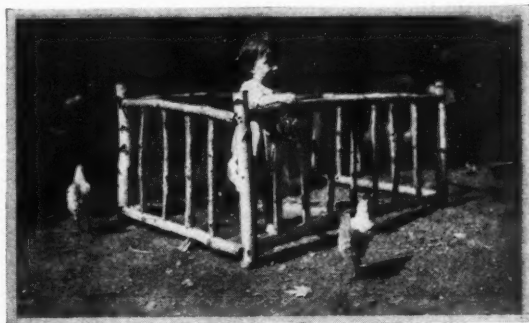
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watching face at the window and the odd mysterious episode involving the veiled woman was nothing, or very little, to Juanita's unsuspicious youth. Trapped by the tide, he had perhaps wandered about until it was too late decently to present himself at the hacienda; as for the woman, she had some secret reason for interviewing the Señora—it was no concern of Juanita's.

But that Kent had said what was not true, had pretended to like her, to be won to warm and sudden friendship as Juanita had been, and had then proved himself indifferent and untrustworthy—that was hard.

Juanita wanted to talk to him again. Every thought she had now framed itself into words for him. Lovely in her riding-breeches, in the shabby faded old Chinese shawl she wrapped about herself on a chilly evening, she scowled at herself in the mirror. Slim figure, black-fringed blue eyes, fly-away gold hair—for nobody to see!

She could not laugh it off, shake it off, pray it off. Something had happened. Life, the dear familiar life of the dear familiar place, had grown suddenly and unbearably dull. Sometimes she hated Kent Ferguson; sometimes she thrilled to a feeling for him that was anything but hate. But for days she thought of nothing, of nobody else.

AND then a second shadow fell upon these dreaming days of early winter. The Señora did not throw off her cold, did not follow her usual custom of coming, white and weak, to a third day's—a fourth day's—luncheon table, convalescent.

She lay in bed, wheezing at first, then quiet. Juanita read to her, in afternoons so still, between her dreamy lonely luncheon and the early darkness, that the coo of a pigeon outside the window made them both start.

The clock would tick solemnly, through the girl's steady voice. The invalid would lie silent, like a woman of wax, under her gay Indian blanket. Her parrot walked upside down in his cage, chuckled, filmed a beady eye and cleared it again. The basket designed in black and brown arrowheads was untouched, the small religious library, the orderly bare bureau, were never disarranged.

"Mother, hadn't you better see a doctor?" Juanita pleaded once or twice. But her mother only smiled and shook her head.

"I know my chest colds!" wheezed the Señora.

However, on about the tenth day Juanita rode over in shining cold sunlight to Solito and talked to the doctor on her own responsibility. And rather to her daughterly triumph, the doctor seemed to agree with her that the Señora's cold was no such slight affair after all.

That same day turned the whole world black and strange. Calling the doctor seemed to precipitate the blow. From not needing him because her ailment was so slight, the Señora had come, in a few short hours, to the point when she needed neither him nor any other earthly counselor, because her condition was grave beyond their touching.

There she lay under her gay blanket, just as she had lain for so many days. But it was all changed. The Señora was dying.

On the last afternoon of her life the lamps were lighted at half past four. Another storm was brewing; leaves blew in the bare yard and the chickens went to bed in mid-afternoon. The doctor had come and gone, merely saying that there would be no immediate change. He would be back this evening.

Juanita, in the softly lighted room, sat close to her mother's bed. Of all that she had heard in the past two unreal days she was mercifully able to believe nothing. Her mother looked now exactly as she always did when she had these heavy colds. The girl watched her

steadily, fearfully, her own breath coming hard. "Nita," said her mother quite naturally and clearly, in the silence, opening the eyes that had been shut peacefully all day, "I've been thinking of so many things. Things that I must talk to you about—now that you are grown. We'll have a long talk—the first day I'm strong enough."

"Indeed we will!" said Juanita, sliding to her knees and catching her mother's hand.

"You know the name I was trying to think of?" the Señora asked, with a shade of anxiety. "That's—important," she said painfully. "Don't let me forget it. A cold like this makes one feel—so dull—"

"Darling, don't distress yourself now," Juanita murmured; "it doesn't matter!"

The Señora opened darkened and sunken eyes, in a face of lead. "Sidney Fitzroy," she said distinctly. "That's the name. You won't forget?"

"Do you want to see him?" Juanita, who had never heard the name before, asked tenderly. "Shall I get him on the telephone?"

"No—no—no!" the Señora said alarmedly. "You must tell nobody that name—not Lola, not anybody—for all our sakes. That's your task, my darling, all alone. It's a queer story, Nita, but when you realize how muddled it was—it was at the time of the earthquake and the big fire, dear, everything was burned. And she knew it!" the dying woman said earnestly, opening wide the eyes she had closed in weariness, and clutching Juanita's hand with fingers already chill. "She knew it," she added, weakly impatient, "the woman you saw here— But that name is all you need. Tell her that name, and she'll know. Sidney Fitzroy—"

"I am to find him, mother?" Juanita asked as the feverish, tired voice fell silent.

Again a strange, staring look from the darkening eyes.

"Yes, my darling. You were but ten days old—we brought you here—nobody knows. And nobody must know that name except you! I promised that—"

SILENCE again. She seemed to be visibly slipping away into shadows, into darkness. Juanita, chafing the slender, lifeless hand against her own flushed cheek, prayed wildly and blindly. Her mother, who had counted so gently for her music lessons, who had taught her her Catechism, who had tended geraniums and walked up and down, up and down like a cloistered nun under the shaggy peppers and eucalyptus, was going away from her now.

Once more the dark, somber eyes were upon her. "I had to leave Señora Castellago the rancho," whispered the Señora. "You see, you are not an Espinosa, Nita. I had no choice, my darling—"

"Not an Espinosa!" the girl exclaimed. "No—dear—that's what I'm trying to tell you!"

The whisper died away again, she shut her eyes. Juanita, whose world was rocking and roaring about her, falling in dust and splinters, leaned back to stare at the colorless face against the pillow, her own face ashen.

"But, mother—mother—I don't understand you!"

Feeble fingers were light, chill, on the fly-away gold.

"Not mother, Nita. I'm not your mother," whispered the ebbing voice. "When you find Sidney Fitzroy— There was a pause. Then Juanita heard the whisper, "Oh, my God, into Thy hands—into Thy hands—"

"Mother!" the girl cried again, but in agony and fright as well as grief now. "Mother—"

But the chamber in which her voice resounded, and whose discolored walls gave back the pitiful sound of it in the chilly winter dusk, was already the resting-place of death.

There is romance and drama in store for Juanita beyond her dreams; and Next Month, when Kent enters her life again, she goes away from the old rancho in search of it

My Deafness

(Continued from page 73)

able to make sure of that because they had heard too much general uproar to make it possible for them to make sure of details.

People with good hearing have become so accustomed to the uproar of civilization that that uproar has become necessary to their lives. If all noise suddenly should stop on Broadway, Broadwayites would faint away. Broadway as it is a peaceful thoroughfare to me.

A man talking in a boiler-shop multiplies the volume of his voice by four or five times and yet finds it difficult to make the man of normal hearing understand. But I can hear talk in such noisy places without much difficulty. When I traveled much between New York and Orange on suburban trains, while the train was running at full speed and roaring at its loudest, I would hear women telling secrets to one another, taking advantage of the noise. But during stops, while those near to me conversed in ordinary tones, I could not hear a single word.

I have an idea that for many years my ears have suited the conditions of modern city life better than the average man's. But in the country or the quiet suburbs, the situation is reversed. There the man with normal hearing has a great advantage over me. For instance, I haven't heard a bird sing since I was twelve years old. But I can hear anything upon the phonograph.

I know men who worry about being deaf although they are not half as deaf as I am. Study of these men will indicate that they enjoy the unimportant. They would like keen hearing when they sit at table where foolish gossip flies about. They regret that they are missing nonsense. If they would let their deafness drive them to good books they would find the world a very pleasant place.

Some years ago a specialist came to me and informed me that he could improve my hearing. I presume he might have done it. But I wouldn't let him try.

I CONTINUALLY experiment with the phonograph, constantly improving it. There are those who fear that radio will kill it as a salable device, but I know better. People will continue to want to hear what they want to hear when they want to hear it. They will continue to prefer what they hear without rather than with static and other interruptions and distractions. They will continue to desire to have carefully selected voices and well-chosen instrumentalists ready for their entertainment, rather than to trust to luck and the program-arranger at a broadcasting station.

My eyes have always been extremely good. All the extensive experimentation I have done with arcs and other brilliant lights seems not to have hurt them at all.

I read three newspapers each day. If they are delayed or do not reach me I don't know what to do. The vast development of the newspaper and magazine has done more even than the motion picture to make hearing unnecessary.

Long ago nature began to make the hearing of human beings less acute than it had been in their earlier development. Nature always knows her business. The man engaged in firing fourteen-inch guns carefully plugs up his ears before he pulls the lanyard. There are analogies in many lines where ears are not actually plugged. In some instances they are not plugged when they might better be. I have heard people who live in towns of, say, two or three thousand, say that the Sunday quiet is depressing. Such people have achieved the noise habit. It is like the drug habit.

We need light and sight in order to get information without which mental development would be very difficult, although possible, as witness Helen Kellar, who has had neither



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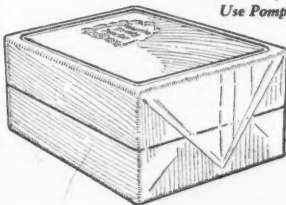
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DR. JEANNE C. WALTER, 389 Fifth Avenue, New York



sight nor hearing since her early childhood and yet is a highly educated woman. I went through Switzerland in a motor-car, so that I could visit little towns and villages, and noted the effect of artificial light on the inhabitants. Where water-power and electric light had been developed everyone seemed normally intelligent. Where these appliances did not exist and the natives went to bed with the chickens, staying there till daylight, they were far less intelligent.

Once I was elected to membership in a certain business organization. I went to its dinners where there was much speech-making. At first I regretted that I could not hear those often long orations. Then, one year, they printed them after the dinner and I read them. I haven't felt a mite of sorrow since.

A man went up to Sing Sing—a reformer. One of the listening convicts—not in the least deaf—got uneasy after half an hour and yelled, disturbing the whole meeting. A warden promptly knocked him senseless and the orator went on. The convict woke up after another thirty minutes and, finding that the speaker was still at it, begged the warden to knock him out again.

When, the other day, I read that a certain scientist had developed a short-term anesthetic, the first thought that came to me was that it should be served out at banquets to people with good hearing.

We are building a world in which the person who is deaf will have a definite advantage. If we keep on as we are going we shall have a general environment which will be impossible to the acutely hearing person. Normal individuals have their troubles even now. Fast cars without mufflers and the whirr of airplanes must definitely affect nerves. They do not and they could not bother mine or those of any other very deaf person.

DEAFNESS has done many good things for the world. In my own case it has been responsible, I think, for the perfection of the phonograph; and it had something to do with the development of the telephone into usable form. When Bell first worked out his telephone idea I tried it and the sound which came in through the instrument was so weak I couldn't hear it. I started to develop it and kept on until the sounds were audible to me. I sold my improvement, the carbon transmitter, to the Western Union and they sold it to Bell. It made the telephone successful. If I had not been deaf it is possible and even probable that this improvement would not have been made. The telephone as we now know it might have been delayed if a deaf electrician had not undertaken the job of making it a practical thing.

The phonograph never would have been what it now is and for a long time has been if I had not been deaf. Being deaf, my knowledge of sounds had been developed till it was extensive and I knew that I was not and no one else was getting overtones. Others working in the

same field did not realize this imperfection, because they were not deaf. Deafness, pure and simple, was responsible for the experimentation which perfected the machine. It took me twenty years to make a perfect record of piano music because it is full of overtones. I now can do it—just because I'm deaf.

My deafness has been a definite advantage in my business, too, in more ways than one. The fact that I do not rely on verbal agreements and reports is one reason for this. There would be a chance that I might not hear them perfectly. So I have everything set down in black and white. That has saved me certain difficulties which I might have had if I had been acute of hearing. My deafness never has prevented me from making money in a single instance. It has helped me many times. It has been an asset to me always.

Even in my courtship my deafness was a help. In the first place it excused me for getting quite a little nearer to her than I would have dared to if I hadn't had to be quite close in order to hear what she said. If something had not overcome my natural bashfulness I might have been too faint of heart to win. And after things were actually going nicely. I found hearing unnecessary.

My later courtship was carried on by telegraph. I taught the lady of my heart the Morse code, and when she could both send and receive we got along much better than we could have with spoken words by tapping our remarks to one another on our hands. Presently I asked her thus, in Morse code, if she would marry me. The word "Yes" is an easy one to send by telegraphic signals, and she sent it. If she had been obliged to speak it she might have found it harder. Nobody knew anything about many of our conversations on a long drive in the White Mountains. If we had spoken words, others would have heard them. We could use pet names without the least embarrassment, although there were three other people in the carriage. We still use the telegraphic code at times. When we go to hear a spoken play she keeps her hand upon my knee and telegraphs the words the actors use so that I know something about the drama though I hear nothing of the dialog.

Every branch of education can be taught through books and motion pictures. Films already have done much to mold the public, young and old. They have affected commerce, too. We all wear English motor caps because we liked them when we saw them in the motion pictures. Australians buy American shoes because they have seen and liked them in motion pictures. Presently European clothing will predominate among the Asiatics in India, Japan and China because the natives of these lands have seen it in the motion pictures. I believe immensely in the phonograph, but talking-machines can never do what motion pictures can do in forming the thought and habits of the whole world.

And finally: The best thinking has been done in solitude. The worst has been done in turmoil.

How's the Weather up There? (Continued from page 65)

the opening of some new Tea Shoppe. It was a good exploitation stunt, and attractive of much attention from the casual gapers. I looked up at the man on stilts with pleasure and thanked God that I was not *that* tall.

Suddenly my satisfactory ruminations were interrupted by a mad-gang in the mob who came up to me and asked, "Hey, mister, what are you advertising?" He kept it up all the way down the block and was rewarded with many laughs.

I can't harbor much ill-feeling against this anonymous humorist. The gag he pulled wasn't really half bad.

My bitterest experience came during the late war, or Great War as it was sometimes slangily called. Having done time at two Plattsburg

camp, I applied for enrolment in the officers' training corps as soon as Congress got around to the formal declaration of hostilities. I was refused because I was "too tall for the trenches." When I tried to enlist in the regular army I was rejected on the same grounds. The naval recruiting officer wittily informed me that I might join up as soon as they could rebuild their battleships to fit me.

Later I heard that in Canada the military authorities would accept anyone who could walk into the recruiting station on both feet, and so I repaired to Montreal and hastened to headquarters. (I was young, at the time, and pretty bitter about the violation of Belgium's neutrality.)

"Do you want to go into the infantry or

You don't have to do this

THE unsightly "white coat collar"—show-
ered with dandruff—is
rapidly going out of style.
You really don't need to
be troubled this way.

And the way to cor-
rect it is a very simple
one. Just mark down the
following statement as a
fact:

*Listerine and dandruff
do not get along together.*
Try the Listerine treat-
ment if you doubt it.

Just apply Listerine,
the safe antiseptic, to
the scalp. Generously;
full strength. Massage it
in vigorously for several
minutes and enjoy that
clean, tingling, exhilarat-
ing feeling it brings.

After such a treatment
you *know* your scalp is
antiseptically clean. And
a clean scalp usually
means a healthy head of
hair, free from that nui-
sance—and danger signal
of baldness—dandruff.

You'll thank us for
passing this tip along to
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an old friend—Listerine.
— *Lambert Pharmacal
Company, Saint Louis,
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*LISTERINE Throat Tablets, containing the antiseptic oils
of Listerine, are now available . . . While we frankly
admit that no tablet or candy lozenge can correct hal-
tosis, the Listerine antiseptic oils in these tablets are
very valuable as a relief for throat irritations —
25 cents.*



What a whale of a difference
just a few cents make

Mother Nature

~keeps children in the Pink of Condition

Mother Nature's demands are all too often dangerously ignored by children in their tireless zest for play.

But Mother Nature can help you keep the personal habits of your children regular and normal if you will only let her.

Mother Nature's help is to be found in **NR Tablets**—Nature's Remedy. **NR Tablets** are the all-vegetable laxative, containing Nature's own mild and pleasant correctives for sluggish and irregular elimination.

Let Nature's Remedy keep the children in the pink of condition by doing for them what they may neglect to do for themselves.



NR JUNIORS—Little NRs

Made especially for children.

One-third regular dose,

same ingredients.

Candy coated. Have

you tried them?

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25 CENTS BOX



the artillery?" asked the Canadian sergeant. "Infantry," I told him.

I was accordingly put through a perfunctory physical examination, took the oath of allegiance to His Majesty, King George V, and was sent to the barracks on Guy Street to get my uniform. When I saw that uniform, I realized what had happened—I understood, for the first time, the true horrors of war.

I had been assigned to service in the 42nd Battalion, Royal Highlanders of Canada, Black Watch; I was compelled to wear kilts. There was no backing out then. I was officially hooked.

When I first appeared publicly in kilts, my knees exposed indecently to the public gaze, I experienced the realization of those terrible nightmares wherein one attends a dance clad in one's underdrawers. Short skirts added several cubits to my height and considerably more to my self-consciousness.

Later, when I went to France, I was told to be careful by all the old-timers who had been up the line and had observed the shallowness of the trenches. "Keep your head down, Slim," they cautioned me. "Them Heinie snipers seldom miss."

These kindly words of advice meant little, for death seemed preferable to the embarrassment of kilts. As it turned out, however, I was ultimately wounded in the ankles.

The war has passed and all those dark, nude-kneed days are forgotten. But I have not shrunk. That is the terrible part of it: there is no chance that I ever will shrink. Fat men have that one consolation—the persistent hope, however vain it may be, that some day they will discover the magical diet which will make them thin. There is no such silver lining for my cloud. I am constantly, painfully aware that nothing short of a surgical amputation will make me short.

These thoughts are ever present in the minds of those with Eiffel physiques. Thus tall men, instead of becoming dominant, masterful world-beaters, develop a devastating diffidence. As a class they are meek, unobtrusive and easily imposed upon. It is always the aggressive shrimps who scold waiters, talk back to traffic policemen and bulldoze their wives. You'll never catch a tall man in the act of asserting himself. The rôle of goat is thrust upon him. I've learned that in the dear old Alma Mater of Hard Knocks.

Nevertheless, my life at present is not entirely devoid of joy. Once every year the circus comes to town and on that occasion I always visit the tent which bears the sign, "This way to the Strange People." On view there is a Dutch giant who is eight feet something in height. I love to look at that miserable fellow and try to form a mental picture of his struggles in a Pullman berth or an orchestra seat; and I never miss the chance to shout at him:

"Hey, mister, how's the weather up there?"

The Wife's Side

(Continued from page 34)

Lotharios. Your New York business man doesn't go around scattering loving messages to the girls he takes out, not after his first year at the game. It is too expensive, and besides the business girl doesn't want love anyway. All she really wants is to get her dinner check paid. That, certainly, was all I wanted—that and a little amusement and the excitement of male society.

Working from this basis, I cut the cards both ways. I had the constant zest of my work, which I adored. All life was gay to me. Rushing down in the subway mornings, the push and drive of the throngs exhilarated me. Eight hours of each day I spent in my office, loving every inch of it.

Every effort I put into it came back to me in added self-esteem, in increased wages. At night, after leaving, I walked for blocks up

Fifth Avenue, jostled by the well-dressed crowds, watching the motors, drawing in long breaths of gasoline that seemed sweeter to me than any perfume ever devised. The smell of New York! The thrill of New York, and of Fifth Avenue, that symbol of success and power, that monument to women! I walked on the top of the world, free to do and say what I liked.

Then, when I was loving myself and life so much, I fell in love with some one else.

It was late afternoon of a day in early spring. He approached me down the Avenue, in company with the most artistic man I knew. He wore no hat and the wind tossed his black curls about and I was startlingly conscious of his blue eyes under his heavy brows and lashes.

"This," said Johnny, "is the poet I've told you about."

Poets! Heavens! So proverbially poor and faithless, such terrific wasters of time, but so attractive. Nice waist-line and undoubtedly could dance.

He called me up the next day. Remembering his eyes, I determined to annihilate him by naming the most expensive restaurant in town. But he rose to it, and we dined together and talked, not business, not his future, not the stories he had heard at the club, but me. He talked about me and I talked about me and all in all it was a very intellectual evening.

He had theories of marriage, too. It was the most bewildering, lovely thing how they agreed with my own. He knew women were free. He thought they had the right to work; to live their own lives; to experiment with love until they found the real kind; to believe in beauty.

All this wasn't revealed over that one meal. It came out over many meals in little places, where the food wasn't particularly good but the talk was energetic. He kept assaulting my mind continually. He kept prowling in on its fastnesses. I couldn't handle such an attack. If he had continually tried to kiss me, it would have been easy. Instead, he wanted to know what I was thinking.

WHEN I saw what was coming, I tried my best to head it off. Fate, with one of those leers of hers, then sent him to work in the same office with me. He was a poet, with a slim and highly praised book to his credit, but he had to earn the bread he ate.

I told myself that since he worked in that same office it was nothing but a matter of propinquity. I reminded myself that he was three years my junior and that he earned less than half what I earned. I tried to laugh and ridicule my love away. Nothing did any good.

It seems to me that I turned as naturally toward that boy as a flower turns toward the sun. I wanted to be near him and pat his curls, and tell him not to wear that overcoat with too many buttons. I adored listening to him talk, wild talk, radical talk that said nothing of conferences or deals, but only of beauty, and gropings for the truth and right.

Try as I would, I could no longer be calm and centered. I tried going back to the men I had known before, but I saw only their fat minds and jowls. The very streets changed and took on other values for me. I noticed for the first time the little elm trees in front of the Public Library, noted how small and deserted they were backed by so much marble. I saw the patterns of the sun as they slid in between the buildings and found myself watching for the tints in the sky at evening. Life had become new, strange and wonderful. I had rediscovered my dreams.

I was immensely grateful to Mookie for thus simplifying me and my future. Fears I had scarcely known I harbored rose up in me, the fear of lonely age, of poverty, of never having children; and there stood that boy with his black curls and his amazing blue eyes, my liberation from all of them.

It was over a tea table in the Village that we decided we couldn't wait any longer. There wasn't any proposal. Almost simultaneously we stopped eating and gasped. Almost



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immediately we knew it didn't matter if we never ate again; if we never had any money or saw a single person; or did anything but have this marvelous consciousness that we, out of all the world, belonged to one another. In a wild, embarrassed excitement, we rushed away to the marriage license bureau.

After the wedding ceremony we went to Atlantic City—of all places—for a week-end honeymoon, a jazz honeymoon to which we took only evening clothes, to dance every night till dawn.

We agreed that we should both be as free as we ever had been; that we should live for each other and for our work and that our joint expenses would be shared fifty-fifty. We would never question one another about the remainder of our money. True, Mookie would have darned little remainder, but we trusted our triumphant future to remedy that.

Concerning the sexes, I was to go out as often with as assorted brands of masculinity as I desired. Mookie was to stabilize his ego with whatever feminine flattery it required. We had no intention, we said, of shying away from each other the moment another woman or another man appeared on the horizon. This, we laughed just a little throatily, was to be expected and our marriage was strong enough to weather several such spasms.

We were not at all solemn about these pledges to ourselves. We were so gay and happy. We felt so immensely superior to the rest of the human race. We thought divorce came from a lack of honesty and we were beginning fairly and squarely, asking nothing of one another but the sharing of our mutual love. On Monday we returned decorously to the office and worked all day.

The first theory exploded that night under the force of the realization that we had no apartment. We found each of us had been relying on the other to have attended to this detail. We were both a little cross as we spent the evening hunting and finally moved at one A. M. in a taxicab into a place both uncomfortable and expensive. It might have been amusing by the next morning if we hadn't awakened to the discovery that neither of us had remembered to get in food for breakfast. Equality! Two heads with not a single stalk! No roots going down into the ground!

And then, for me, the almost immediate realization that marriage had changed me utterly. What good to say that I could go out as I liked with other men? Not only had I no such desire, being completely content with my own man, but I had no desire to go out at all. That little apartment which I didn't like, nevertheless took on the meaning of home to me. I wanted to stay in it. I began to feel a remote interest in cooking. In pre-nuptial days for another woman's husband to take me for dinner and spent his last cent meant nothing to me. If my husband did this, half the sum came out of my pocket, and I wanted to save instead of spend. I got a longing for the soil and for my own home. I wanted to plan for my child.

IN THOSE first months, I wished that Mookie had no friends at all, despite my numerous statements to the contrary. I simply hated the two boys who pushed him through our door the sixth day we had been married and left him, intoxicated, upon the hall floor. Since the country went dry, every girl has seen dozens of her male acquaintances in liquor. Yet again the difference between a husband and men came to me.

Then there was our party to which somebody brought that blond. I had never met her before, but Mookie and she sat on the couch together and every once in a while she smiled at me, with that deadly sweetness, and called me a "dear little thing." They were only gone a minute in the other room to look at the Japanese prints, but her hair was rumpled and she was very giggly. I kept talking on and on, to let everyone know I didn't see their wise looks. "He is to go out

with as many girls as he wishes"—I kept repeating over and over to myself. What was the use? I couldn't retaliate. I couldn't flirt any more. I was in love.

Yes, I know I should have had more sophistication. I was very aware of its need, but other things, practical, insidious little things, were wearing me down, making me thin-skinned, ready subject for the smallest hurts.

Sharing and sharing alike didn't seem to include the traditional feminine duties. The office still occupied eight of my hours, but at home I had two people's laundry to count, two persons' things to pick up. Mookie seemed to have come to a sort of tacit understanding with himself that food came under its own steam to the family table.

Again and again I determined to straighten out the situation between us, to get myself from the corner in which I found myself. I would begin to talk very rationally and sanely—more theories; and then he would turn his head and grin broadly at me, and I would find my mind clouded once more under quicker delights. How could I ask him about his share of the gas bill when he was telling me he loved me more than the beauty of those early summer days?

More and more the burden of practical matters rested on me. Mookie purchased me chocolates, which I never eat; cigarets, which I rarely smoke; trifles which he admired and which I could do without. I could not quarrel over a gesture of love—and meanwhile I got the rent together out of my salary.

My work was no longer first. I wanted to concentrate on the job at hand, but my attention was set ahead, to the first of the month, the first of the year, to the frustration of some new scheme of charming and foolish extravagance of my husband's.

Seldom now did we get together to laugh and play. Charm is so much a product of vitality, and I was always tired. I had lost my freedom, and had gained no protection. I tried going out with other men again, but the stories of their careers bored me. I felt shabby and poor. I had less to spend than at any time since I had become self-supporting. And love had taken those things from me.

I KNEW I was getting dull. I knew I wasn't the flippant, care-free girl my husband had married. Yet I realized our danger and we might have come through if we hadn't taken that house in the country. Business had been bad for our firm. We all had to take a sharp salary cut or get out. I didn't dare leave, but Mookie did, and immediately picked up another job at twice what the old place had paid him. It was then he heard of the country house.

"It's spring that's troubling you," he teased me. "Let's get away from town and back to something real and true. Besides, I know I could work there, and you do want me to put out another book, don't you?"

I was willing to sacrifice anything to make that marriage a success. Under the seduction of the vision he drew, I agreed to the country. I had been a country child, but for more than seven years I had not once been away from the city pavements. With the remembrance of springs stealing over the hills I let myself in for it at nearly twice the rent we had been paying.

We were in debt and Mookie was heavily in debt to me. I came from old New England stock, people to whom there isn't much difference between owing a debt and killing a man. Yet the weeks went by, under Mookie's new pay checks, and he never mentioned this money he had borrowed, and while I couldn't mention it, I knew its exact amount to the last cent.

Then he proposed we go away for a while to the seashore.

"But we can't afford it!" I protested. "Why should we move again? We've just come here."

"It's dull. We never go anywhere."

"I can't go out every night," I said. "I have my work to remember."

We were standing in the large living-room of the country house. Such a pretty room it was, with its many windows hung in yellow, its walls yellow and its woodwork bright blue. A fire was burning in the wide fireplace and before it a little table was laid with after-dinner coffee and cigarets. It should have been a home!

Some other personality was alive in that room that evening, though, a cool, wise personality that saw us as we were, two people once so much in love—who should have remained in love—now miserable and discontented in each other's society.

I heard my words echoing back to me and suddenly I knew what was undermining us and our marriage.

Mookie sat still, his black brows lowered over his eyes, so young, so lovable, with exactly the look of a small and spoiled child who has discovered his first adamant relative. With this sudden second sight, I beheld us, myself a hybrid, occupying a position neither male nor female; cajoling my husband exactly as a rich man has to cajole his silly little chorus girl.

MY WORK and my freedom had made a bachelor of me, with a bachelor's psychology. I had picked a husband as a bachelor picks a wife, for charm, for beauty and for a lack of dominance. Mookie, in turn, immature and afraid of life, had sought me out to mother him, to protect him, so that he might still remain a little boy.

Freedom for women? The last little balloon of my theories was destroyed.

In a desperate attempt to right our positions, I thwarted that seashore trip, scraped together what money I could and purchased new evening clothes. But just before they were delivered, Mookie's work began keeping him in town every evening.

I understood. I realized she was probably a nice girl, too, for my old shoes fitted her so well! I never mentioned that I realized the existence of her or her little sisters in our life, but I planned parties for us two.

I must have been just about as gay as a censor, for Mookie's work became more and more exacting.

Then when I didn't know what to do, he did it. He ran away. He threw up his job and ran to Europe. Of course we wrote each other. Of course we were inarticulate. And the summer passed and the dogwood trees put out their scarlet berries while I watched the harvest moon wax and wane from my porch where night after night I walked till dawn.

I threw up my job too, and months passed before I came back to face town and life once more, with my trunks in a little hotel room and his at his mother's.

Then when I was quite broke, I went down to see my boss again and he gave me my old job back again. It may have been that reassurance that made me telephone Lolita. She was the jazziest kid I knew and the wisest.

"Come for dinner tonight and meet Jimmie Sheldon," she said. "He's always wanted to meet you. Only don't you dare to be intellectual."

The moment he entered the room, I knew that the less I said the more he'd like me. Little, round, successful, he came in and gave me that look of quick appraisal I hadn't seen in a man's eyes for more than two years. Suddenly I was happy. I knew exactly where I stood with a man like Jimmie Sheldon.

I hardly knew when dinner was over and we were crowded in a taxicab on our way to a night club. Here I was, still a married woman, with an undivorced husband lying around some place. I looked again at the little fat man beside me and laughed.

I might have a dozen husbands, but suddenly I was free.

"Now about marriage," Jimmie was saying. "Know anything about it?"

"Not a thing," I retorted, and I wasn't lying.

My Former Husband's Present Wife (Continued from page 49)

been to confess that I was Mr. Burke; and I didn't, for some reason that had to do with that friendly and unsuspecting voice at the other end of the wire that morning, want to confess to that. I didn't telephone. I wrote instead. Wrote explaining my dilemma, and asking for the information, "if you'll be good enough to help me out."

The next morning my telephone rang, and this time another voice came over the wire in answer to my hello—an absurdly familiar voice, vigorous and slightly metallic, of which I remember a man once saying, "It's Tom's voice that makes women like him. I don't believe a woman can resist that voice." When I asked why, he responded cryptically, "It's so peculiar, I think that's why."

"Fleta?" said the so "peculiar" and familiar voice. "This is Tom."

We had drifted so far apart that we no longer saw the same people. Years had passed. So now our greeting might have been that of two old friends who had had no news of each other for a long time. And when I left the telephone I had the information I had asked for, I knew the plan of the novel Tom had just finished, and that he was going to build a house, and—I had promised to come to tea.

"Edna wants you to come," he said. "We don't see any reason why we shouldn't all be friends." They would call me the first of the week and arrange the day.

And when, the first of the week, he said, still over the telephone, "Here's Edna now—she'll speak to you," there was her voice again, gracious and easy, making the invitation hers and setting the day.

Tuesday, then, at half past four. At her studio.

I MAY as well confess that if there had been no other reason, curiosity would have taken me then. What manner of woman was this who could with so much poise, with so little effect of self-consciousness, ask her predecessor to tea? I couldn't have done it, I'm sure. But then I have more than once had occasion to suspect that I am not, and will never be, what our sophisticated writers call entirely "civilized."

I knew nothing whatever about her, had heard nothing, in fact, except for one night at a very gay party, when my dancing partner happened to remark in the middle of a one-step that he had "been seeing a good deal of Tom and his wife."

"What is she like?" I asked him, and he paused a moment before he said:

"She's not at all unlike yourself."

"How like me?" I asked.

"She's blond like you," he said, and felt, I knew, that he had described her adequately. For it is one of the many penalties of being a blond that blondness seems to be, for descriptive purposes at least, the only characteristic we possess. "She's a blond," people say, and that is supposed to tell you everything.

"What else," I persisted. "Is she attractive, interesting?"

He made the required pretty speech about having said she was not unlike me, and then added that she was a musician, "professional, and a very good one, too."

That did tell me something. To say that she was like me only increased my ignorance, since of all the people in this world I know least what I myself am like. But to say that she was a musician, that was something definite, and important too.

I suppose it is still further evidence of my uncivilized state that the prospect of meeting a stranger, any stranger, produces in me a kind of fear—relic no doubt of the primitive fear of the unknown. I have never been able to imagine liking people I do not know, no matter what good I've heard of them, until I have seen them face to face, when the sensation instantly vanishes.

It was something of this, then, that I experienced when I thought of that Tuesday to come, obscured or heightened, I could not tell which, by curiosity, by amusement, by speculation, and by the intrusion into my mind of a question, "What shall I wear?"

These things I am telling here, you must understand, are things I would not tell to friends or acquaintances. They are things I could only confess to the impersonal public, vague and unseen as the presence beyond the curtained window of the confessional, and like that presence receiving both sins and absurdities with an equal lack of surprise.

"TO THE right," said the elevator boy on Tuesday, nearer five o'clock than half past four. I followed down the corridor until I came to the door with the professional name plate hanging by a chain. I rang, and the door opened immediately.

"Well, Fleta!" they both cried at once, and we were all three shaking hands, without introductions, for we needed none. And as I looked into the smiling, welcoming eyes of the graceful blond woman who was drawing me forward into the room, in that instant whatever sense I had had of uneasiness was banished utterly. There was genuine warmth in the air, unaffected good-will. And I found myself hoping that I was a little like her. But already I had discerned a difference. She was the type of blond who can wear earrings, and I am not. And this, any woman will understand, is a fundamental difference. For earrings, far from being a symbol of frivolity, are on certain types of women the symbol of an imaginative and colorful temperament, qualities reflected surely in something barbaric and splendid in the effect of that studio.

It might have been any tea to which I had come, except that at this one at least I was not to be bored.

"Good! You haven't bobbed your hair," Tom said as he took my hat and cloak. "I'd heard you had."

There were questions about where I was going in Europe, and why, and I told them Italy because it was warm. They weren't so sure I should find it warm in Italy this time of year, and I said if it wasn't warm, I would go on to some place that was.

My hostess had disappeared behind a high gold screen, and now she reappeared with a small chased silver tray on which were three tall tapering glasses of rich old port.

As we stood, the three of us, with the three slim glasses in our hands, there approached a moment that might easily have held some awkwardness, if a toast was to be proposed.

But the moment was saved by an absolutely brilliant *faux pas* from Tom. He lifted his glass toward me. "Well, here's to a warm place for you!" he gallantly said.

We all fell into helpless laughter and the air was permanently cleared.

And when presently we sat about the little oblong table with its severe black velvet cover, its silver tea things, and the charming rose-colored cups, we were talking gaily, all of us, it seemed, at once, so that Tom cried out, "Why have I brought this upon myself? Two of you, and I'm lost!"

And our gaiety was not forced. There was no need of forced gaiety, or of facetiously witty dialog. For there ran beneath our talk and our laughter something infinitely more precious than both; something, I think, that is new in the world, and of which we three sitting there together were conscious or unconscious witnesses. A spirit which acknowledges that rancor and pain, as well as love, may change, and that what remains need no longer be called indifference. A spirit which made it possible for the woman who occupied the place I once occupied honestly to welcome me, and made it possible for me to be honestly happy in their happiness.

It was as if she said to us. "Let us not add to the hate in the world. If there are beautiful memories, keep them; they need not be destroyed because of me." And as if there stood in the room the timid wraiths of a boy and girl who had met and married and come to grief long years ago, and to them she smilingly said, "Come in, poor foolish children, why should you be afraid?"

To be sure we did not talk of these things, but they were there beneath all the every-day things we did talk of, creating a kind of glow and warmth upon the hour.

And when we found it suddenly late, with engagements waiting to be kept, we said our good-bys and I came away with a curious lightness of heart.

I left them there together, feeling how right it was. She was a better wife than I could possibly have been. And this is no mere graceful tribute to a woman I have seen but once. It is a tribute in reality to that "rightness" I felt to exist in the positions of all of us. And when I say that she is the better wife, I mean no overmodest disparagement of myself. I was a very good wife—in my day. But I did not think of myself as a wife. I see that clearly now.

I was myself. He himself. We were married. We were young. We had no sense of the future, except as a time in which our ambitions were to be miraculously realized.

It was, I think, that conception of the future as miraculous that makes the difference between my day and this. We did not lay hold upon that future to build it with our hands. Not that we didn't work. We worked prodigiously. Back to back in the same room, for rent was high and we were poor, our typewriters clattered noisily. We wrote anything, everything, glad when it sold. No direction in it toward the structure to be built. For youth, no matter how canny it believes itself, always "rides off in all directions at once."

About four in the afternoon we used to go shopping for dinner. Tom was a prideful and superior cook, I the mere teeny, the scullery maid. By the time we reached home again, we were sure to find one or two friends already waiting in the hall. For cooks, above all other performers, love an audience. And Tom's kitchenette rang nightly with applause.

THIS manner of life, gay and thoughtless and right as it was for its time, was of course only the symbol of irresponsibility, which was also right for its time. But when symbols do not change, the things for which they stand also remain the same. And I doubt if I should ever have seen the necessity or the value of change. Or if, having seen it, I should have been capable of effecting it.

Today, so they told me, Tom has his workshop where he goes every day. "She found it for me," he said, "and brought me the key. There is no telephone. No one has ever been given the address." And the work he does there has continuity and plan beyond the exigencies of the day. And there is no longer a crowd to applaud his cooking every night.

"There was at first," said his wife, "but I told him he ought really to decide which of his talents he meant seriously to cultivate."

"And you no longer cook at all?" I asked, since I couldn't imagine that.

"Oh yes, when the temptation overcomes me," he said, "I have an orgy of cooking."

These changes are also merely symbols. And they are right for their day.

That is what I mean by saying that I was a very good wife in my day. And that she is a better wife than I could have been in her day.

There is the marriage of youth, and the marriage of maturity. They are not the same thing at all. And that is why so many early marriages come to grief. It may be that that is also why two marriages so often seem to have more actual unity, more continuity, than one.

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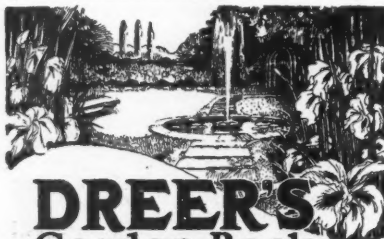
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The Skyrocket (Continued from page 110)

awfully soft spot in my heart for you. You're one of the few people I really care anything about. Know that? You're a real friend. Some day I'm going to have a serious affair with you."

"What are you doing for the next fifteen minutes?" said Pepper, giggling. "No time like the present."

"Don't try to be funny," said Stanley Craig. "I'm very serious. Don't you still love me just a little bit, Pepper? You're such a darn sweet kid. You aren't hard-boiled, like most of these women. You're different. Nice little Pepper. I like the way you've stuck to Sharon and what you've done for her."

Pepper looked at him suspiciously. She didn't like that "done for her" stuff. Was Stan kidding her? Then, because she had always been curious about Stanley and Sharon, she began a clever little cross-examination. In five minutes she had the whole story. It didn't surprise her. Nothing William Dvorak did could surprise her.

But she was a little stunned when Stanley went on: "And, Pepper, I wouldn't say this to anybody but you, but we're pals. The old boy is off his nut about her himself. He'd give her the oil wells and the bank and the whole works if she'd fall for him. Don't kid yourself. I know that old daddy."

PEPPER'S eyes snapped. What a close-mouthed, secretive little thing Sharon was in some ways! Perhaps she wasn't sure herself. Pepper decided it might be well if she told her what Stan had said. It would be a good card to have in the hole. Sharon was bound to need money pretty soon. The pace was too hot.

The music stopped. They went out into a little secret garden that Pepper knew. A tiny fountain bubbled, and the stringed quartette in the tennis court was playing something old-fashioned and tender. It was ridiculous, of course, knowing Sharon—and life—and men—as she did. But Pepper's heart began to beat a little faster. It was memory as much as anything. She had been so mad about him in those old days. She hadn't even thought about them for years, until tonight. . . . His arm slipped around her and she yielded, first to his arms, then to his lips. A warm, sweet kiss.

"Little Pepper, my little sweet friend," said Stanley Craig, looking down at her tenderly, sentimentally. In the pale, artificial moonlight, under the peaked cap, her face looked surprisingly as it had looked the first time he kissed her when she was just seventeen.

"Gosh, I'm sick of this life," he burst out. "I'm sick of women. I'm sick of booze. I'm not a bad fellow, Pepper. Honestly I'm not. It's the fool women. They won't let a man alone. I used to have different ideals than I've got now. But what I've seen of women, throwing themselves at your head—it's made me sick. I'd like to settle down somewhere, with a nice home to come to, and a wife that was a pal and a friend, and maybe have some babies. Why not? Pepper, let's get married. Let's get married, right now, tonight. Would you?"

Pepper O'Malley's heart stopped beating. But her brain continued to move with incredible speed. It said two things to her in rapid succession: "God help the woman who marries Stanley Craig." And, "But if I was Mrs. Stanley Craig all my troubles would be over. It'd be better than being Sharon Kimm's best friend. I could stand his chasing."

She was trembling with excitement, but she kept her head. Kept it so completely that, then she went up-stairs and slipped into her big squirrel coat—preparatory to meeting Stan in his powerful roadster, she put a full silver flask in her pocket. It would never do to let him get sober on the ride.

Lucia had been searching for Sharon in the crowd and finally she saw her standing at the foot of the great stairway in her golden dress.

And it seemed to Lucia that she saw Sharon Kimm, the Sharon Kimm of today, for the first time.

How she had developed, this Sharon Kimm. Lucia was startled by the regal poise of her, the distinguished way she carried her body, and the haughty, gracious pose of her head. In personality, in position, she had become the princess of all this magnificence, the queen of the court that gathered around her now. In mind, in soul, how far had she come from the little girl in the house by the railroad tracks? What had she learned worth while, big, fine, since her mother had died for a pink silk dress?

Lucia forced her way through the crowd toward Sharon, and her heart was very tender. But before she could reach her, a man moved through the crowd and bowed over Sharon's hand. When he straightened up Lucia recognized William Dvorak, dressed of course as Napoleon. It suited him tremendously. After Sharon had allowed him to kiss her hand, she went with him into the cool, dim patio. Lucia stood there, watching them go.

It was the first time Sharon had seen William Dvorak since the yachting party. He had been kindness, tenderness itself to her the day following the episode of the ring. But the amused, ironic smile had come back, as though he were laughing at her sentimentality, as though it were something childish, provincial.

Now they were both laughing, laughing a little at themselves and their make-believe finery.

"What a lot of idiots we've made of ourselves to please you," he said, looking down at her. "I'm quite sure we wouldn't have done it for anyone else in the world."

"Pooh!" said Sharon, and she rather enjoyed the breathless, half frightened sensation that came over her. "You know you look perfectly stunning. You belong in some more—more picturesque age than this. I always knew it."

"Perhaps—perhaps," he said, and he took her hand and looked down at the lines in its palm, "perhaps that's because you knew me in some other, more romantic life. Perhaps we belonged to each other once before when I was a king in Babylon and you were a Christian slave."

"Or when I was a tadpole and you were a fish," said Sharon.

"You were never a tadpole," said Dvorak, "but it doesn't matter what you were as long as you know that you were mine. Do you know it, Sharon?"

But she still shook her head. "I—don't think I do," she said. "When I'm away from you, I know I don't. Only sometimes things you've said keep sounding at my brain. When I'm with you—I don't want you to kiss me. But—I don't know."

A crowd of hilarious guests poured out into the patio, seeking Sharon to say good night. The party was beginning to break up.

"Don't go," said Sharon Kimm, softly, to Mickey Reid.

THE last straggling guests had left in merry disorder. A quiet that seemed ghostly fell upon the big house. The lights were turned out one by one, and left that pale promise of dawn that is not quite light and not altogether darkness. Sharon Kimm gave an order to the butler and went through the great hall to her little downstairs boudoir. It was a wreck of dying flowers and scattered cigarettes and empty glasses. But Sharon only laughed as she collapsed on the gilt and brocade couch.

Her face was still sparkling. The night had been wine to her. Her golden gown was crushed. Her hair had come loose and sprayed about her in deep, thick waves. Aside from that, she was as gorgeous and vital as she had been eight hours earlier.

"Why do you want me to stay?" asked Mickey Reid.

He stood over her, half reluctant, half eager.

Sharon's eyes narrowed. "Oh, I hate being alone tonight. Besides, half the fun of a party is talking it over afterwards. And Lucia is mad at me and went home and I can't find Pepper. Wasn't it wonderful? Didn't everyone have a good time?"

"And I'm to stay here—now—alone with you—just to gossip over your party? You do have the most extraordinary ideas, Sharon."

She rippled a laugh at him. Her eyes sought him. She was in a mood of warm yielding of love for the whole world. She wanted a fitting climax to this greatest night of her life.

How handsome Mickey looked! There was a lithe and manly grace in the way he wore the plain black velvet suit, with its black mantle swinging from his fine shoulders. His face wasn't modern, like Stanley Craig's. It had a deep, mobile expressiveness, a suggestion of depths untouched, that belonged to no other man she knew. In his black velvet with the long, fantastic dagger, he looked dangerous and angry, as though he were almost at the end of his self-control.

"Who are you?" she asked drowsily.

"Cesare Borgia."

She gave an exaggerated shudder. "Such a wicked man," and she laughed.

It would be nice if he took her in his arms, now. If he would only forget everything except that he loved her. No other man could make her heart beat as Mickey could.

HER eyes told him all these things. And he answered, taking her close in his arms, their lips clinging, held in a burst of flame that left them dizzy. It was a long time since they had kissed each other. Perhaps they had never kissed with such passion before. The grace and beauty and pagan freedom of their bodies melted together until, in the growing dawn, they seemed one creature. A love god. "Oh, I love you so—Sharon. I can't forget. I never draw a breath that isn't all of you. My soul and my body and everything that is me cries for you all day—all night. Love me—love me. Marry me, Sharon. Never mind anything, only let's have our love."

The fire-white of her face grew warm. The blue that had flamed in her eyes crept back. It would have been better if he had not spoken.

"I do love you, Mickey," she said, "in my way. But I guess I don't love you enough. What would you do if I married you? Would you expect me to live on your salary, or would you live on mine?"

"Sharon!" "You see? You couldn't be a man if you lived on mine and, though yours would be enough for lots of women, it isn't enough for me. I want everything money can buy. I want to live like this. If you wanted to come here—and live my way—"

"Not even to get you, Sharon." "Why must you make such a fuss? I love you and you love me. Maybe we could be married secretly—"

"A morganatic marriage, your majesty? No, thank you." His voice was bitter.

"Oh Mickey—don't speak like that to me. I adore you. I can't live without you. I want you—now. If we can't marry—and yet if we must have love—wouldn't it be all right if I just belonged to you? I'd rather—"

"Don't say it," said Mickey Reid, white to the lips—"don't. I'm only a human being and I love you so that my arms ache for you. But I'll be damned if I'll make you my mistress. I've asked you to be my wife. For my own sake, I couldn't make anything less than that of you. Sometimes, when I look at you like this, I could curse you for just a cheap woman who cares more for gewgaws than for love. And yet I know that I couldn't love you the way I do if you weren't worth loving, somewhere, down in the heart of you. Because I don't love you, Sharon, as men love cheap women. There's lots of that love. It's easy to find. Any man will give it to you. I love you—as men love truth, and honor, and courage, almost as they love God."

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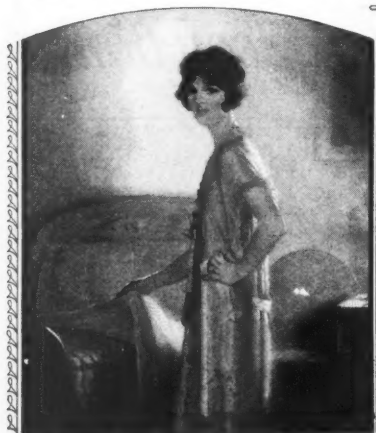
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"Oh Mickey," said Sharon Kimm drowsily, vibrating to his voice more than to his words, "don't talk. I never forget our love, darling. I never love any man but you. That's why I've never had another love affair. Take me in your arms, Mickey, and tell me how much you love me."

He stood, fighting as he had never fought even when he was in conflict with death in the trenches.

"Kiss me," said Sharon Kimm.

But that kiss was never given.

A shadow had fallen in the doorway. William Dvorak stood there, his eyes upon them, his lips curved in a faint, ironic smile. The light caught some decoration upon his breast and made it glitter. He was a consummate actor—this man. A poseur beyond compare.

"I came back," he said, slowly, "for my cloak. I found I had left it."

MICKEY REID laughed. There was relief in that laugh, perhaps, and sorrow and longing. But certainly nothing of mirth or joy.

Sharon Kimm looked long at William Dvorak, in the little silence that fell, and then she looked at the slim, dark-eyed boy in black velvet. Perhaps some prescience told her that some day her choice must be between these two; between these men and the things and the kind of love each stood for.

"Oh," she said, "your cloak. How funny that you should have left it. And—now it seems to be over your arm, doesn't it?"

"Yes," said William Dvorak.

"Well," said Sharon, and she yawned because her senses were spinning with weariness, "I think as long as you did come back, I'll ask you to give Mickey a ride into Hollywood. He was just going to phone for a taxi."

"I should be delighted," said William Dvorak, and Mickey made him a bow that more than matched his own.

The dawn was brightening as they left her. An opal dawn. Her great night was over. Sharon Kimm, her face still puzzled and dreamy, went slowly up-stairs, wakened Mina who was sleeping in a chair, and was put to bed in her great, golden bed—alone.

It opened the door of the automobile and allowed the two men to enter. Mickey's hands were clenched at his sides, clenched until the nails made half-moons of white. He wanted to take this man in his glittering, triumphal uniform and beat that ironic smile from his mouth with his two hands. But he must not. Because he loved Sharon, he must not.

"You've known Miss Kimm a long time, haven't you?" said Dvorak, and his tone was the essence of polished and formal courtesy. Mickey glanced at him in the growing light and met that faint, amused smile—the smile of a man of the world who meets, if not quite an equal, a man who must because of circumstance be treated as an equal.

Well, if that was the man's game, Mickey could play it with anybody.

"Yes," said Mickey, "I've known her a good deal longer than most of her friends, yourself included. I may flatter myself, but I think I know her rather better."

Dvorak raised doubtful eyebrows. "Perhaps. But a director comes to know a star he works with very well indeed. I have an idea that I know Sharon's real nature and the things that she needs to make her happy as well as anyone."

"That's very true"—Mickey lighted a cigaret with a perfectly steady hand—"and I know how much Miss Kimm owes to you." Dvorak glanced at him quickly, but Mickey's eyes were serene. "I can only hope that she will never be more deeply in your debt."

"Please don't say that," said Dvorak. "I think Sharon knows there isn't anything I wouldn't do for her. Fortunately, I am in a position to do much for her. Sharon is a strange girl. Her whole happiness, her whole life I might almost say, depends upon beauty—

upon beautiful things—upon having money to do the things that she desires to do. I can't imagine her as the wife of a poor man."

The cords swelled in Mickey's neck. "Any more than I can imagine her the sweetheart of a rich one," he said. "I don't know that I can persuade her to marry me. But she has told me tonight that she loves me, and I think if she ever needs help, I am the man to give it."

Dvorak's eyes gleamed. "No doubt. Unless circumstances should be such that you hadn't the—means of doing so. I'm sure you know I don't wish you any bad luck personally, but I can't help hoping you won't persuade her to marry you. It would be fatal to her career and to her happiness—almost any marriage, particularly with a young man who still has his way to make in the world."

The car drew up at the corner of Hollywood Boulevard and Cahuenga. Mickey saw a taxi and hailed it. He jumped out and Dvorak stepped down and stood facing him.

"Good night," he said. "I don't see you often. It may be quite a long time before I see you again."

"Probably," said Mickey, and he moved over and stood close to Dvorak, towering above him, and quivering with the feelings that tore him. "There is one thing I should like you to keep in mind—I would kill with my bare hands any man who harmed Sharon."

"The thought does you credit," said Dvorak, "but it's just a little melodramatic, isn't it? Sharon's a woman, a woman of the world. Surely she has a right to make her own choice in—any matter that might come up. I think we can safely leave the whole matter in her hands. Good night."

"Good night," said Mickey Reid. "I cannot help hoping that some time we shall meet again."

CHAPTER VIII

IT WAS INCONCEIVABLE that Sharon Kimm did not realize what was coming—what was bound to come. But she did not. Like a man who comes in time to believe his own lies, Sharon Kimm had been hypnotized by her own pose.

So it was that she could go on dancing in her fool's Paradise until the very moment of the crash, enchanted with herself and with a world that had poured its riches so lavishly into her lap. Behind her stretched the preparations, the causes, the indulgences which had written her fate, the very acts by which she had made certain her own undoing.

Afterwards, Sharon Kimm was always to remember the clear and velvet beauty of that morning.

The sweet peas were in bloom about the tennis court, a great wall built by the fairies of scented pink and white and mauve blossoms. The lawns were thick and fresh from the night's fog, carpets of green plush, smoothly spread. The water in the swimming pool was a sheet of silver, with tiny gold edges where the lightest of winds from the ocean stirred dainty waves. Paradise lay bathed in a golden beauty, peacefully quiet except for the busy bird-talk in the lacy pepper-trees.

The butler answered the telephone in the small down-stairs hall when it rang at a quarter to nine. He answered it a little indignantly. He did not consider it good form for a telephone to ring before nine in the morning. His indignation increased when the voice at the other end of the wire insisted brusquely and positively upon speaking to Miss Kimm.

"But Miss Kimm is not up," the butler protested. "I cannot call her when she is not up. It is not allowed."

In the end he buzzed for Joan Stillman. Joan answered on her extension, quiet and businesslike. When she hung up the receiver she was white and her lips had a pinched look. She went up the big staircase that only a few nights before had been a vision of such unparalleled grandeur and knocked on the door of Sharon's bedroom.

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AS pioneers in the field of oral hygiene, we believe that the makers of Listerine are logically qualified to introduce this new and drastic note into dentifrice advertising. And we believe that a very definite public benefit will result from this endeavor to make the nation properly conscious of the disease dangers that may result from tooth abscesses. —Lambert Pharmacal Company.

What a pathetic figure he is today

Once a champion—now only a wistful onlooker! It was only a few years ago that he was one of the best golfers in the country. Today he limps over the course watching the players he once out-matched!

Shattered health due to tooth neglect!

It all began innocently enough with several tooth cavities. Then like so many other people, he put off going to his dentist! As a result, several abscesses developed and seeped their deadly poison into his system.

Then came rheumatism and a heart disorder that made him practically a cripple. Neglected much longer, these tooth abscesses might have caused his early death.

Do you realize this?

Do you know that, according to eminent dental authorities, 78 out of 100 adults today have tooth abscesses; that usually they do not know it themselves and that such abscesses may directly cause many dread diseases?

Among the diseases so caused are rheumatism and joint diseases; heart

and kidney trouble; stomach and intestinal derangements; to say nothing of more minor disorders ranging from simple headaches to insomnia and nervous affections.

In spite of these grave dangers that lurk in tooth abscesses, relatively few people today ever think of visiting a dentist until pain drives them there. Whereas, only a good dentist can really place you on the safe side.

The right dentifrice and faithful tooth brushing can, of course, do much to keep the teeth clean and the gums exercised and healthy. But when abscesses have developed, only a dentist and the X-ray can cope with the trouble.

Choose carefully

However, it becomes very important to choose the right dentifrice because clean teeth will not decay and cause trouble. For this reason more and more dentists are today recommending Listerine Tooth Paste.

Listerine Tooth Paste, and this tooth paste only, contains all of the antiseptic essential oils of Listerine, the safe antiseptic. These healing, antiseptic ingredients help keep the gums firm and healthy and discourage the breeding of disease bacteria in the mouth.

Quick results—and safe!

This is an age when people want quick results. Listerine Tooth Paste is so formulated that it cleans your teeth with a *minimum* of brushing, while ordinary dentifrices require much more effort and even then often leave you in doubt.

Also, this paste cleans with absolute safety. The specially prepared cleanser it contains is just hard enough to discourage tartar formation, yet *not* hard enough to scratch or injure tooth enamel. And, of course, you know how precious tooth enamel is!

Finally, Listerine Tooth Paste is sold at a price that is fair—large tube 25 cents—the right price to pay for a good tooth paste. Try it. Enjoy really clean teeth. But don't forget the importance of seeing your dentist regularly.—Lambert Pharmacal Company, Saint Louis, U. S. A.

If your dentist has not already handed you our booklet on tooth abscesses and a sample of our dentifrice, you may have both of these by addressing a postal to the Lambert Pharmacal Co., Saint Louis.

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her words died when she saw Joan Stillman. "Is Miss Kimm asleep?" asked the tall secretary, making a visible effort to speak calmly.

"Of course she's asleep," said Mina, wondering at the strangeness of Miss Stillman's face and voice; "she didn't get in last night until three o'clock. A dinner party at the bride's—if you can tie that."

"I shall have to wake her," said Joan Stillman.

"Oh, no." Mina made a move to close the door. "Oh, no. She don't have to work today. She'll kill me sure."

Joan's lips set grimly. "I'm sorry, Mina," she said, "but it'll have to be done. I'll take the responsibility."

She went into the bedroom and pulled up the shades, sweeping back the frothy curtains so that the sunlight filled the room. For a moment she stood by the bed, looking down at the girl who slept there. Joan Stillman felt that now she looked upon the real Sharon Kimm, the Sharon whom Mickey Reid and Lucia so loved. The startling sweetness, the simplicity, the undeveloped contours of the little face, affected her strongly. It was almost as though a mask had fallen and there was revealed the face of a very young girl, marked already by self-indulgence, but showing, nevertheless, its common origin and its innate purity and strength.

Under Joan's stare the lashes fluttered. "What time is it?" said Sharon Kimm, sleepily. "It can't be time to get up yet. I'm dead."

Joan Stillman touched her hand. "Dear, I'm sorry. It's only nine o'clock. But they've called up from the bank and I'm afraid you'll have to get up and go down there right away."

Sharon's eyes sprang open. "The bank? Oh, Joan, did you wake me up for that? What a goose you are. I won't get up."

"I'm afraid you'll have to," said Joan Stillman again; "it's very important. You promised me last week you'd go in and see about it. And then you said you had when you hadn't at all. If you don't go at once, I won't be responsible for what happens. But I think we're pretty apt to get moved out of here, bag and baggage."

Sharon got up then, silent and sullen, her eyes narrowed so that only a pale green came from between the dark, thick lashes. In spite of Joan's pleas for haste, Mina had to have half an hour to get her ready for breakfast.

Joan watched, her heart beating fast. She had some idea what that day might hold for Sharon Kimm, and it seemed somehow astonishing that Sharon could whistle as she splashed in the tub. Joan did not know that Sharon always whistled to keep up her courage. Sharon hadn't whistled much since Joan knew her.

WHEN she came from the bathroom, in tight-fitting pajamas and scarlet satin slippers over cobwebby black socks, Joan sat down beside her at the little table in the window, while Mina brought her a grapefruit and coffee.

If she had ever prayed, Joan prayed now that she might make Sharon understand what she faced that day when serious danger threatened. She prayed for words that would break through the cloying beauty of the room, the enervating luxury of the whole atmosphere, the sense of false security, and reach the lovely little figure so impudently disdainful of the storm brewing about her head.

In the simplest words Joan knew, that there might be no loophole and no misunderstanding, she explained to Sharon Kimm the pass to which things had come. It was a plain statement of facts, bullet-like and unadorned.

Joan spoke as she might have spoken to a child, stating things in order, without threat and with careful explanations. She emphasized, among other things, that the payments on the contract under which she was buying Paradise were overdue. She reminded Sharon of the check held by Wong Li, the Chinese merchant. She said that suits were about to be filed by the firm that had decorated the house, by Marie of the select shop on the Boulevard, and

by a certain firm of jewelers who had supplied her with some diamond shoe buckles. The automobile agency intended to take back one of her cars. The tremendous bills for the birthday ball were still unpaid, and action was likely to be taken regarding them if it became known she had been forced to give up Paradise.

Finally Joan reminded Sharon of the infinitesimal size of her bank account, the paltriness of her assets, in proportion to the debts that menaced her. These assets would be just about sufficient to pay her income tax, which must be met no matter what happened.

Something in Joan's quiet voice, the simple, forceful words, the pain and fear upon the fine face of the girl who was usually so self-possessed and so unafraid, penetrated Sharon Kimm's heart. Her hand began to shake so that she was obliged to put down the spoon.

Overnight, in the clean, pure beauty of a summer morning, with the broad acres of Paradise stretching at her feet more desirable than they had ever been, the crash had come. She sensed it and trembled, but of its magnitude, its ruthlessness, its finality, she had no conception. It took the events of that day to show her at last the sands upon which she had built her house.

THAT was the way that day began for Sharon, the day which was to end with the changing of her whole life. And it progressed through a series of mounting horrors, piling up one on top of the other, with the measured menace of a Greek tragedy.

First of all, there was the session at the bank. The president of the bank, with the expression of a surgeon who uses the knife in all pity and only because he must, and that colorless, cold little man, Johnson, were waiting for her. The little, stuffy office, with its bright mahogany furniture and its cold white floor, stamped itself upon Sharon's brain for all time to come.

She was in soft and graceful white, a white fur across her slim shoulders, a little black hat pulled down over her eyes, a long black swag stick in her hand. But she saw instantly that Johnson was unresponsive to her loveliness.

She sat there, her knees crossed, so that her little feet in their white shoes and her famous ankles were visible to Johnson. But they did not move him. He thought her scarlet and insolent, and he wondered chiefly what those shoes and stockings had cost. As much as his month's grocery bill probably.

Whatever this girl might be, she looked to Johnson like a courtesan, and he didn't propose to be bamboozled by her looks or her grand airs. No, sir. A dried-up little man, his narrow mind irrevocably connected beauty and sin. A most unfortunate man for Sharon Kimm to have to deal with.

The president had been sincere when he said that he liked Sharon Kimm. There was in his soul a great pity for her. Therefore he explained the matter in hand with all the kindness and courtesy at his command.

"But you can't take my house away from me," said Sharon Kimm arrogantly, and she shot a defiant glance at Johnson; "it's mine. I've just succeeded in making it fit to live in. It was an utter horror when I bought it. I've spent a great deal of money on it."

"I'm afraid you did that at your own risk," the president said gently. "I tried to explain that to you before you started. When you buy a house on contract you have no title to that house until the final payment is made."

His shrewd, light blue eyes pleaded with her to be tactful, not to antagonize Johnson. But it had been a long time since Sharon Kimm had needed to be tactful.

"You missed your last payment," said Johnson, through thin lips; "now you've missed this one. It's ten days overdue. I gave you plenty of warning. Do you understand the nature of the contract under which you bought that house? So much down—payments every thirty days—and if the payments aren't met, the house reverts to me. Are you prepared to

meet those payments today, Miss Kimm?" Sharon began to pale a little before the cold, relentless quality of his voice. It was a long time since anyone had spoken to her like that. Visions of bill collectors, who had tormented her mother in the little house by the railroad tracks, came before her eyes. She desired greatly to trample upon this insulting little man. But she fought down her rage.

"Will you give me a little time?" she said haughtily. "I didn't quite realize the situation. I've been extremely busy and I must have overlooked those payments."

"I'll give you twenty-four hours," said Johnson. "I've given you time enough before—plenty of it. You've never been on time with anything yet. I notice you have plenty of money to spend for other things. I give you twenty-four hours—then I want my house or my money."

FROM the bank Sharon drove straight to the little Chinese shop on one of the narrow side streets of Chinatown. She went there because Joan told her she might persuade Wong Li not to sue.

There was a faint music from the painted glasses that hung in the doorways, swaying and tinkling with every breath of wind. She liked the fragrance that met her entrance, the fragrance of Oriental incense that burned, mingled with the odor of carved woods and ancient silks and that indescribable smell of Chinatown itself.

Wong Li came forward to meet her, his little yellow face wrinkled like fine kid in a welcoming smile. He moved quietly and with such dignity as befitted a worthy citizen and a rich merchant.

When he saw that the lady was Sharon Kimm, white and elegant in the perpetual dusk of his shop, he stopped smiling. His black eyes looked upon her calmly, but without favor. The look stung her like a lash.

"How do, Miss Kimm," he said, with a rare, quiet dignity.

"Oh, hello, Wong," said Sharon Kimm, leaning upon her long black swagger stick. "I came to see you about that check."

He did not help her. Humiliation sent a deep scarlet to her cheeks.

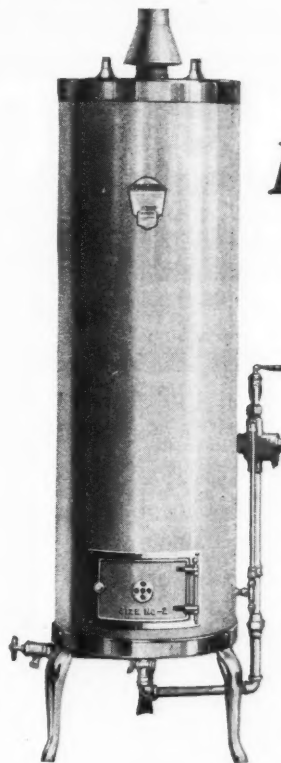
"If you hold it for a few days, you will get your money. You must have known that. I'm surprised that you thought of such a thing as bringing a suit."

"Why you give me check?" asked the Chinaman quietly. "I no ask check. That check no good. I not like do business that way, Miss Kimm. You tell Wong lie. You say, Wong, I got money in the bank. I believe you. Why you not say, Wong, I got no money today. You keep him tapestry for me—little while. Bime-by I got money. I keep him. Velly bad tell lies in business. Velly bad not be honest in business. I make him lule when I get bad check, I sue. Maybe next time man not give bad check. Much better. I velly honest man, Miss Kimm. You not honest. I kind man, too. I velly sorry for you. You go now. I wait—two, maybe three days. I give you chance. Good-by, Miss Kimm."

He shuffled off. She could hear the soft padding of his slippers upon the dusty, uncarpeted floor. And she could only stand there, strangled by an overpowering humiliation and yet longing to pour forth a thousand unformed utterances in her own defense.

Her interview with the Chinaman drove her to the conference with Sam Hirtfeltz at the studio. That hour stunned her, dealt her a final, staggering blow. Before, she had been angry, chagrined, deeply annoyed. Her ego fought like a rat in a corner against such treatment. A passionate desire to keep the things she loved and that were necessary to her position in the world, mingled with an equally strong longing to be revenged upon the people who had dared to humiliate her. But Sam Hirtfeltz brought her face to face with fear.

She told her story lightly, with a pretty shrug, and a laughing admission of guilt.



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Rather as a spoiled child might confess a misdeed, trying at the same time to avoid punishment. She had been extravagant. She would have to do better. She just couldn't understand business details and figures made her head ache. In the future, she'd follow his advice.

Half-way through the recital she stopped to light a cigaret in her long jeweled holder, and puffed the smoke with the dainty ease of a great lady. Her general air was that it was all trivial and absurd and that she had been guilty only of those little extravagances of which all women of fashion are guilty—too many new gowns, a diamond bracelet, a fur coat she didn't need.

Slowly, as she talked, the painful red began to creep up his neck and to dye his ears. He began to perspire and to wriggle in his chair. It seemed to Sharon that he might burst into tears at any moment.

But it had never occurred to Sharon that he would refuse her request. She knew his reputation about money matters—a reputation so oddly incongruous with the rest of his character. But even that gave her no warning. Sharon Kimm had become adept at closing her eyes to disagreeable things. He did refuse.

"But, Sharon," he said, "just you wait a minute. Why should I lend to you all that money? Don't I pay you a good salary? Don't I pay you a salary any girl would be glad to live on—more than the president gets? Why should you get yourself in debt like that?"

"I don't want you to lend it to me," said Sharon, her chin in the air; "I merely asked you to advance it to me."

"Advance it to you? On what should I advance you all that money?"

"On my salary, of course."

"Sharon, you talk childish. Business isn't so good lately that I can lend you in advance a whole year's salary. We got a slump on, I can tell you. Most everything is getting cut, not advanced. You don't have an idea about the value of money, Sharon. You talk like a thousand dollars was a nickel. A thousand dollars even is a lot of money."

THEN, in desperation, she threatened him. It would hurt her, as a star, to have a lot of stuff in the papers. It wouldn't do the Hirt company any good to have her sued for a lot of bills. Scandal never did anybody any good and the Hirt lot had been struck with appalling frequency.

Her threats moved him. He squirmed. But Sharon Kimm was to learn then what a great many men in the motion picture business had learned before to the blighting of their hopes. Gentle and visionary as he was, handicapped in personal intercourse by the memory of his downtrodden youth, Sam Hirtfeltz was a rock when it came to money.

He was sorry for Sharon, because he saw the agony in her eyes and fear come up and grip her by the throat. But he could do nothing for her. Her salary was enormous. Her pictures were slipping. She had touched the crest and like all stars whose popularity is built upon personal lure, she would hold only a certain percentage of her fans. If she came out of her financial crash too badly messed up, she would have to be replaced as she herself had replaced Ruby.

In the end, she pleaded. But Sam Hirtfeltz did not seem to be afraid of anything, didn't seem to be moved by anything but the thought of lending her real, cold, hard money.

"You should go to see my lawyer," he said at last. "Maybe he can find you a way out. I'll call him up and tell him you're coming, and he should do his best for you. He's a smart lawyer and I always say when you're in trouble you should see a smart lawyer. You take that girl—your secretary—and go see him. Then you do what he tells you you should do."

But it was the talk with the lawyer that closed every avenue of escape—save one. He was a man of middle age. He was almost foppishly dressed, with a pink carnation in the buttonhole of his pale gray coat. Under his

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close-cropped mustache, his mouth had a slightly cynical, slightly sensuous smile.

It was plainly to be seen that he appreciated in full the charm of the slim and distinguished lady in white. He stared with eyes that bulged a trifle upon the picture she made against the dark walls of his private office, attended as she was by a handsome, well-built girl in contrasting, businesslike blue serge.

Sharon's heart had begun to beat with hope under that look. She was aware that here was a man who could be moved by such a woman as she was. No dried up puritan like Johnson, no shy and devoted husband like Sam Hirtfeltz.

But for the fourth time in that endless day, she was to discover the difference that falls upon men when they discuss money. She was tired. Her head had begun to ache. Held back by the sheerest effort of will that simply would not recognize disaster, all sorts of horrible thoughts menaced her. Her heart throbbed.

Facts. They mentioned facts continually. It didn't seem to matter now that she was Sharon Kimm. The lawyer had apparently forgotten her, engrossed in the explicit account- ing Joan gave him.

An overwhelming tide of misery swept her back again to the days of little Sharon Kimm, who had been ordered off the Savage lot by a jealous woman. And she had to fight that engulfing ghost of the past with all her strength.

When the lawyer glanced at her again, his eyes were quite void of the admiration that had greeted her entrance. He was only a very high priced lawyer looking at a client to whom he could advise nothing but bankruptcy. He did advise it. Joan Stillman's head sank, but Sharon Kimm continued to look at him with a certain bright, hard defiance.

It was a thing he hated to do. But he had talked with Sam Hirtfeltz and with William Dvorak and to their information he now added the facts given him by this amazingly cool and capable secretary, who obviously had tried for months to stem the tide of insane extravagance. A fine example of feminine loyalty, that girl. If she lost her job with Sharon Kimm he would offer her one as his own secretary.

"Well," he said briskly, "I think our only way out of this is bankruptcy. In that way, you'll be able to settle your debts for a very few cents on the dollar and you'll start fresh with your salary intact. There are people who regard bankruptcy as merely an unscrupulous method of getting around one's creditors, but personally, since it's legal, I don't see any reason why we shouldn't use it, do you?"

"And, my dear young lady, if you don't go into bankruptcy, you'll have to face months and months of the most rigid economy in order to pay off your debts in full. I assure you, you won't have a penny you can call your own. It's difficult enough for you as it is, because of course you'll have to lose your house and your cars and sell your jewels to pay your income tax. There's no way in which we can get around that."

"Unless, of course, you have some—personal friend who would be willing to make you a loan large enough to pay all your obligations."

THE gorgeous cabriolet purred under the canopy of striped awning at the side door of Paradise. Its lights hit a bright path into the thick darkness. The tiny gold and crystal lamps within revealed its silken loveliness and touched gently a cluster of orchids that tumbled from the delicate wall vase.

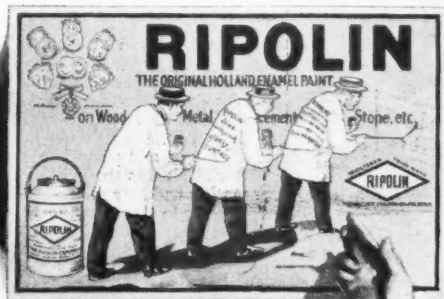
Miss Kimm was working that night.

The uniformed footman, as he sprang to open the heavy car door, thought Miss Kimm passed as though she were very tired. It worried him. All her servants adored Sharon Kimm. Besides, the footman thoroughly dis- approved of this night work. Usually, however, when there was a night call, Miss Kimm slept during the day, only ordering the car for some shopping in the late afternoon.

Today she had been up at nine and the day had been a confused and disagreeable one for

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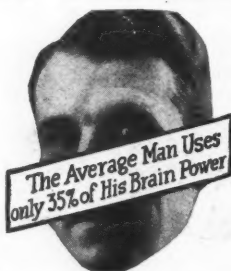
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the chauffeur and footman. As he mounted to his place beside the chauffeur, the latter noticed that when she had sunk down upon the orchid silk cushions, she leaned forward, and gazed back through the French windows into the low-lighted luxury of the drawing-room. As they slid silently forward, she continued to peer out at the rolling lawns, the dim, fairy-like pergolas, the faint shimmer of water from the little fountain.

In fact, as long as she could see it, she looked back at the great, stately house upon the hill that in the early darkness was for all the world like the dream castle of an Italian princess. Her face had the look of a woman who is trying to impress something upon her brain, something beloved and priceless.

After all, it was the only picture of heaven her mother had ever given her—that this they were trying to take away from her. Straining her eyes through the darkness, as a curve of the winding boulevard shut it from view, she still saw it beneath her closed eyelids, beautiful and desirable beyond words.

This was the heaven that had been pointed out to her, held before her in those hard, ugly, discontented days when she and her mother stared into shop windows.

HER mother had been so beautiful. What good had it done her? What had she wrested from life that she really wanted? With all her beauty, Sharon felt that the lack of things to give it setting, the lack of background, the lack of the power that only money can give, had made her the prey of men's passion. Bitterly enough, she felt that her mother had died of a sort of unrequited desire for these very things. Luxury. Ease. Beauty. Possessions. Homage.

It was a good many years before Sharon came to see that it was the desire for those things and not the lack of them that had killed Rose Kimm.

Well, there had been movies for her daughter. In no other way could so great a miracle have been accomplished. She had climbed into heaven. Now they were threatening to cast her forth. But they shouldn't do it.

Debt. Debt. Debt.

She put her hands over her eyes. Fear had grown until it shook her whole body and with it had come a thousand demons to torment and harry her. The day had been too much for her. She felt as though she had been sailing up a steep hill at sixty miles an hour—seventy—eighty miles an hour, and had suddenly crashed over a precipice at the top. Now she hung suspended over the hideous depths below—suspended by the merest thread. She began to see dimly that behind this day stretched many days, all preparing for its misery.

The important thing was that she must have money. That was the only solution. A great deal of money. Otherwise all that she idolized would be swept away. Humiliation greater than she could bear would descend upon her. She was that word the lawyer had used so often.

Bankruptcy. Bankruptcy.

It was one of the few unpardonable sins, in Hollywood. It was worse than shameful and dishonorable. It was unsporting.

Foreclosed mortgages. That was silly. Much too silly. It was only in the Wolf melodramas that they foreclosed mortgages. These people all talked about giving up Paradise as though it were the simplest thing in the world to do. Did they realize how beautiful it was? Did they realize that all her heart and soul had gone into it? How could she live now without it? How could she breathe in any other atmosphere? They just didn't understand.

She had bribed society. She had bought favor and popularity. With her parties and her favor and her wines and her trips to Europe and her saddle-horses and her swimming pool and her Rolls-Royce. She could demand homage with that at her back. Competition was terribly keen in Hollywood. There were so very many great ones there. Stripped of all those things, she became once more little Sharon Kimm who had worked in a laundry.

The gay crowd that flocked to her house—would they come when she was a bankrupt? Would all the clever and amusing and well-dressed people who crowded Paradise on a Sunday afternoon flock to her when she lived in a meaner place? Would all her admiring court still pay homage when she had been forced to abdicate her throne? She knew well enough that they wouldn't.

In a blinding flash, because her soul was naked and quivering, and stripped of the pretenses in which she had wrapped it from truth and the strengthening winds of criticism, she saw them all for what they were, and she did not blame them. They had always existed, the bangers-on, the sycophants, the flies about the money-pot. But they had become a habit to her like whisky to the drunkard.

Her tired brain came back around the circle. Bills. Always bills. Bills for things people had begged her to buy. Marie—hadn't she, from the first to the very last, flung irresistible things before her eyes? Hadn't she always laughed and ignored Sharon's protests that she couldn't afford things?

A moan shook her. She knew the people of Hollywood. They wouldn't mean to be unkind. But how they loved to see a great one fall—the rank and file of them. How, in the hidden recesses of hearts consumed with envy and jealousy, they would delight in the crash of Sharon Kimm, who had lorded it over them.

She wished she hadn't asked Mildred Rideout to her birthday party. She had done it only that Mildred Rideout might see and be confounded. Revenge had been her only motive. And she knew how unhappy Mildred had been. She could hardly expect mercy from Mildred Rideout now.

Bankrupt? Cheat? Worse—fool. She could never hold up her head again. Only that morning there had been a story in the paper of a man who shot himself because he faced bankruptcy. But Sharon Kimm did not want to die. She buried her head on her knees and she shivered like a frightened child. She wanted to live. Everything was hers. Fame. Fortune. Beauty. How many women faced with the possibility of losing all that would stop at any way out?

SHE was a woman. There were always other ways—easier ways—for a woman. What had the lawyer said, "Unless, of course, you have some—personal friend, who would be willing to make you a loan—"

Well, had she?

Mickey and Lucia were the only two friends she had in the world, and they were the only people in the world who didn't care for money. And money was the only important thing now. It hurt to think of Mickey. But she had driven him away for good. What a despicable thing she was! What an unforgivable insult, sending him away that night with Dvorak. She couldn't crawl back to him, even though she knew that she loved him more than she would ever love anything—except herself. Besides, he hadn't any money. He couldn't help her.

Stanley Craig didn't have any money. Like Sharon, he spent it before he got it. Besides—Sharon's lips curled—she knew the end of things had come between her and Pepper with Pepper's amazing marriage. Oh, they would be friendly, outwardly, as long as Sharon Kimm was Sharon Kimm. But Pepper didn't want to be reminded of her former servitude.

There was only one other person and at last she faced the thought of him squarely. William Dvorak had more money than he knew what to do with. "A personal friend who would be willing to make you such a loan—" Dvorak would be willing. Her troubles would all melt away at a few words from him. Why should she sit here, buffeted this way and that by such terrors as death and bankruptcy and humiliation?

She believed that William Dvorak loved her. But she understood fully the nature of his love. It was not a love to give without demanding in return.

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Oh, if only she had listened to Joan and Lucia long ago! Why hadn't she? She had been insane with pride and arrogance. It was all too late now. That fatal birthday ball. It had precipitated the avalanche upon her head. It had been the final mistake, betraying her into the hands of her enemies.

Somebody passing in another car laughed loudly. It cut through Sharon Kimm's ever-growing panic. Swaying from side to side, her sobs came in long, racking gasps. Tears splashed down on the orchid silk, making ugly stains. To be laughed at. The one thing in the world she could not bear.

Well, she couldn't face it. It wasn't pretty, it wasn't heroic, but she must save her face at any cost. The ego-imp in her mind still ruled, scampering about frantically, whimpering to be clothed, sheltered, somehow.

There was nothing left of six-year-old Sharon Kimm who had scratched the eyes of a young man in a blue suit because of the way he looked at her mother—nor of a sullen, flaming Sharon Kimm who had long avoided the easy kisses of Hollywood. Now anything was better than facing the world as a ridiculous, dishonored bankrupt, stripped of her pretenses. Men shot themselves, did they? Well, she was a woman. A beautiful woman.

Steadily, coldly, her eyes almost blank, Sharon Kimm reached for the speaking tube. She told the chauffeur to stop at the next telephone booth. When she took up a phone in a small drug store Sharon Kimm gave a number.

Her call startled William Dvorak.

He had been sitting before the full length painting of Sharon Kimm in his office. He had grown into the habit of sitting there, at night, looking at the fleshless Sharon. His expression as he sat gazing at it was not a nice expression. But there was something, after all, rather pathetic about it. No doubt Sharon Kimm was his highest conception of heaven. The smile of anticipation on his stern, narrow lips said something like that as he hung up the receiver. He pushed a button and the Japanese chauffeur appeared. He was a privileged chauffeur. It was necessary for him to be.

William Dvorak said, "I shall want the car promptly at midnight. I have to go out to Beverly Hills on important business."

THE Sharon Kimm company was making night scenes in the Plaza. In bygone days, the Plaza had been the gay and festive center of the little Spanish town of Los Angeles, City of the Angels. Picturesque it had been, and brilliant, and full of love and laughter, as it throbbed before the adobe walls of the little mission church. Señoritas made eyes beneath their mantillas at caballeros in velvet breeches and enormous sombreros. Guitars tinkled. Beautiful horses, beneath silver-mounted saddles, stepped proudly along its streets, arching their satin necks. Orange poppies and creamy yuccas bloomed.

But now it was dirty and drab and filled with Mexicans in overalls, unshaven men with bleary eyes, and soap-box orators who drew about them repulsive little knots of repulsive humanity. Papers and peanut shells littered the sidewalks. The grass, enclosed now by a picket fence, was gray and sodden. In the darkness, the dim little church of the Franciscan Fathers brooded softly over its besmirched and forgotten glory. The narrow streets and dim lights of Chinatown faced the church. Below, the clang of giant freight cars shifting and backing was heard. Opposite, up the red brick hill, was the road to Hollywood.

Sharon Kimm's car was parked in one of the narrow side streets that run, like spokes, into the hub of the Plaza. Sharon herself sat in her car alone, cold and white and silent. She had made her decision. She knew what she was going to do. Only, she dared not think any more, nor listen to the voices that clamored at the closed door of her heart.

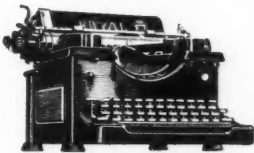
The electrical crew were hooking up cables from the enormous motors of the big trucks. Assistant directors and property men scurried

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back and forth. Derzhaven, the foreign director they had imported for Sharon, stood at the far curb, shouting orders in a strange combination of Russian, French and English.

So it was that no one but Sharon saw a certain miserable girl cross the Plaza and enter the narrow street and stop in the shadow of an old building that had once been the merry and wicked haunt of unmentionable women. Now it was a warehouse below and a cheap rooming house above.

She was a slight thing, with short, dark hair, and an odd, tickling cough that seemed to paralyze her. Unpainted and unlovely she stood there, her blank eyes peering at the crowds. As the cough came again, she backed into the corner of the building and flung herself against it for support. Then a man spoke to her. Sharon Kimm shuddered at the mere sight of him.

Just then the director called her and Sharon Kimm, in a wonderful hat and gown, looking like a young duchess but with death in her heart, walked into the great, glaring lights to do a slumming scene for her next exotic super-production. The scene did not go well, so that she returned to the gorgeous car just as the girl came into the light again. For a moment, it seemed to Sharon that she herself had actually come down the narrow staircase.

In her hand the girl clutched a dollar bill. Sharon watched her as she went with a cat-like gait to the lunch wagon on the corner. The mere smell of the food nauseated Sharon Kimm. But—hunger is of many kinds. Soul hunger. Body hunger. The hunger of a thousand different desires to which humanity is prey.

The girl's eyes were not good to see as she clutched the sandwich the waiter in the dirty apron held out to her. She paid for it with the dollar bill. Then, in a spasm of rage and terror, she flung the loose silver into the gutter and began to trample on it with her worn, thin shoes. Her hand clutched and unclutched against her bosom. As she flung her head back Sharon Kimm saw for the first time in her life the naked look of the woman who has sold herself. Sharon saw, too, the vision of her own face, stamped with the look of that sisterhood, forever, beyond redemption.

Sisters. She and the girl in the Plaza.

Then she knew; like a great light the revelation came upon her tearing the veils from her eyes. False gods, false standards fell away. She had come from the gutter, where a spade was a spade and fancy names could not disguise. No sophistication, no fine words nor fashionable tolerance, could alter fundamental facts for the little Sharon Kimm of old, who suddenly cried out within her. A harlot was a harlot, whether she sold herself for a dollar bill or for Paradise.

Either road she walked, she must go through hell fire. But she knew now with an exceedingly bitter knowledge which road she could and which road she could not endure. The girl in the Plaza had taught her that. For whatever else she might be, Sharon Kimm was not a harlot.

The footman, when he opened the door at her command, stood petrified by her look. "Here," she said harshly, "take that and get a taxi. You see that girl over there? Take her to Miss Morgan's and tell Miss Morgan I said to take care of her until morning. Don't look like that. Do as I tell you, you idiot."

There was something in her eyes as she gave the next order that made him add as he repeated it to the amazed chauffeur, "And you better step on it, kid. She's got a brainstorm."

MICKEY REID sat on his little back veranda, smoking his pipe and watching the changing shadows of starlight on the breast of the brown hills. A bird in the sycamore tree that sheltered his hillside bungalow awoke and called twice, sleepily. But all about lay a great, peaceful silence, broken only by the humming night noises.

Mickey Reid was not peaceful. His mouth was savage and his eyes were angry. Once he

clamped his jaws upon an oath and got up and strode back and forth, his pipe in his mouth, his hands crammed into the pockets of his disreputable old bathrobe.

For some time, particularly since the night of Sharon's birthday party when he had ridden home with Dvorak, a conviction had been growing upon him. Tonight it had reached its heights. Sharon Kimm belonged to him. She was his woman—his One Woman. He loved her with a mad and tender love. She loved him. Yet life was taking her away from him.

Wasn't he playing the part of a coward to let her be swept from him? Wasn't he sitting here while she was dragged further and further into the restless, seething torrent of vain and wild living that had attacked this century? Shouldn't he go to her and beat her into insensibility, if necessary, before he allowed her to be taken from him?

She was his, by every right of God and man. Misery kept him company day and night because his mate was not beside him. Well, then, he should go and take his mate, knowing that she loved him, as his ancestors had done before him. Only a weakening would allow pride and vanity and such trifling things as money and fame to block the path to his loved one.

He'd tried to be a man and a gentleman. He'd fought down his desire when she had offered herself to him. He knew it had been the madness of a mad moment with her. He could not violate the woman he wanted for his wife and the mother of his children. But he could break down, being a man and young and loving and beloved, the ridiculous barriers she had built up, if he had to do it by brute force.

He would do it. He would go to her now, this very night, in the darkness, and he would make her come away with him forever, if he had to bind and carry her away.

HE WENT into his small brown bedroom and flung off his bathrobe and slippers. He put on his shoes and sweater. His eyes were alight now with a real fire and his fine mouth was smiling. This was what he should have done long ago. This was no time to dally with scruples and codes, when his sweetheart fought amid he knew not what dangers.

His little house, from the front, was dark. The bell refused to give out even the smallest tinkle. But a girl was beating upon the door with frantic hands.

The noise startled the dark-eyed boy. He was prepared to see almost anything when he opened the door. Anything except Sharon Kimm, her eyes black where tears had smudged the cosmetic, and her lips pale where trembling hands had wiped away the rouge.

Wordless with astonished joy, he let her in. For a long moment she stood there gazing at the untidy, comfortable brown room with its rows and rows of friendly, worn books, its worn and welcoming brown chairs, its glowing coals in the brick fireplace. At last she turned and looked at Mickey.

And in all his life, Mickey Reid was never to forget just how Sharon looked then—honest and decent and worn with pain. She was like a guilty person who asks only for a chance to pay the penalty for his crime.

"It's yours, isn't it, Mickey?" she said whimsically, trying to keep her voice steady and not succeeding very well. "All yours? No mortgages—or anything?"

Mickey could not take his eyes from her face. "It's all mine," he said quietly.

"Could I have—part of it, Mickey?" said the great Sharon Kimm.

"It's always been all yours. I was just—coming to you, to ask you again to share it for always. It's not much. But it's where you belong, Sharon. Have you come to think you could be happy here?"

Sharon's eyes opened wide and they were blue as the sea.

"It's going to be a long time before I can be happy anywhere. Oh, Mickey, will you help me? I've been bad. I've been rotten. Tonight, for quite a long time I thought heaven

was—something different, and that I was going to buy it. Nobody can buy heaven, can they, Mickey? What is it Lucia is always saying out of her funny Bible? 'The kingdom of Heaven is within you.' Is that it? Within you. There isn't anything within me now, Mickey, but vanity and lies and pride. And that's all got to be emptied out before I can begin to put heaven in, hasn't it? I'm a—bankrupt, Mickey. Will you—take me in?"

Mickey Reid sobbed once, but he put her in the biggest, brownest chair, and put his arms about her, and knelt close. "I'd take you in if you were a murderess—" he said brokenly.

"I know," said Sharon softly, "I know, but it's going to be—hell, Mickey. I got myself into it. I took what I wanted. I'm vain and wicked and proud. Now I've got to pay for my fun. I shall hate it. Oh God, how I shall hate it! It makes me sick to think of it. I shall be bitter and broken and I shall suffer. I shall want it back. I shall hate you. I shall hate myself. I shall hate saving to pay back everything and I shall hate the people who watch me do it most of all. It'll be hell, Mickey. But I'm going to do it. I've got to do it."

"I found out tonight that I have to do it. I can't live if I'm a cheat. I couldn't live if I was a harlot. I'm not different. I thought I was. But I'm just—Sharon Kimm, underneath."

"I love you," said Mickey Reid.

"And I love you."

"There isn't any real hell where love is, Sharon," said Mickey Reid, simply; "don't you know that?"

Sharon looked back at him with eyes in which lay a terrible knowledge of the bleeding footsteps with which she must tread the path of her life in the days ahead. Nothing had changed since she rode through the streets on the way to the Plaza. It was all there—waiting. The very fineness of the thing lay in the fact that she did not deceive herself.

Her heart sang with a great willingness and with a new hope and with a love that she knew at last could in the end make everything worth while. As her lips met Mickey's, she remembered that Rose Kimm had never loved her father.

AGNES, the efficient secretary, came quietly into Mr. Dvorak's private office, with the mail. It was early and of course Mr. Dvorak had not come down yet. Suddenly she gasped and stood still, gazing with eyes in which understanding dawned slowly and painfully. There were scraps of stuff upon the floor. The picture of Sharon Kimm, the exquisite painting, had been horribly mutilated by long, jagged wounds, such wounds as might be made if a man took a riding crop and attempted to cut the lovely, pictured body to ribbons with its lash . . .

Wong Li, the Chinese merchant, looked upon the two with a grave smile. The slim, finely built boy, whose dark eyes met his so frankly, and the girl in blue who was somehow younger and softer than he had remembered Sharon Kimm to be.

"All right," said Wong Li, "I give you three—four years pay him back. I tell you. You got other bills, maybe, you got to pay him, too?"

The boy laughed. "Well, now that you mention it," he said gaily, "we have got a few other little bills to pay in the next few years. But we've proportioned them all out—and it can be done. It can be done."

"Well—we give him me tapestly back. Maybe I know museum buy him. Maybe I find so lich man buy him. Not many people like pay so much for tapestly. But I guess I sell him. You got plenty other bills to pay."

Padding back into the cluttered darkness, he chuckled at them.

So that is the story of Sharon Kimm, of Hollywood.

But it is not every woman who sees—first—the girl in the Plaza.

THE END



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A Man with a Shady Past (Continued from page 39)

had neglected to state that the notorious criminal lawyer had the air of a grand duke, that he was strikingly handsome, that his cold eyes and thin features proclaimed a powerful intellectuality.

"You were the knock-out of the evening, Tom," said Frances as he left her at her apartment some hours later. "Angela Graydon fell for you—hard."

"How on earth has she escaped marriage so long?" demanded Tom.

"So long? I'm thirty; so is she," retorted Frances, with a touch of acidity in her voice.

"But you've been devoted to your career, and you're a regular man-hater, too."

"It's all right, pal. Fall for her if you want. I don't blame you one teeny weeny bit. I think she's the most beautiful thing I ever looked at. Feel yourself slipping, kid?"

"W-e-ll, my ankles are a trifle weak," admitted Tom. "But of course no opposing counsel have found signs of incipient insanity in me yet. I know the number of my house."

"Forget it," said Frances impatiently. "That bunk about class makes me sick. I guess if a princess can elope with a chauffeur—it's been done, you know—Angela Graydon could do a lot worse than marry you."

"I love your talk, even if it is slightly cuckoo," grinned Tom.

He denied himself to clients all the next day, while he reviewed all his past career. It was unsavory, the early part of it. Blackmail, bribery—he shuddered as he contemplated it. Until last night it had all seemed legitimate enough; he had laughed at the denunciations of opposing counsel, of editorial righteousness. No one had anything on him; people could suspect until hell froze over, and he should worry. But he had safeguarded himself more carefully even than he had safeguarded his clients. And of later years there had been nothing dishonorable in his legal work. His reputation had become so great, his ability so marked, that he had not needed to depend on chicanery.

But—there was the past career, and the present reputation. Of course he could deny the unprovable past and live down the present. Married to a woman like Angela Graydon—what a fool he was! Because she had been interested in him as a specimen of a humanity with which she had never come in contact, he assumed that she could be won as easily as other women who had thrown themselves at him. Conceited and a fool. Ah, not the latter. At five o'clock he had made his irrevocable decision; he would never see the tall and stately blond, with melting blue eyes, with mirth curling the corners of her mouth, with a patrician nose that seemed cast in a mold disdainful of dishonor, with the figure of the chaste Diana . . . No, never!

And at five-fifteen he was calling her on the telephone, asking if he might come to tea.

HE SWEPT her off her feet. She was, if anything, over-refined, and he had that touch of coarseness that never could be eradicated, and that complemented her, although she was not, could not be, aware of this fact.

He had a mental virility that hypnotized her. The traditions that were sacred to her meant nothing to him. He damned them with a laugh whose cynical sincerity enthralled her. She spoke of family, of ancestors who had lived, in honor, hundreds of years ago. He told her he didn't know who his mother was; his father had been buried in Potter's Field.

"When you were playing in Central Park, with a governess to watch over you, I was a street urchin barred from that Park by the police. A little girl slapped me because I struck a bigger boy—"

"Wynant Conant," she gasped.

"That was his name. How do you know?"

"I was the little girl," she told him. "I never forgot—"

"You called me a mucker. I was. I think perhaps I still am."

"Ridiculous. You—you are a man of great talent—"

"And your friends call me a shyster." "But you don't care what people say, do you?" she asked.

"Unless they say it to you," he replied.

She tossed her lovely golden head. "I arrive independently at my own judgments."

"You think you do. But the traditions of a thousand years mold your conclusions. You must do the proper thing, the correct thing. You can't help yourself."

She found herself, the aristocratic Angela Graydon, always on the defensive with this product of the slums. The situation piqued her, interested her, finally enthralled her. They went everywhere together. The barred gates of society unlocked to the "shyster," as he was contemptuously termed by those very friends of hers who received him because of her.

THEY saw each other nearly every day, until at length Bradley Coarthew remonstrated. "Angela," he began, "I'm an old friend of yours."

"Admitted," she smiled. But her body stiffened slightly. She liked Coarthew; she had known him since childhood.

"I've always loved you," he went on.

"That's sweet of you, Brad," she said.

"I know." He tried to smile. "I'm sweet and—that finishes me. You've been waiting for the sort of man worthy of you. I know I'm not. You've refused titles, millions—you've seemed to be waiting for a modern Chevalier de Bayard. Well, you're more than worthy of such a reincarnation; I've always hoped you'd find him."

"You're a good sport, Brad," she told him.

"Maybe. I wonder if you'll think so after I've finished this little lecture."

"It depends on what you say."

"It will take only a few words. After being courted by the best names in England, France, at home, you apparently fall in love with a shyster lawyer."

"Is this honorable? To call names—"

"To a man who has cut me out?" His laugh was harsh. "I suppose it doesn't sound so. But when a man cares for a woman and sees her headed for destruction—well, there are various kinds of honor. Conventional honor would bid him shut his mouth lest he be accused of vicious jealousy. But a higher type of honor would order him to lay the facts before the woman he loved."

"Facts? Not mere scandal?" she jeered.

"Facts. Your friends—real friends—have been worried. For Duweese is a crook, Angela. I'm a lawyer. I know the kind of lawyer he is. And recently, since your name began to be coupled with his—well, I've been looking him up. Believe me, my first intention was to refute the cheap gossip about him. Please believe that, Angela."

"Go on," she said harshly.

"Well, I hired private detectives to do what the police and newspapers had never been able to do—get the goods on Duweese. I got them. I can prove absolutely that the man has received stolen goods, that he's been a party to blackmail, to bribing juries. I have written confessions that will convince you, from men implicated with him. Of course these things happened so long ago—ten or twelve years—that it would be impossible to convict him now. The statute of limitations saves him. But they prove what he is. I've brought the evidence with me. Will you look at it?"

She passed a hand across her eyes; she looked, just now, her thirty years.

"I'll look at it," she slowly said.

He handed her a bundle of papers, rose and silently left the room. For fully five minutes she stared at the door. Brad Coarthew was a gentleman, decent, fine, honest . . .

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She began poring over the documents. At seven that evening Duweese called for her. They were to dine together, and afterwards they were to attend the premiere of Harle's new opera, starring Frances Lester. But Angela Graydon had not changed from her afternoon gown when Duweese was admitted. Seated before an open fire, she glanced at him with reddened eyes.

"You have been intending to ask me to marry you, haven't you?" she asked abruptly.

He stared at her, bewildered by this frontal attack. His face whitened.

"I had," he finally replied. He looked at the bundle of papers in her lap. "Is there any reason why I should not?"

"Are these charges true?" she demanded.

He walked over to her, accepted the papers and began looking through them. His eyes grew hard; his jaws seemed to become leaner. For ten minutes he read, the only sound being the fluttering of the sheets of paper as he turned them. At last he returned them to her.

"They are all true," he said.

Her gentle lips twisted in a sneer. "And you had the insolence, you, a rascal, a dishonorable man, to think of proposing to me?"

"I did," he told her. "Because I loved you. Because I do love you. Will you listen to me?"

She shrugged. "If you think it worth while."

The eloquence of Tom Duweese was admitted even by those lawyers and judges who despised him. But tonight his tongue had been dipped in molten silver. He told of his early beginnings; he asked her how a child reared as he was reared could hope to know the difference between right and wrong. He uttered no extenuation save the fact that, of late years, he had come to know what was truth, and to follow it. He told her in magical words of his love for her. Spiritually, he grovelled on the ground before her, kissed the tips of her shoes and pleaded for his life.

And at the end, she mocked him. "A gutter rat is a gutter rat," she said. She blushed at her coarseness, but went on. "You have insulted me by your love. I thought the tales of you were untrue, founded on jealousy of your achievement, on anger at your unconventionality. Now that you yourself admit their truth, please leave me."

HE BOWED gracefully and left the house without another word. He dined alone, then went to see the premiere of the new opera. Smiling, gay, debonair, he congratulated Frances Lester on her overwhelming triumph.

But she, who had known him twenty-five years, peered behind his manner. Almost brusquely she refused the manager's invitation to a triumphal supper party. "Sorry, feeling punk," she explained. "Tom, take me home, will you?"

"Of course," he told her. "Sorry you're under the weather," he added solicitously.

Swiftly she changed into street costume. She passed through the crowd outside her dressing-room and in the alley outside the stage entrance; she held Tom's hand in hers as though she feared he might try to escape from her. She held it even as he paid the taxi man, and as they ascended in the elevator to her apartment, as she unlocked the door and pushed him in ahead of her.

She tossed away her cloak, drew his overcoat from his shoulders, pushed him into an easy chair, mixed him a high-ball, then perched herself on a footstool before him.

"Now tell me," she commanded.

"You were simply marvelous," he declared. "Damn me! About you! Tell me, what has she done to you?"

He smiled bravely. "Turned me down cold. Somebody dug up my early record. If he'd dug it up ten years ago I'd have gone up the river. I'm a crook, she said, and—I got the gate."

"By the Lord, what did I tell you twenty-five years ago? That the aristocrats wouldn't stick, but that I would. Tom, forget her. I'm here, and I—I love you. I didn't know how



Are your rugs safe playgrounds?

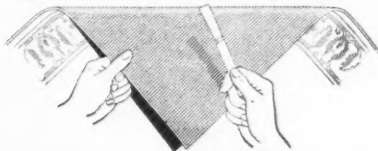
The rugs upon which children romp are safe playgrounds only when they are clean to the very bottom of their deep, soft nap. For danger lurks where dirt hides—the danger of disease! And dirt hides in every rug that is not beaten regularly. You can prove this.*

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much—till now, this minute. Tom, don't you care? For me?"

He looked at her. In her own bright way she was as beautiful as Angela Graydon. Suddenly he felt that he'd been all wrong in his ideas. Of course he loved Frances. She must be the one he'd really cared for. Angela Graydon was a dream, a funny dream for a gutter rat . . .

"I don't care if you were crooked, or if you are crooked. I'm for you—"

The telephone rang abruptly. Frances answered it. "For you, Tom," she said.

"This is Rankin," said a hurried voice. Its owner was an assistant district attorney. "Listen; been trying everywhere to get hold of you. The office has dug up some old stuff—guy named Coarthew turned it over to the chief. The statute of limitations won't save you on one charge—your foot slipped, feller. You gave a man a check three years ago—Davenport—"

"A loan—out of friendship," interrupted Duweese hoarsely.

"I believe you, but the rat swears it was part of a bribery payment dating back twelve years—his word against yours, and the previous facts look undeniable. You bribed him twelve years ago—this recent payment—Duweese, I'm a friend of yours, and I'm risking a lot to give you this tip. Nothing can save you, and it's five years in the pen easy. And—tomorrow morning will be too late."

DUWEESE hung up. The scoundrelly days had come back to damn him; queer that a loan granted in pity should be used traitorously against him. A decent act thus revived indecencies . . .

He looked at Frances. "God bless you, girl," he said brokenly. "They've got the goods on me—the straight years mean nothing—I'm to be arrested in the morning, and—it looks like jail. But you—you love me—"

She backed away from him. "Jail! My God, Tom, I couldn't stand for that! I don't care what you are, but if you're going to jail—I'd be ruined. Not a manager would use me. I've climbed from the depths—to slide back into them—to be married to a convict . . ."

"I thought you'd stick," he said bitterly.

As silently as he had left Angela Graydon's house, he left the apartment of Frances. He went home; all night he sat before a desk, arranging his affairs, gathering his forces for the greatest legal battle of his life, a battle which, he knew in advance, he was doomed to lose. Unquestionably the District Attorney's office could establish, with Davenport's lying aid, a case against him. And Coarthew . . . he remembered meeting him, a friend of Angela's. Doubtless the same evidence submitted to Angela had gone to the prosecutor. More than enough, with Davenport's lie, to send him to jail . . . But he wouldn't quit; he wouldn't run away . . .

At nine o'clock he unlocked the front door of his apartment, to step back in surprise. Angela Graydon stood on the threshold. She pushed him back into the room and closed the door behind her.

"Bradley Coarthew telephoned me half an hour ago. He gave me the papers which I showed you last night. Not content with showing them to me, he delivered copies to the District Attorney, with the addition of some later matters—I don't understand it. He said you couldn't be arrested, but now—he says you can—and will be. Some man came to him last night and offered further evidence . . . It's not clear to me, but—you're going to jail."

"Interesting," said Duweese. "What happened was that Davenport, the man who gave your friend the bits of entertaining gossip, thought there'd be something in it for him if he amended his statements, and—but what affair is this of yours?" he demanded harshly.

"Affair of mine?" she echoed.

"Yes. I'm a crook. You don't care what happens to a crook, do you?"

"But I can't let you go to jail!" she cried.

"No?" He jeered at her. "How are you going to stop it?"

"Why, I have my car down-stairs—you take it—get away—"

"Why should I run away? Do you think that even a gutter rat cares to hide all his days?" he asked.

She stared at him. "Don't you consider me?"

"You? How?"

"Will it be pleasant for me to know that the man whose name has been coupled with mine is in jail?"

He shrugged. "Sorry, but—there's no way out of it. Besides, in aiding me to escape you'd be breaking the law."

"What's that amount to?" she snapped. "A Graydon cannot permit a friend—"

"Am I still your friend?" he inquired. "Last night I was a gutter rat—"

"But you weren't in danger of going to jail then," she interrupted. "There's a difference. I sent you away because you had been dishonest. I know you aren't dishonest any more."

And now, you're to be punished for a thing that you aren't any longer, and—I won't permit it."

He smiled at her. "And how will you prevent it?" he asked.

"Prevent it? Why—why—if I married you—no New York jury would believe, knowing that I'd heard all the evidence against you in advance, that a Graydon could possibly marry a felon."

"Marry me? But last night—"

"Last night my pride would not permit me to marry a man who had been dishonest. This morning my pride won't permit me to let the man I love go to jail. My car's in the street—we can motor to Greenwich, be married, then come back here, face the jury—you'll go free—"

Dempsey on the jaw, Valentino on the mouth; the Colonel's lady and Judy O'Grady; blood will tell; so will environment; there's only the difference of a few hundred yards between Thompson Street and Fifth Avenue . . . Write your own moral.

Immorality (Continued from page 57)

"immorality" is theft. That also seems to have *passé dans nos mœurs*. We have ceased to be appalled by it. Day after day the newspapers tell us of melodramatic burglaries, of huge hauls of jewelry made in hotels and private mansions, of hold-ups and smaller robberies, but never do I hear anything that sounds like an outcry of horror from the lips of our teachers of morals. Again to mention the report of the American Bar Association made a year ago, it was stated there that in the year 1922 there had been in all England and Wales burglaries to a number well within four hundred. During the same space of time there had been in a single county in the State of New York nearly three thousand. When you consider how many counties there are in the United States you are positively driven to ask if our moral agencies are doing anything adequate to teach honesty.

Moreover, it is commonly believed that a vast amount of shady business is conducted by men, easily recognized in churches and communities, to whom no such stigma as that of being "immoral" has ever been attached. Is it possible that in the eyes of our American moralists shady business is held to be consistent with morality?

Why don't our moralists speak? Why don't they protest? Above all, why don't they teach? The future burglars, bandits, embezzlers and dishonest business men are in their schools, their Sunday-schools, their churches, their young people's clubs and societies. Like most of us they can be impressed by any early teaching if it is sufficiently emphatic.

It will be argued that we have the law to deal with crime; but the law only punishes; it does not instruct.

Raymond Fosdick, in his little book, "Crime in America and the Police," informs us that every American citizen is subject to some 16,000 laws, civic, state and federal. Among these one is forced to make a selection. But is it not the case that the worthy men and women who cry out for more law enforcement have brought down their selection to the minimum of one? Is it not further the case that we tend more and more to put the care of our morals into the hands of the police, relieving our teachers, pastors and spiritual guides from the responsibility? Are not our moral leaders giving up the instilling of good principles and the setting of good examples for the raid, the arrest, the sentence and the jail? I ask for information.

I wonder too if big dishonesty doesn't overawe them through its very bigness. That it overawes the public generally, and possibly the courts, goes without saying. But those who professedly stand out for righteousness are in a different position. They should not be browbeaten. Besides, they are very numerous.

Within reason they can do with courts, state legislatures and Congress anything on which they set their minds. With the same conviction and enthusiasm which they have brought to other things they could rid the country of big dishonesty in the course of a few generations. Why don't they try? Is it that big dishonesty is also *passé dans nos mœurs*?

SO LONG as the seventh and eleventh commandments are not involved our moralists seem to think dishonesty none of their business. You can rob a house or hold up a bank messenger or pick a pocket of fifty cents and come under no ban except that of the police. Escaping the police, you escape everything. The public doesn't care.

But robbery and murder are after all committed by a minority. There are other things which seem to have been ousted from the moral code, and in which the majority can indulge themselves unchecked. They are not on the list of our special American taboos, but I often ask myself if they are not more corroding to the character than either of the two sins we recognize. They are more subtle, more mental, one might even say more spiritual, than the committing of adultery and the drinking of wine, and so may be considered as more cankerous.

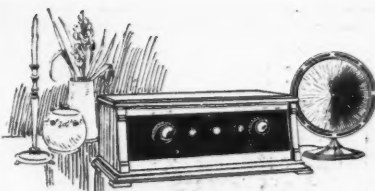
Bearing no grudge whatever against the seventh and eleventh commandments I hasten to say that I have no wish to minimize the guilt of their transgression. I should leave it just as it is. If we could assign the offenses against the American moral code numerical values as in examinations, I should put the figures as something like this:

Big Dishonesty, 2
Burglary and Banditry, 5
Petty Dishonesty, 7
Murder, 20
Breaking the Seventh Commandment, 99
Breaking the Eleventh, 100.

These figures represent fairly well, I think, the force of American conviction.

In the long space between the figures 20 and 99 in which I have enumerated nothing, because I know of nothing abhorrent to our moral guides, there is room for a few items abhorrent to most of us men and women of the common run. One or two instances will be enough. It is with trepidation that I mention them, aware that they are undenounced by either church or state. By church and state they are looked upon at worst as foibles of the character, whereas to us simpler folk they are traits which corrupt the nature of the man.

Would it be an outrage against all American tradition if I said that a man may break the



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(The above is not merchandising books or magazines.)

seventh commandment, and may even drink a cup of wine—I am not speaking of debauches and drunkards—and still revert to his kindly self, showing no sign of having slipped? Not so with the characteristics I am about to mention. Springing from the inner man they stamp the outer man, lining the face, pursing the mouth, shadowing the eyes with expressions bitter and hard, and often sinister. Oddly enough they are likely to mark the faces of those who would never think of committing either of the two American sins, and to whom any of our communities or churches would issue a certificate of character as "good."

First among the peculiarities, not listed under the head of "immorality" and therefore, I suppose, not immoral, I would put the Spirit of Condemnation. In the noblest charter of conduct ever set before men we find the words, "Judge not, and ye shall not be judged; condemn not, and ye shall not be condemned." Obviously this must be taken with the limitations suggested by common sense. There are issues which we cannot but judge; there are evils which we cannot but condemn. But here the application would seem to be personal. "Do not judge other people when their affairs are not your concern. Do not condemn other people when you have not in your possession the facts to warrant you in doing so. It is a world in which we all have the right to live and grow without the censure of those not authorized to inflict it."

This liberty of living, the liberty even to go wrong if we are so inclined, strikes me as one of the most precious of our inheritances. Where there is no liberty to do wrong there is no virtue in doing right. Outside of domestic community of interest our lives, when it comes to a question of private judgment, are no one's business but our own.

THIS I can illustrate best by an example. It is an example so common as to be almost classical, yet one which we never seem to outgrow.

In a town where I once lived a girl had had an illegitimate child. Her family were active members of one of the churches, though after the birth of the child the girl made but one attempt to attend the services. Her experience on that occasion was not encouraging. Entering a pew in which another woman was already seated, she found within a minute that she had the pew to herself. Promptly her neighbor had risen and sought another place. When, after the girl had told me of the incident, I spoke to the clergyman about it, he replied that to have such a person in the church would mean a bad example to the young.

But that was not all. The girl was a dress-maker, skilful at "cutting." The ladies of the parish began on a series of good works of which the making of garments was a part. Apt with the needle and thread, they were lacking in the gift of which the girl with the illegitimate baby was a mistress. Some one suggested that as her people were members of the church she be invited to help them out. Timidly she consented. In her heart of hearts—she told me this—she hoped that her neighbors had judged her sufficiently punished for her sin, and meant to show her some friendliness. Going to the parish rooms to cut, she was allowed to cut. But beyond the words which explained the work nothing was said to her. When the ladies rounded up for the tea with which they finished the afternoon all she saw was a serried circle of backs, while she was apart and alone. Silently she went away, with no one to wish her a good-by or say a word of thanks.

Had the story of the girl with the baby been an isolated incident it would not have been worth telling. But it is typical; it is symptomatic. The same thing could happen anywhere, in any of our towns and villages, in any of our parishes. It does not need to be a case of unmarried motherhood.

Any other slip will do, any other act that is not wholly conventional. It does not need to be wrong. It is enough that it should be what

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the Star Chamber is not accustomed to. By this spirit of condemnation hearts are often embittered, lives are sometimes wrecked, and all kinds of suffering inflicted every day in the year. This is but a commonplace. Do our moral superiors ever do anything to strip the Star Chamber of its power? Do they make the spirit of condemnation contrary to their moral code? Do they pillory it as vice?

The questions pour themselves out because the evil is so great and so patently uncorrected. It is taken for granted. Those guilty of it are not immoral. They are permitted to rule in our churches, to sit in our homes, to live in our communities, to flourish throughout the land, emitting an essence deadlier than chlorine gas. They can be counted by the million, most of them warranted as "good."

And next in the line of those qualities not considered immoral, but which work devastation among men, I would put Self-Righteousness. In a nation or a man it is something like poisoning of the blood.

For self-righteousness is never passive. A man is always unwilling to be self-righteous to himself alone. The nature of his passion makes for intolerance, and intolerance for malevolent activity. A group of self-righteous people, with the same set of ends in view, can control a whole country. Restless, fanatical and bitter, the name they received from Jesus of Nazareth was Children of Hell.

It is noteworthy that they formed the one class among a sinful populace whom He denounced with all the vigor of His terrible invective. For every other sinner His formula might be said to have been that which He used to the woman taken in adultery: "Neither do I condemn thee. Go and sin no more." But on the self-righteous He had no mercy.

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And what He upbraided most was precisely this spirit of compulsion. They bound heavy burdens on men's consciences, but they themselves would not touch them with one of their fingers. They were scrupulous in trivial ceremonial tithes, but the weightier matters of the law, judgment, mercy and faith, they overlooked. They got possession of the property of poor and unprotected women, hiding their dishonesty behind conspicuous piety in church.

But why does no one say anything about it? Why do we not tabulate self-righteousness as immorality? The act to which we confine the word "immorality" can doubtless soil the soul, but surely self-righteousness must make it as a thing infected. And yet of this infection we seldom hear a word.

With these illustrations of corrupting forces of which we take no notice I shall have said enough. Of others of the kind, of which there are many, we can all think for ourselves. I am not making out a list of vices. Vices in themselves are not my theme. My aim is merely to raise the question as to whether or not we know how to place our moral emphasis. Does it ever strike anyone that our spiritual pastors and the regiments they lead are straining at gnats and swallowing camels? May I dare to inquire if our concentration on the seventh and eleventh commandments is not a bluff, unconscious of course, to conceal immoralities more subtle?


For condemnation and self-righteousness do not end with themselves. Unfailingly they set up their own form of inquisition. Unfailingly they bring with them their litter of abominations, intolerance, prejudice, strife, hatred, tyranny, slander, and all that brood of evil speech which the simple man most loathes. Are not these the vital immoralities? And are not the men and women who commit them for the most part going scot-free?

On such easy marks as the girl with the baby and the man who gets drunk—please note that I am making no plea for them!—all the moralist's indignation is outpoured, while the perverted in heart, the bitter in tongue, the smirking and the self-satisfied are ranked among our best. With a great deal of humble diffidence I venture to ask, is it fair?

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TRY IT

And They Lived Happily Ever After

(Continued from page 77)

financially by reason of unfortunate ventures in the stock market. He had been spoiled by his success in the bond business, Howard said, and his unlucky plunges on the side had left him with a load of debt. Howard cheerfully predicted that Joe would go broke one of these days. But old Joe was no fool, Howard would say with an ironic grin; you could bet that he had some reason for taking on a man like Mort, who had no qualifications whatever for the investment business.

When Mort came home the week before Christmas Alice decided to test him as to his earnings by asking for a special appropriation for the holidays. She was afraid to tell him that she owed a bill at the dressmaker's which she saw no way of meeting out of her regular allowance, and her last dividends from the Press she had put away with a view to buying herself a new car in the spring. As a matter of fact these dividends hadn't been earned by the Press, but Spencer had sent her the check to avoid explanations.

TONIGHT Mort was annoyingly cheerful. He produced some new phonograph records as a surprise for Freida and they threw back the rugs to dance. Alice retired to the dining-room and pretended to ignore the racket they were making. Freida was as tall as her father, she noted, as the two danced together. Their gaiety depressed her, and when Mort called to her to try a new fox-trot with him Alice declined with the remark that it was a little late for him to be interesting himself in dancing when for years he had refused to go to dances.

"Yes, but papa feels a lot younger now," Freida threw in as she started a new tune. "He's been a lot more fun since he left the Press."

"Of course that's what's done it," Alice replied.

In spite of Spencer's predictions of Mort's failure there was a chance, remote but possible, that Mort was really flourishing and concealing the fact. After Freida went up-stairs Alice moved back into the living-room. These evenings alone with Mort were becoming intolerable. The two utterly divergent lives they were leading made talk well-nigh impossible. In their early years together they opened their hearts to each other every night. Each was anxious to please and help the other. But those times had gone. Love had died in the house and lay there almost like a tangible and unmourned corpse denied burial.

After Mort had romped up-stairs with Freida, she pondered the idea of terminating her anomalous domestic situation by selling the house and going abroad with Freida for that year of which she had dreamed so long. But that would mean severing her relations with Spencer, perhaps losing him.

If it should come to a final break with Mort, Spencer was bound to marry her. But even this prospect at times failed to satisfy her. With the fifty thousand dollars she had in the Press and the twenty more represented by the Whitcomb Place home she might project herself into new social currents abroad and look even higher than Spencer. She became impatient, restless and irritable at these times when her meditations were barren of definite conclusions. Mort came down the stairs whistling, and she hated him for this exhibition of cheerfulness. If she was unhappy no one else should be happy. Mort was acting as if he didn't know of her intimacy with Spencer. Helen Weston's example, on the night he took Joe home, of the best way of treating disagreeable things had struck deep root. He had solemnly resolved that for Freida's sake he would stick it out with Alice; if a break ever came it would be for her to make it.

"Met Mrs. Dick Preston in the bank today," he remarked. "She was Fanny Blair, you

remember? In Manual High when we were. She looked like a million dollars, but very friendly. Not stuck up a bit. Dick's going big with his creamery machinery and they built last summer out on White Oak Road and are just getting into their house. They tell me Dick is worth a million and their house is a marvel. She said they're going to have a house-warming right after the holidays and want us to come. We must go to that, I like to keep in touch with old-time friends."

"Fanny Blair?" Alice repeated listlessly. "Yes; I remember her. They lived on the south side, didn't they? Her father had a small coal and ice business."

"Right! Dick was a year ahead of me in school; a mighty nice fellow. Mechanical genius but had enough business sense to hang on to his patents and manufacture his own stuff."

"Too bad you couldn't have invented a washing machine or a churn! Then we might be moving into a house on White Oak Road." "Quite so, Alice," Mort returned amicably. "But the Lord didn't cut me out for an inventor. I didn't suppose you'd care for the country. You've complained that Whitcomb Place is too far out."

"You seem terribly well satisfied with yourself lately," she flung at him spitefully.

"Oh, I'd hardly say that! I do like my work, and at last I seem to be making a little progress. Nothing extraordinary of course; I'd never be a world-beater at anything. But I am doing my best to earn a living and I hope to succeed. That's all there is to that."

As she made no reply he took up a newspaper and began to read. This rather definitely closed the conversation and she hadn't been ready to close it. She was increasingly annoyed by her failure to elicit any information as to his earnings.

"I suppose," she said testily, "you think it smart to act this way."

"Have I been discourteous?" he demanded. "If I have I'm sorry and I beg your pardon."

His words and tone expressed sincere contrition, quite in the manner of the Mort of ten years earlier. It was necessary to try a new tack, and she snapped out sharply:

"You haven't the slightest sense of responsibility! You let me carry all the burdens of the house, and I have to pinch to get along. It wouldn't occur to you that with Christmas coming on I might need some extra money."

"By Jove!" he ejaculated so suddenly that she drew back in alarm. "I'm glad you spoke of that. It's been in my mind all week that you'd need a special appropriation. Let me see—" He drew a check-book from his pocket, unscrewed the cap of his fountain pen and filled in the blank. "Suppose you use this where it will do the most good!"

He held the slip of paper to the fire to dry the ink and sent it fluttering into her lap.

It called for five hundred dollars. Never before had Mort vouchsafed any such sum for any purpose. She faltered her subdued, bewildered thanks while he quietly resumed his perusal of the paper. This wasn't Mort at all! She couldn't sleep for wondering about it. On a mere hint he had given her five hundred dollars without even suggesting that she be careful how she spent it. Inconceivable! The only explanation she could arrive at was the very unsatisfying assumption that he was making a great deal of money and hiding it from her—a torturing thought that ran mad-dening circles in her mind.

CHAPTER XVI

THE Preston housewarming proved to be a large affair in which many social elements mingled without blending—one of those comprehensive affairs, possible only in the flourishing



Yesterday--Commonplace Today-- a Beauty!

Only a difference of pores—enlarged or invisible. Think of this new "freezy" cream that does what ice does in contracting the pores, but so much more gently, swiftly and daintily

Those of us who really *want* beautiful skins, *have* them. It is simply a matter of caring enough and of helping instead of fighting nature. Nature gave every one of us a soft, clear, lovely skin with pores so fine as to be almost invisible—and meant us to keep it.

And then the parching sun came up, and the wind blew, and the dust swirled—and one night as we looked in the mirror, we found not the satin-like complexion of yesterday, but the first unmistakable signs of waning beauty.

With cleansing and softening creams we labored ardently at restoration. And we enjoyed the benefits of good creams in helping to cleanse and replenish the oil cells of the skin.

But the task is not finished—the pores have not usually been closed. And if we go forth with relaxed pores we simply invite the dust and germs to work new damage to our complexions.

Then we wonder why we have large pores.

But some of us who really *want* beautiful skins and *have* them, have taken care to close the pores to their natural fineness before going out into the air and before powdering.

Many of us use ice every morning to contract the pores—others use cold water. Both are effective to a certain degree, but such treatment is troublesome, inconvenient and harsh to tender skins.

Now a new and better way— Princess Pat Ice Astrigent

Instead of ice, fastidious women are now using a smooth, snowy cream which gently chills the distended pores back to their normal fineness, stimulating the tiny capillaries to renewed action and reviving the natural glowing color.

The sensation is one of pure delight—a cool, refreshing thrill. And the effect on your skin is instant—the firm, youthful, velvety texture that nature meant you to have.

Different from all other face creams, Princess Pat Ice Astrigent does *not* take their place—it supplements them. It completes the task which the nourishing cream has left unfinished—contracts the open pores. It is applied while your accustomed cream still remains on your skin. Then both are gently wiped off together.

And how wonderfully your powder adheres! Too, you may powder without the slightest fear of its entering the pores.

Princess Pat

PRINCESS PAT, Ltd., Chicago, U. S. A.

Beauty Hints by "The Princess"

My night treatment

Cleanse the skin thoroughly with a soft, solvent cleansing cream. Remove with soft cloth. Feed the pores generously with nourishing cream, gently manipulating with finger tips. Let sleep do the rest. I suggest Princess Pat Cleanser and Princess Pat Cream for this night treatment.



My morning treatment

Awaken the skin with cool, not cold, water. Dry the face. Now just a light coat of nourishing cream, again gently manipulating, always with upward and outward strokes. Now your ice astrigent right on top of the nourishing cream. Then wipe off both together.



My final touch

I find dry tint most natural—Princess Pat English Tint. Apply in the shape of a V, the point toward the nose, leaving a clear space in front of the ear. For waterproof effect, apply before powdering. I use an almond base powder—both soothing and beautifying.

Free

This free demonstration package, containing a liberal sample of both Princess Pat Ice Astrigent and Princess Pat Cream. After several days' trial on your own complexion, entirely without cost, let your mirror be your guide.

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provinces of a democracy, where the prevailing question is: "Who are those people over there?"

Mort, out of town that day on Doremus business, reached home late, and it was only the discovery that he had acquired a new dress-suit and was not going in his shabby dinner coat that mitigated the severity of Alice's complaint of his delay. She had invested a part of his Christmas check in a new gown the effectiveness of which he praised without asking her what she had paid for it.

The house realized all the splendors of newspaper prophecy and the party was a brilliant event. As Mort and Alice moved through the rooms they encountered many old friends and half-forgotten acquaintances. These fleeting contacts wrought a meditative mood in Mort. Some whom he had known in his youth had, like Dick Preston, won a large measure of success; others had merely drifted with the current and barely escaped complete failure. Several of these men had, he knew, struggled hard to support their families; their wives had a worn look; but they were going through with their contract. There was something fine and admirable in this. The blithe strains of the orchestra floating down from the ballroom gave him a twinge of melancholy. His heart knew an instant's tenderness toward Alice. But for that remark of the girl at Joe Weston's party!

"Come, Mort, let's go up to the ballroom," she was saying. "I want to dance."

It was in the upper hall that they came upon the Westons, standing outside the ballroom looking on at the dancers in a group that included Howard Spencer. Mort had been hoping to see Helen there. She turned to them smilingly and exchanged with Alice the obvious remarks demanded by the splendor of the house. Mort had not met Spencer since the termination of their relations at the Press. They swept each other with a glance, and Spencer made a movement as if to put out his hand.

"Good evening, Spencer," Mort said with a slight nod and turned to Weston, who demanded enlightenment as to whether it wouldn't be permissible to take off his gloves, which were killing him, without committing a serious social error.

"I've been trying to get Howard to help me find the wet goods department," he went on. "I'm as dry as a desert and there's a rumor that drinks can be had for the asking."

"It's too early, Joe. I've got to have a few dances first," Spencer replied.

"Crane's a model of sobriety; I suppose I'll have to go alone," Weston replied. The two women now turned toward them and Weston asked Alice for a dance.

"Please say no for your own good! At my weight it would be cruel for me to insist."

"Thank you just the same for asking," said Alice. "I'm just checking up my friends. My husband hasn't asked me yet!"

"We dance now!" Mort exclaimed, and they went in for one round of the long crowded room. When they came out Weston had disappeared but Helen and Spencer were still by the door.

"I hope you're not afraid to give me a chance, Alice," said Spencer. "Mrs. Weston has refused me a trial. Try me once and I'll find you a young and agile partner. You don't mind, do you, Mort?"

"Certainly not," Mort replied.

MORT was deriving a variety of sensations from seeing Spencer again and seeing him with Alice, but they were superficial and fleeting. No fury of indignation could change matters if Spencer had usurped his place in Alice's affections. It was curious, that was all; odd indeed that it should be Spencer, of all the men in the world! Helen had turned to speak to some new arrivals but a glance bade him wait. Her graciousness, the charming manner in which she addressed a young girl who passed, taking her hand for an instant to speak some

word of praise—little things that broadened his sense of her individuality. She would in any circumstances do the right, the kind and generous thing. And she was beautiful tonight with a new and enthralling loveliness. No wonder that the passers-by stopped to talk to her . . .

"One whiff of cool air might save my life!" she said. "I've been all over this mansion and back yonder there's a billiard room where we might possibly open a window."

She made an adventure of finding the place, which was a large room in keeping with the general spaciousness of the house. It was really a big lounging room with the billiard table in the center.

"Ah, that's better!" she exclaimed as he flung open a window. She stood boldly in the current of cold air for a moment, taking deep breaths, and then bade him close it. "Shall we talk a little? These big affairs are great fun, I think; but I get a little tired of watching a crowd. Everybody's here, from the governor down—or up!"

THE music reached them faintly; young couples trailed through occasionally, but to Mort, supremely happy in her nearness, it seemed that they were shut in from the world in a mysterious privacy to which actual talk could have added nothing. Her white velvet gown enhanced her dark beauty; her hair was gathered up loosely with a resulting loss of the foreign look to which he had become accustomed. She was restless; her eyes danced, she spoke more rapidly than was her habit. Mort wasn't sure that he knew her tonight.

She took a ball and cue from the rack just to try the new table, she said. She rolled a ball or two on the table; appeared absorbed in her experiments. Mort was noting every little item of her dress; the manner in which her pearl necklace swung from her neck as she bent over the table, the quickness with which she calculated a distance and placed the ball where she wanted it. Lifting her eyes suddenly she noted his rapt contemplation; successfully negotiated a difficult shot and put down the cue.

"Not so jolly tonight?" she asked, slapping the chalk from her hands.

"Immensely! Shouldn't I be?"

"Certainly. This is the biggest event of the season. We ought to be proud to be among those present."

"The rest don't matter. My happiness began the moment I saw you. Please let me say that I like just this—being with you. The only trouble is that the occasions are so rare! I'm living on what you've said to me at various times. No one ever helped me so much!"

His attempt to utter these words lightly failed miserably, and he was instantly fearful of what she might say in reply. She stood with her back to the table regarding him gravely.

"I think we had better have a care—we two," she said with disconcerting directness. "I don't know just what it is we're doing, but it's got to stop. This must be our last meeting." She ended quietly, but her lips closed tightly. Several other guests, making a tour of the house, appeared at the door and she spun a ball down the table. When they were alone again Mort took a step nearer.

"I'm sorry if I've offended you," he said contritely. "Just these few times we've been together have meant so much. I'm very grateful; I wanted you to know that."

"There are things better left unsaid," she remarked a little brusquely. "We're both quite sane, I think. We can be frank with each other. You probably think I've been flirting with you. But I haven't—to be foolishly honest about it. I've enjoyed our meetings. That day in the park I was a little desperate; I get that way sometimes. Things—just things—the futility, the failure—the inability to get a grip on life! As this is really the last time I'll tell you something. I rather expected to see you that day. It sounds ridiculous but you won't exaggerate the importance of what

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I'm saying; I don't believe in the supernatural—not a tiny particle! But when I turned round that dreary rainy day I wasn't a bit surprised to find you there. Please—you won't mistake my purpose in telling you. It's only that we may be forewarned against letting the fates make fools of us."

She smiled now as if in relief at having freed her mind, making of her warning also a confession. When he said nothing, merely stared at her helplessly, she added: "That is all—the beginning and the end. Because we derive some pleasure—and a little help—from each other's company is an excellent reason for not meeting at all."

"You're not leaving me anything to say! You're cutting me off! It isn't fair; it—"

She raised her hand protestingly. "Please not that! When you've thought it over you'll see that I'm very kind, even generous to admit so much. It's not permitted for a man and woman like you and me to look into each other's hearts. It's very, very dangerous! We must go. They'll be wondering what has become of us!"

ALICE and Spencer had been dancing.

"It's so wonderful being here with you, Howard," said Alice when they left the floor. "I'm going to refuse to dance with every other man who asks me."

"We mustn't be seen much together," he cautioned her when they had found seats.

"I hate having to think of that! But you do like dancing with me better than with anyone else, don't you?"

"You don't need to ask me that!"

He didn't want to meet Mort again and was wondering how he could escape from Alice before Mort reappeared. He hadn't liked the way Mort looked at him. Mort in evening clothes, with his hair neatly trimmed, was a little difficult to relate to the Mort always a little unkempt and dingy, who had so irritated him at the Press. Mort had really acquired a look of distinction. Spencer was puzzled by the change in his former associate. Mort hadn't shaken hands with him. Perhaps Mort knew something; Spencer hadn't enjoyed his dance with Alice as much as he pretended.

He was finding it difficult to respond to Alice's rapid-fire of irrelevances, so disagreeable were the reflections inspired by the fact that Mort was likely to reappear at any minute. Mort might not be such a fool after all. He couldn't forget that many valued patrons of the Press had taken their business elsewhere. And the state and county printing hadn't been so easily diverted to the Spencer Press as Howard had thought possible. In spite of his political pull Jim Avery hadn't landed the big jobs in which Spencer had believed there was so much money. Since the reorganization Spencer had taken on the printing of several trade journals—periodicals that ran heavily to illustrations; and these contracts, obtained on the strength of the old prestige of the Press, were causing infinite trouble. Mort had been an asset; Mort did know the technique of the printing craft . . .

Disagreeable reflections to jazz accompaniment. And here was Alice in love with him—an annoying circumstance of which he had stupidly taken advantage. It wasn't so easy to chuck a woman with whom you'd entered into an unlawful relationship when you were responsible for the investment of her money in a business of dubious prospects. His affair with Alice must be broken off; and just how could this be accomplished when she loved and trusted him and might do any number of foolish things if she discovered that their relationship bored him?

They ran into Jim and Elsie Avery in the upper hall and the sight of them added nothing to Spencer's happiness. He drew Avery aside for a conference about the printing company's affairs, but as Jim had visited the lower region of the house where liquids were accessible and had lingered there till Elsie rescued him, he was averse to discussing



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business. He betrayed irritation when Spencer complained that the new secretary of the Press was a useless encumbrance.

"My Lord, Howard! I'm a lawyer, not a printer. I didn't force Vickery on you!"

"No; but you led me to think he had a wide acquaintance and was a business-getter!" Howard replied tartly. "He hasn't done a thing so far but loaf around the office and draw his salary. He didn't even sell the stock he promised to!"

"For that matter neither did you!" Avery retorted. "You can't hold me responsible if you're not making the business go! You told me you'd hold on to all your old patrons—they were the nucleus of the bigger business you promised to get; and you haven't done it. Who's fault's that, I'd like to know!"

"Don't talk so loud!" cautioned Spencer, disturbed by Avery's belligerent tone. "I didn't think you'd throw me down just when I needed your help."

"I'm not throwing you down!" blurted Avery, unwilling to drop the matter now that Spencer had forced it upon him. "You're the president of the company; you've got the whole thing in your hands. You can't plead the baby act now and talk to me about throwing you down. The fact is that Crane was the real man in your old company. You told me he was a dead one and you wanted to get him out. And now Vickery tells me the shop's all shot without him."

"For God's sake, stop! Everybody in the house can hear you!" exclaimed Spencer, fearing that Alice would overhear Avery's tirade.

"I don't care who hears me!" Jim blustered, but a warning frown from Elsie caused him to subside. Spencer saw Mort and Helen Weston approaching through the crowded hall and hurried away.

"**W**HAT were you and Howard quarreling about?" Alice demanded.

"Politics, of course," Elsie interposed. "That's something Jim never forgets."

Though Alice had heard nothing of the colloquy between the two men she was skeptical as to this explanation. She was haunted by a fear that Howard wasn't always frank with her; that in spite of his protestations of loyalty she might be sharing his affections with other women. Now that he had left her, she lost interest in the party, but Elsie insisted that they must all have refreshments together.

"I'll be delighted to go with you," said Helen. "It might be well for me to find my husband."

"Oh, I'll find Joe," replied Avery with a grin. "There's only one place to look."

Weston made elaborate apologies to Helen for his protracted absence and, except for the difficulty attendant upon balancing a plate on his knees, bore himself with considerable dignity while they were served with refreshments. Helen, Mort noted, smiled her tolerance of his tipsy clumsiness.

"I ordered our car for twelve, Joe," she said at the first opportunity. "I think we'd better move along."

She smilingly bade them good night, put her arm through his and led him away.

"Not many women like that!" exclaimed Elsie admiringly, as their eyes followed the erect figure and the proud head as she convoyed Joe from the room, the folds of fat in his red neck hanging grotesquely over his white collar. "Well, Joe's a mighty good fellow," observed Avery. "It's a good thing he's got a wife who knows how to handle him."

It wasn't of Helen's way of managing a tipsy husband that Mort was thinking as he and Alice drove home, but of what she had said to him in the billiard room. Not one woman in ten thousand would have spoken to a man as she had spoken to him.

It seemed to Mort that Helen Weston had opened a door upon a secret garden, touched with the light of her own spirit, a heaven of her own fashioning where there were love and peace. But after that one glimpse the door had

closed softly as a door might close in a dream, and with equal finality . . .

He heard Alice moving about in her room; remembered that she had thanked him for taking her to the party and that other commonplace remarks had passed between them. Alice! The remembrance of her on a certain summer night when he had taken her to a dance back in his school days and had kissed her for the first time as he bade her good night taunted him. He meant to be loyal to Alice. Yes, they had loved each other in those old happy days . . .

CHAPTER XVII

DOREMUS was all right; there was nothing the matter with Doremus! Mort's visits to the several plants embraced in the Doremus Corporation dissipated any misgivings he had entertained as to the soundness of the scheme. To be sure he knew nothing about the machinery business, but the men behind Doremus apparently did. The figures of the assets and potential earnings given him for his publicity campaign seemed plausible enough. Infected with Weston's enthusiasm Mort distributed Doremus literature with a comfortable conscience. Doremus preferred sold readily. Those lists of small conservative investors which Weston had entrusted to him at the beginning of their business relationship had proved exceedingly fruitful. The fascinations of a large industrial concern, supported by valuable patents, and the lure of seven percent dividends proved to be far more attractive to these cautious small-town capitalists than the low rate county and municipal bonds Mort had been offering.

Weston was giving him every opportunity to make the most of Doremus. Though others of the Weston staff were offering the stock with success Mort brought in the largest orders. It was his aristocratic look, his fellow salesmen chaffingly told him. Mort was surprised at his own success. All these years he had placed a low estimate on his personality; at the Press Spencer's cavalier treatment had encouraged the belief that he was a colorless person to be kept in the background. His commissions brought him a greater ease as to money matters than he had ever known before, but he gave Alice no hint of the fortunate turn in his affairs. He had made all the advances he intended to make in the hope of restoring their early domestic tranquility.

There were times when his heart ached. In his constant absences from home he was losing touch with Freida. Her school reports showed that for the first time she was lagging behind, and when he took occasion to question her as to her deficiencies Alice intervened with the disheartening defense that it was ungenerous for him to criticize the girl when her social progress was so much more important than her schooling. When he had urged his old hope that Freida should go to college Alice announced that she had already made application for Freida's admission to an Eastern finishing school, where the Fergusons planned to send their daughter.

"I suppose you can't see anything ahead for Freida but teaching school," Alice complained. "If you can't find the money for Freida's education I'll mortgage the house to pay for it."

Mort thought of Helen Weston far more than was comfortable. He had no business to think of her at all. She had told him with disconcerting frankness that it was best for them not to meet. And she was right about it. No good could come of their seeing each other. Such candor as hers was to be respected. But he couldn't forget her. She had given him a new interpretation of life with that word *courage* as the key to its highest realization; and she was practising what she preached. He had gained complete understanding of that in the Preston billiard room. He thought of her wistfully, as of some beautiful apparition that had touched and lifted him and vanished into the void. She was his companion on his journeys; he found himself referring questions

to her and even imagining what her replies would be . . .

Several times through the winter he didn't run into Indianapolis for Sunday as he might have done but spent the day wherever his work left him. He had begun to have a morbid feeling about the Whitcomb Place house as of an alien place where he was not wanted. On a Sunday morning that found him at LaFayette without heart to traverse the few miles between him and Indianapolis he ran into Tom Bowen in the lobby of the hotel.

"You look rather fagged," said Tom, not convinced by Mort's explanation. "You must have a care of yourself, old man. I drove up here to try out a new car and am just starting back. Drive down with me and I'll bring you back tonight if you say so."

"All right, old boy! I'll go," Mort assented and went at once to pack his bag, pleased at the prospect of spending a few hours with Tom.

"We needn't touch Indianapolis at all," said Tom as he took a short cut to his bungalow on the river. "Cities are a vulgar instance of crowd attraction; avoid cities and be happy! Just sprawl around today and rest."

On a table in Tom's bungalow was a framed photograph of his sister.

"Great girl, Helen," Tom remarked, noting Mort's gaze fixed upon it.

"One of the greatest!" Mort agreed. "Not much resemblance between you two."

"Thanks for the compliment! Well, there is something about Helen; she carries you back to the good old times; Dante and those birds would have knelt before her in adoration. Beatrice wouldn't have been in it. I sometimes wonder whether anything ever could jar Helen; no one else in our family ever had her air of being a little sister of the stars. Does the most astonishing things; speaks right out! You always know just where you stand with Helen. Um-m! I sometimes wonder about Joe—whether he really knows what manner of woman he's living with. There's a case," he went on ruminatively as he peered into his pipe bowl, "there's one of those cases where a man and woman take each other for better or worse and it turns out to be better than they dreamed of as to the accumulation of earthly goods; and then there comes in the other things that money can't buy—aspirations, intellectual development and so on. Helen didn't begin to show the real stuff that's in her until after her marriage. Perception keen as a razor edge; a pretty straight understanding of this freakish thing we call life."

MORT, intent upon adjusting this tribute to his own impressions of Tom's sister, merely murmured assent.

"How about this Doremus thing?" Tom asked abruptly. "I was surprised that Joe took it up; he's always kept out of promotion schemes."

"Doremus is a solid proposition," Mort replied with so confident an air that Tom laughed loudly. "Let me put you down for a thousand shares."

"Not on your life you can't! My only use for money is to give me time to smear paint on canvas. Hurry and make your pile so you can give all your time to the fine arts like me! It's the only life! Now to go back to Helen; she doesn't care a hang for the money Joe makes. She'd like to live the simple life out here somewhere along the river and enjoy her children. It's Joe that wants to make the big spread. I know people think Helen's extravagant and blows a lot of money on clothes; but that's not really Helen; she's merely tickling Joe's vanity. Dressing the part of the wife of the prosperous citizen; advertising Joe. Down in her secret soul she hates it; but she never whimpers. Helen's the best loser in the world."

Tom was a comfortable comrade. They took a walk along the river, chiefly in the silence possible only among old friends. Tom had suggested driving into town, but when Mort only

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I started as a plain girl and make myself a famous beauty. For 35 years as a stage star I have played a beauty's part.

Now, at a grandmother's age, I retain my youthful bloom. The thousands who see me daily on the stage know that I look 19.

I have done this by securing the greatest of beauty helps. I have searched the world for 40 years to find them. Leading experts everywhere have given me their best. Now I am placing all those helps at every woman's call, through drugstores and toilet counters. And I supply a free test to anyone who asks.

My Rosy Bloom

My envied complexion is due to superlative care. But all my best helps are embodied in three preparations.

My Facial Youth is a liquid cleanser which I found in France. It contains no animal, no vegetable fat. It cannot assimilate in any way with the skin. It simply cleans to the depths, then departs, taking all the grime and dirt and clogging matter with it. One use will bring you a new conception of what a clean skin means.

My Youth Cream embodies the best that science knows to foster, feed and protect the skin. It contains many ingredients, including products of both lemon and strawberry. It combines some of the best helps I have discovered, all in one application. It comes in two types—cold cream and vanishing. One for night and one for day.

My White Youth Clay

I use a super-clay, the final result of 20 years of scientific study. Not like the old-time crude and muddy clays, but white, refined and dainty. It embodies numerous factors to do many things at once.

Youth Clay purges the skin of all that clogs and mars it. It draws out the causes of blackheads and blemishes. It combats all lines and wrinkles. It brings blood to the skin to give a youthful, rosy bloom. Many women seem to drop ten years with one application. No careful woman who once sees what Youth Clay can do will ever go without it.

Hair a Halo

My hair is like a halo—thick, lustrous and luxuriant. It grows finer every year. I have never had falling hair or dandruff, and never a touch of gray.

That is due to my Hair Youth which I largely owe to France. It is highly concentrated. I apply it with an eyedropper directly to the scalp. There it combats all that clogs the scalp and stifles the hair roots. It tones and stimulates. Hair then flourishes as flowers thrive in a well-kept garden.

I can do no greater kindness to women, girls or men than to urge Hair Youth.

All druggists and toilet counters now supply Edna Wallace Hopper's Beauty Helps exactly as I use them. Mail this coupon for a sample of one you wish to try, and my latest Beauty Book will come with it.

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Insert your name and address. Mark sample desired. Mail to Edna Wallace Hopper, Inc., 536 Lake Shore Drive, Chicago, Ill. 907-C

White Youth Clay
Facial Youth

Youth Cream
Hair Youth

Name.....

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muttered something to the effect that he preferred the country Tom dropped the matter. Back at the bungalow again they cooked mushrooms in a chafing-dish and made coffee and toast, Tom doing most of the talking—of art, music and books, considerably making it unnecessary for Mort to participate.

It was close upon four o'clock, the hour set for the return trip, when Mort, standing by a window that afforded a long view up the valley, felt Tom's hand on his shoulder.

"Mort, old man, there's something wrong with you. I don't need to say that I'd never stick my nose into your affairs, but I just want you to know that I'm sorry if you're not happy."

"I'm all right, Tom," Mort replied.

"Not quite all right, old fellow! You can't fool me about that. But you can always count on me if anything goes wrong. I'm always right here if you ever need me."

"Of course, Tom," Mort turned, clasping his friend's hand. "I'm a terrible failure, Tom! Things are in a mess. Alice and I don't hit it off any more. And Freida—well, they don't either of them care for me any more. It's a strange thing—I don't understand it! My God! I don't understand it!"

"I suspected something was wrong—just guessed it. There's nothing to say; but if there's anything I can do—"

"There's nothing anybody can do. I tell you I'm a failure, a miserable, damned failure! Everything I'd counted on and worked for has failed. I've thought a hundred times of the evenings you spent with Alice and me talking over the plans for the Whitcomb Place house. Alice didn't like going out so far, but, Tom, you know I meant well about that! I thought we'd get out of the noise and smoke, and that apart from that it was a good investment. Alice had her way about the house; I let her run up the cost away beyond what I thought it was wise to spend, just to please her. But she's always hated it. I thought when it was all paid for and she knew it belonged to her she'd be satisfied; but it's no good! What happens to a man and woman when things go wrong like this! Tell me—tell me!"—he caught Tom's shoulders—"where did my mistakes begin! What have I done that's wrong!"

"You've been fine, Mort. You're the squarest chap I know. When I first knew you and Alice I looked on you two as an ideal couple. Lots of things can and do happen to upset a marriage that's begun happily. There's not another man in the case?"

MORT took a turn across the room, deliberating how far to go with his confidences.

"That's possible," he replied with a shrug.

"Humph! Women, like men, do become cursed with the wandering eye sometimes. Passing fancy, nothing serious. Alice is still young; keeps something of her early girlish look. You can't blame her for wanting to have a good time. You've never been so keen for the social life yourself. That's temperamental; you've got to make allowances. I think, maybe, if you'd just sit down some evening and go over things with Alice in a generous spirit, conceding all her points, possibly making the whole business of the future turn on Freida, it would clear the atmosphere. I'm in the dark, you know, but want to help if I can. I know you're not going to let it go to the breaking point with Alice; that would be a tragedy for both of you."

"Yes, but I can't talk about it. It's a big comfort to be with you; that's enough for today. I just couldn't go home. I want you to know that I'm going to do my best about it."

Mort wanted to take the train back to LaFayette but Tom insisted on driving him, pretending that he had business there the next day. Alice wasn't referred to again; and Mort was glad that he hadn't told Tom of his suspicions about Alice and Spencer. After all, the remark of that tipsy girl at Weston's party was hardly enough to justify the suspicion that Alice was guilty of any wrongdoing. And if

Alice had sought relief from the tedium of an evening alone at home to go out for supper with Spencer it might have been perfectly innocent. He wanted to be just; and he remembered that he had never told Alice about his meeting with Helen Weston in the park, an incident upon which an unfriendly observer might easily have placed a disagreeable construction.

CHAPTER XVIII

MORT gave serious thought to Tom's suggestion about attempting, through a frank discussion, to reconcile his differences with Alice. This, Mort felt, was what Helen Weston would counsel him to do. But he kept postponing such overtures, waiting for Alice to give him an opening. He derived a keen joy from the fact that he was really putting something by. Another such opportunity as Doremus Corporation might never turn up again, and he invested the excess of his commissions over the household expenditures not in Doremus preferred, but in the most desirable bonds on Weston's list. He had mastered the lingo of the financial world and was able to discuss with sophistication the trend of the market. He now had full charge of Weston's monthly bulletin to investors. He had been amazed at his own aptness; his old days at the Spencer Press seemed relegated to a remote and unrecognizable past . . .

A telegram from the office summoned him unexpectedly to Indianapolis in the middle of the first week in April to plan a Doremus campaign in new territory. Mort reached town at ten o'clock in the evening and took a taxi for Whitcomb Place.

He crossed the garden and let himself in at the vestibule door where the brass lantern was lighted. He experienced, as he so often had of late in his reluctant home-comings, a sense of entering an inhospitable atmosphere. A few coals glowed amid the ashes in the fireplace; the furniture was distributed in its usual order; some daffodils in a bowl on the table drooped sleepily; Freida's sweater lay on the floor, with one sleeve grotesquely keeping the form of her arm. By habit he picked it up and hung it in the closet. As he fumbled for the hook her tennis racket slipped from the shelf and clattered on the floor with a disconcerting disturbance of the intense quiet.

He crept softly up-stairs thinking that Freida and Alice were probably asleep, but their doors stood open. Going into Freida's room he ran his hand over her pillow in the dark to make sure she was not there. He turned on the lights in Alice's room, noting the drawers of her chiffonier standing open, one of her dresses lying across a chair, the bed littered with various articles of apparel.

All his doubts and suspicions of Alice were intensified. He turned off the lights, went down-stairs, settled himself in the dark living-room to wait.

He dozed for a time; woke with a start as the clock struck one, spitefully as if consciously mocking him.

The humming of a car in the quiet street brought him to his feet. He put his hand to the switch but decided against turning on the lights. The car had stopped and he drew back a shade and watched a man and woman coming through the gate toward the door. They were vaguely disclosed by the starlight as they loitered along the walk. Alice and Spencer—there was no question of their identity. Mort moved round to the door and through the oblong glass in the wooden panel watched them as they stood under the entry light; heard their subdued voices exchanging farewells. Alice clung to Spencer, lifted her face for his kiss. Then the key rattled in the door and Mort drew back.

The door closed noisily, the sound reverberating through the house. Mort, by the fireplace, heard her fumble for the switch; the room flooded with light. Humming softly she was half-way across the room before she saw him, standing by the fireplace with his hands

thrust into his pockets, regarding her with coldly accusing eyes. From the street came the sound of Spencer's departing car and an ominous quiet hung upon the house.

"Where's Freida?" he asked sternly. "Freida's spending the night with Julia Ferguson. They were rehearsing a school play there—part of their required work."

This she uttered with finality, as accounting for Freida's absence in a way that forbade discussion. Her own absence had yet to be accounted for and as she slowly drew off her gloves she debated whether to refuse any explanation and go at once to her room or meet the situation boldly, saying that, Freida being away, she had gone out to dinner with Spencer and to a club dance afterward. It was quite evident from Mort's manner that he had no intention of helping her to explain herself; and she saw that her second alternative was weak in admitting an intimacy with Spencer that made it possible for her to appeal to him for amusement in her loneliness. She had never disliked Mort so much as at this moment as he stood by the hearth calmly eyeing her. And she hated herself for so stupidly walking into a trap. She made her decision and walked slowly toward the hall.

"I'M GOING to bed," she remarked. "Good night!"

"Not yet!" he exclaimed. "I'd be interested to know where you've been."

"Out!" she replied flippantly.

"Out with Howard Spencer," he amplified.

"Yes; out with Howard Spencer," she retorted. "Howard's an old friend; why shouldn't I go out to dinner with him and stay to dance if I wanted to?"

"No reason—of course. And kiss him at the door at half past one in the morning as a pleasant ending of a perfect evening."

"I call it pretty small to hide yourself here in the hope of catching me doing something you could make a row about. I've told you what I'd been doing! There's not a word you can say against my going out with Howard. I'm not going to discuss this with you at all."

"Well, I think we are going to discuss it. You've been going out with Howard—pretty often, haven't you?"

"No, I haven't! But when you quit the Press I thought I had a right to see him to talk about the business. My money's in it; I guess I have a right to know what he's doing with it."

"All right, then! There's no question about his being responsible for your money and I hope you'll be satisfied. But where did you go to dance with him; I want to know that!"

"We had dinner at the Sycamore Hotel and then went to the Olympic Club to dance," she answered, enunciating the words carefully.

"You must have danced on the sidewalk, then! The Olympic closed last week for remodeling. The front door was nailed up when I passed it coming home tonight. If your evening was so innocent, why lie about it?"

"All right, I lied about it!" she cried furiously. "You've done everything you could to ruin my life. You acted like a fool about leaving the Press and now you spend all your time away from home and expect me to sit here with my hands folded waiting for you! You've made me pinch and save for years and every time I've wanted to go anywhere you've been too tired to go or you didn't like the people. And now you're taking this lofty moral tone because I went out for an evening with a man you always called your friend and you're outraged because you saw him kiss me!"

"Oh, yes! He kissed you! Well, as a matter of fact it looked a good deal as if you were the affectionate one! How about your visits with him to the Two Pigeon road-house?—a place the police raid occasionally."

She was still clinging to the chair, and as he advanced a step toward her she grasped it more tightly.

"I was never in such a place in my life!" she cried, but her face went white and her voice failed to reach the note of indignation

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she tried to invoke. Her heart was racing wildly. Mort knew something at least of her intimacy with Spencer; he might know it all. She was gaining nothing by lying; and there was certainly nothing to be gained by telling the truth.

"I didn't think it of you!" Mort went on pitilessly. "I never would have believed you'd lower yourself to such a level! Running around to low resorts with a man you know I despise—a man who always has some woman on the string!"

"I'm not going to spend the night listening to your abuse!" she cried, flinging the chair aside. "You're cruel and unjust! You've always had that streak in you. You were perfectly satisfied as long as you had your way about everything. But when I began to ask a few things for my own happiness you took the rôle of invincible virtue. Every friend we've got I've made! You'd never have got a job with Joe Weston if it hadn't been that I made friends with his wife. I suppose you're infatuated with her now. Oh, I'm not so stupid I didn't know you were flirting with her that night at the Prestons'. Give you a chance and you'd fall for any woman who'd pet you a little. I petted and indulged you like a sick baby for years. I let you have your own way about everything; and just as soon as I began to stand up for myself you got sore about it. Well, I'm ready to quit here and now!"

"I dare say you are," he said soberly, his lips twitching, the passion gone from his eyes. "But we've got Freida to think of. For her sake we'd better consider a little. You've counted a great deal on her future. If it comes to a break it's not going to help the little girl."

"Oh, yes!" she cried contemptuously. "You're thinking of Freida now! You've kicked at everything I've done for her. You didn't want her to go to a private school; you've been afraid she'd be spoiled if she knew the children of rich families. You've wanted to keep her down just as you've tried to keep me down. Freida belongs to me; you can't have Freida!"

HE WAS silent a moment; the hand he lifted to his face trembled. When he spoke, the words came slowly. "Alice, is there no way we can go on? There was a time away back yonder somewhere when we loved each other. It hasn't all been unhappiness."

"Well, let's not be sentimental," she retorted scornfully. "It's hideous the way we've been living."

"Yes; but maybe we could do better if we both honestly tried. If I've been unjust and unkind—and I know I've often been unreasonable, difficult, obstinate about things—I'm sorry. If it's possible we ought to go on for Freida's sake."

"Freida!" she cried mockingly. "After insulting me you fall back on Freida! No! I'm through. We'll call it quits now and here!"

"Then it's Spencer, is it?" he demanded. "You want to go to him, do you? You're in love with him, are you? You want to drop me for him! After all you've suffered from me I might have hoped you'd look a little higher than Howard Spencer!"

"I'm glad you're so pleased with yourself! I don't know that it's your affair what I do after the way you've treated me!" She snatched her gloves from the chair where she had dropped them and walked with a quick, determined step toward the hall. As she crossed the threshold he sprang after her, twice calling her name, but she kept on, holding her head high.

"I want to be sure I understand," he said, as she began to mount the steps. "You want me to go, do you?"

The slight quaver in his voice did not touch her. Without pausing or looking down she

said with withering scorn: "Oh, you needn't begin crying now! I hope never to see you again!"

He heard the bolt click in her door. It was over. He went to his room and sat by his desk a long time, pondering it all. Then he began listlessly picking up books and other personal belongings; took his clothing from the closet and methodically folded the garments and made them into a neat pile on the floor. His trunk, which he hadn't used in years, was in the cellar and he would wait for morning to bring it up.

When he had finished these preparations he flung himself down on the bed and slept fitfully; watched the light of the new day play upon the window-shade and creep along the wall until it brought out of the shadows the benignant countenance of Franklin in the etching that his old associates had given him when he left the Press . . .

AMELIA, the colored woman of all work, arrived at seven and he asked her to give him breakfast at once. She fell to work immediately while he idled about the kitchen. Freida, she said, wouldn't be home for breakfast, but would go to school direct from the Fergusons'. It was a relief not to be obliged to meet Freida. Later he would find some way of seeing her; he had heard that there was a way of arranging such things.

"Guess you wasn't expected las' night, Mist' Crane," said Amelia. "Nobody said nothin' to me 'bout you comin' home. Guess it's kind o' lonesome comin' into yo' house and findin' nobody home."

"Yes, it is a little lonely," Mort remarked. Amelia had been a good friend to them all; she would have to know that he was leaving the house for good and he resolved to tell her himself.

"Amelia," he said, "Mrs. Crane and I have had a misunderstanding. I am leaving; I shan't be back again. I want you to be kind to Freida. She knows nothing about this. It's an unhappy business and I'm very sorry, for Freida's sake. Will you give her my love, and tell her not to forget me? I hope to see her soon."

Amelia had swung round from the range as he began. She listened in stolid silence, with no sign of emotion on her black face.

"Mr. Crane, I been wonderin' how long you was goin' to be blind to what's goin' on. It's mighty ugly, I can tell you. I reckon you know 'bout that Spencer. The Missus goin' to his house and stayin' half the day! His cullud boy what tends his house, he's my sistah's son, an' he told me las' wintah 'bout their goin's on. Nice way for a married woman to ac' an' a fine husband like you been and the li'l girl an' all! I se fo' you, Mist' Crane; guess I doan' need to tell you that!"

This was the last blow. In his long vigil he had tried to excuse Alice, fitting to his own shoulders the burden of their estrangement; but Amelia, an honest woman, knew what he hadn't guessed . . .

He drank his coffee in silence, Amelia hovering about the table to express her sympathy and understanding. He called Tom Bowen on the telephone, told him he'd like to be put up for a day or two; asked Amelia to have the neighborhood man carry up his trunk and pack it; he would send for it during the day. His right to the old runabout he had driven so long could hardly be questioned; he would take that . . .

Amelia followed him to the door, grimly silent, but with tears coursing down her cheeks. He carried his suitcase to the garage and drove out of the yard.

At the corner he turned for a last look at the house that he and Alice had fashioned to be their home for all their days.

What are the experiences of a man and woman, married for many years, who decide to part? In his next instalment Meredith Nicholson uncovers unsuspected depths in the hearts of Mort and Alice.

The Harmonious Child

(Continued from page 53)

tip of her nose from the window-pane, and smiled. "I'd like to see you smash the window! It would make a jolly old row. Perhaps I'll let you in after all." She undid the catch of the window and opened it.

"Where's your governess?" asked the boy anxiously.

"Gone shopping, thank goodness," said the girl. "I'm left in peace for a little while. I'm supposed to be learning French."

She gave a comical laugh as though that were an excellent joke.

THE boy put his leg over the window-sill and climbed inside the room, after an anxious glance at the street below. No one seemed to have noticed that scene on the balcony . . . He drew a deep breath of relief, followed by a nervous laugh. It was rather a joke. His uncle and old Stefani and Geoffrey Jennings had lost their Harmonious Child.

"What's the joke, little boy?" asked the red-haired girl.

"I'm not a little boy," said Val. "I was fourteen last birthday. I'm almost a man."

The girl looked at him critically.

"You're very small for your age. And why do you wear your hair like that and dress in a sailor suit with short socks?"

It was evident that she did not believe that statement about his age.

"Because I've been made to," answered the boy bitterly.

"The papers say you're ten years old," said the girl. "I read it in a picture paper this morning underneath your portrait."

"The papers are full of lies. I'm not a bit like they make me out to be. None of those things happened which they tell about me, unless I let them arrange it all." Then he announced the most important fact in his life. "I'm going to have my hair cut."

"It is a bit long," said the red-haired girl.

"And I'm going to buy a decent suit of clothes, with trousers."

The girl regarded him gravely.

"You won't look so pretty," she remarked, "but of course if you're really fourteen it's about time you gave up dressing like a baby. Your name's Val, isn't it?"

"Yes," said the boy. "Val Sheridan. You're Beatrice, aren't you?"

"Quite correct," said the girl. "Lady Beatrice Tilford, if you want it all. My father and mother are in India. My father's a General, you know. And I'm twelve and very troublesome. That's why I was sent home with Miss Jenner to learn how to behave like a little lady before going to a boarding-school in Surrey where I'm going to be very miserable and cry my eyes out. So now you know all about me."

"Is Miss Jenner unkind to you?" asked Val with a sudden feeling of sympathy for this girl of twelve, who looked older than himself. Like himself, perhaps, she was under the tyranny of grown-up people.

"Severe!" said Beatrice, judicially. "Of course I'm very annoying to her sometimes. I do everything I oughtn't to do and leave undone the things I ought to do. It's my nature. I was born like that. I have a spirit of adventure, you know."

Val Sheridan regarded her with admiration. "It's fine to be like that," he said. "I've been too tame. If something hadn't burst inside me I should have been spoiled for life."

"How spoiled?" asked Lady Beatrice Tilford. "Become a goody-goody, all nerves and self-conceit—a musical prodigy, you know."

Lady Beatrice nodded her head.

"The sort of creature Miss Jenner adores."

"Well, I'll have to be going," said the boy nervously. "Thanks for letting me through."



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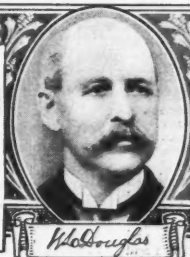
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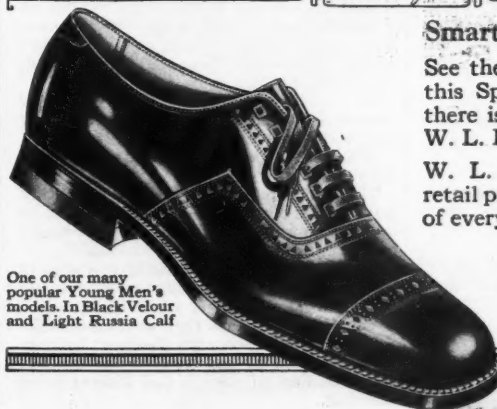
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"Going where?" asked Beatrice.

"I'm not sure exactly. I'm cutting off. Doing a bunk, if you know what that means."

Lady Beatrice seemed to know what it meant. "Doing a bunk? That sounds very exciting. Who from? Where to?"

"I'm bunking off from the people who call me the Harmonious Child. I'll take the train somewhere and then tramp into the country. I've got a bit of money. When that's gone I'll find some work to do. On a farm or something."

Lady Beatrice Tilford opened her eyes wide and gazed at the boy with renewed interest.

"Why shouldn't I come with you?" she asked, rather breathlessly.

"Good Lord, no!"

"Why shouldn't I do a bunk from Miss Jenner and avoid that silly old high school for young gentlewomen?"

THE boy was taken aback. Certainly it would be very pleasant to have a companion on his new adventure, but somehow he didn't quite see what he should do with this red-haired girl. "I'm afraid it wouldn't work," he said. "You haven't been used to tramping. I expect you've lived in hotels mostly."

"So have you!" said Beatrice. "That's why the idea appeals to me. I've always wanted to live like a gipsy. The open road and all that. I love books about life like that. Besides"—she gave a squeal of laughter—"it would be such a shock to Miss Jenner! To come back and find me gone, with a little note in my French exercise book."

She wrote the note there and then.

"Dear Miss Jenner—Grateful as I am for your tuition, I have decided to give up the hopeless task of trying to behave like a little lady. I am going to be a gipsy. With kind regards believe me, Yours sincerely—Beatrice Tilford."

"Come on," she said to the boy; "hadn't we better start on this adventure?"

"I don't think you'd better," said the boy. "I shall have to rough it, you know. I expect I'll have to starve." There was a slight quiver in his voice.

"Oh, if you're getting frightened!" said Lady Beatrice scornfully.

That was a nasty jab at his pride. He protested that he was not getting frightened in the least, but he didn't want her to come with the idea that it was going to be a life of luxury.

"It's going to be very amusing," said Beatrice. "Perhaps I'd better take a few things for future use."

"What kind of things?" asked Val, somewhat surprised. It had never occurred to him that he ought to carry any luggage.

"Well," said Lady Beatrice in her practical way, "one can't go into the wide world without possessions. Besides, I don't want Miss Jenner to prig all my treasures. Just you wait a minute, little boy, while I grab what I want. There's my manicure set, and my gold bracelet, and the wrist watch father gave me last birthday . . . and I think I'll take 'The Three Musketeers,' in case we have time to do a bit of reading—and I think a tooth-brush and a comb would come in handy—and I don't think I could really leave the kitten behind, now I come to think of it."

She rushed into the next room. In a few minutes she reappeared with the kitten in her arms and a very elegant traveling bag.

"I'll carry the kitten," she said, "and you'll carry the bag."

The bag was quite heavy. She had evidently stuffed it full of "treasures." The boy tried its weight, and was rather dismayed. "We shan't be able to walk far with this," he said.

Lady Beatrice Tilford thought it was quite all right. If Val were fourteen he was old enough to carry a bag for a lady friend.

Val was scared when they went down-stairs lest he should encounter Geoffrey Jennings or old Stefani or his dissolute uncle. But they managed to reach a taxi without being observed.

"Where to?" the taxi driver asked them. Val glanced nervously at his companion. He could not think of any place where he wanted to go.

"Tell him to drive to a good railway station," Beatrice said. "I think Waterloo would do very nicely."

Through the taxi window the Harmonious Child saw Smith's Hotel disappearing from view, and he had one lightning glimpse of his uncle coming down the steps on his way to his second cocktail, with the press-agent.

He drew a deep breath and spoke to Beatrice. "I want to get my hair cut and buy a pair of trousers."

"Personally," answered Lady Beatrice, "I could do with a little luncheon. It's two hours since I had breakfast and I think a Bath bun would be very pleasant."

This proposal worked out very well for the boy. While Beatrice was drinking chocolate and eating a Bath bun in the restaurant at Waterloo, where she attracted the friendly attention of all the waitresses by feeding the kitten out of a saucer of milk, the boy darted into the hair-dressing saloon and was directed to an empty chair.

"I want my hair cut," said the boy, trying to restrain his emotion.

"Well, there's a lot of it!" said the barber, putting his fingers through the tangled shock.

He glanced at the boy's pale face reflected in the looking-glass. It seemed to awaken some memory, and he stared harder.

"Isn't your photo in all the papers?" he asked. "The musical wonder? What do they call him? The Harmonious Child!"

He laughed and peered sideways at Val.

"You've made a mistake," said the boy, blushing deeply. "It's not me . . . I want it short, please."

"Well, that's queer!" said the young hair-dresser. "I was looking at your photo this morning, sailor suit and all, and thinking I'd like to hear that youngster. I play the piano a bit myself—"

"I'm in rather a hurry," said the boy nervously. "If you don't mind cutting my hair—short—"

The man cut it short. As his brown curls fell off in a rich harvest, the boy felt a sense of immense liberation. It was as though all the fraud and sham of that Harmonious Child had fallen from him too. Every snip of the scissors made him more like a real boy. He was no longer the Harmonious Child adored by silly women, snapped by all the cameras, stared at in restaurants and public places. That boy in the mirror with a bullet head was something quite different. He felt very cold about the head, almost bald, but the feel of the cool air was good. He felt grown up.

HE HURRIED out of the station and searched for a shop where he might get a ready-made suit. One stood waiting for him, next to a ham and beef shop, and a young Jew who saw him staring at some clothes hanging in the window, came outside and spoke to him.

"Nice jacket this morning? Very cheap! Ready-mades or second-hands. Fit any size. Thirty bob, and a bargain. Young gentlemen's school outfits. Knickers, twelve-and-six."

"I want a pair of trousers," said Val. "Or a whole suit, if you can make it fit."

The Jew soon produced a suit that pleased Val and he stepped inside and tried it on. He was astounded at his own appearance as the young Jew turned him round before the pier-glass. He looked just like crowds of boys whom he had seen and envied along the streets.

"How much, please?" asked Val. "I want to leave my other clothes."

He felt extremely self-conscious in those long trousers for which he had yearned as a young squire might have craved for the armor of knighthood.

"Well, make it thirty and call it a bargain," said the Jew. "Throwing it away, but the stock had to be cleared."

Val paid over the thirty shillings. It felt

him with nine pounds ten for future life, including the expenses of Lady Beatrice Tilford who was waiting for him in the restaurant.

For a moment Beatrice did not recognize him. She stared at him, looking him up and down from his bullet head to his upturned trouser ends. Then the light of recognition dawned in her eyes.

"Good gracious! You *do* look comical. Like a country boy. Miss Jenner would be shocked if she saw us together. You're not a bit like the Harmonious Child."

"Thank goodness for that," said Val. "You've kept me a most frightful time," complained Beatrice. "We'd better be going. And by the bye, where *are* we going?"

Val hadn't the faintest idea. He knew of no place on the Waterloo line. He suggested they should choose a place with a pleasant kind of name, and Beatrice thought that was a very good idea. After studying a signboard which gave the times of departure for the day's trains, Beatrice decided that Guildford sounded rather attractive. She consulted a porter on the subject. "A nice old town, Missy," said the porter, grinning at her. "Countrified round about. And no wild animals that I've heard tell of."

The journey to Guildford was uneventful. They sat alone in a first-class compartment and Beatrice divided her time between looking out of the window and playing with the kitten. She seemed to have put her past life behind her very easily and to have no fears for the future. Val was conscious of excitement and anxiety. He was also troubled by the prick of conscience.

"I say," he said presently, "don't you think we had better discuss plans, and all that? What's going to happen when we get to Guildford, for instance?"

"The future will shape itself," said Beatrice, as though quoting from a book. "Personally I propose to go in search of adventure. We may meet it on the King's highway, or we may encounter it in a leafy by-path."

For a girl of twelve Lady Beatrice Tilford used very long words and had certainly read many romantic novels.

AT GUILDFORD when they left the station the effect of a cup of chocolate and a Bath bun had worn off, and Beatrice decided that she was hungry again. Val admitted that he was also in need of food. They went into the Lion, which seemed a very respectable place, and consumed a large meal of roast beef and Yorkshire pudding with two vegetables, followed by jam roll. The head waiter attended to them himself. He was a benevolent-looking old gentleman.

She inquired whether there was much doing in the way of adventure round Guildford.

The old man's eyes twinkled, but he answered gravely. "Quite a lot, Miss. Especially on early closing days. Are you looking for any particular kind of adventure?"

"I thought perhaps there might be a few Gipsies about," said Beatrice in a casual way.

"There certainly are, Miss," said the old gentleman. "But if I were you I'd steer clear of the likes of them. Nasty, dirty, thieving people, most of them!"

"Oh, no!" said Beatrice. "You're prejudiced, you know. I've read all about Gipsies. Of course they're not respectable, but that's nothing. Personally I hate respectability."

The head waiter said, "I'm surprised, Miss. You alarm me!" But he seemed more amused than alarmed.

"What's your idea about Gipsies?" asked Val anxiously.

Beatrice asserted that it was a pretty good idea. She was even inclined to call it an inspiration.

"If we can find some Gipsies, we can offer to join their tribe. You can play the violin and I can dance, so that we shall be worth their while to adopt. Then they'll provide us with food and we can sleep in the caravans at night, and have a perfectly wonderful time.

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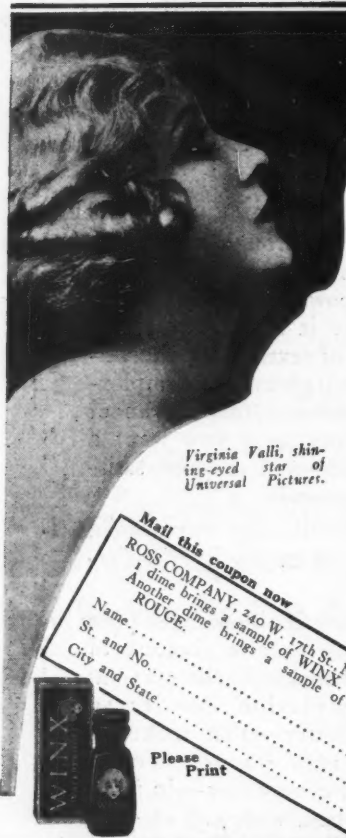
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Val considered the idea, and didn't like it. Especially that bit about marrying the Gipsy leader. "They're a low lot," he said. "Don't wash much. And I'm blown if I'd let you marry one of them."

"Not let me?" she exclaimed. "Who are you, little boy, to prevent me doing anything I like?"

Val colored up to the tips of his ears. To be called "little boy" by a girl two years younger than himself was very damaging to his pride, now that he had short hair and long trousers. "I thought we were pals," he said. "We've got to be, you know, now we're together like this."

She thought the matter over and decided that there was something in what he said, but not so much as he imagined.

"Pals, of course," she admitted. "Fellow adventurers on the broad highway. But you mustn't say you won't let me do this or you won't let me do that. That's like Miss Jenner. And I'm very self-willed, you know."

They set out on their walk to adventure, Beatrice holding the kitten, Val carrying the elegant hand-bag. Beatrice was charmed with the old High Street of Guildford, and bought a picture postcard which she decided to send anonymously to Miss Jenner. "From an unknown friend . . . Beware!"

PRESENTLY they took to the open country up a long straight road which seemed to stretch away forever.

"Much better than Smith's Hotel," said Beatrice. "It's almost as good as a picture postcard!"

"Grand," agreed Val. "This is where people lead a real life. I'd like to be a farmer's boy in one of those villages."

He panted a little and set down the bag to rest a minute and gaze over the scene, while Beatrice put the kitten down and made it run after a long straw which she trailed before it.

"It's like music," said Val, when she came back to him.

"What's like music?" asked Beatrice. "I hear nothing except the humming of bees, and an old cock crowing."

"If I had my violin," said Val, "I could make it play some of all this. A summer's day—and the song of the fields."

For a moment he was stricken with remorse that he had left his violin behind. Although he hated practising he could never get music out of his mind.

"Let's find an adventure," said Beatrice. "In one of those little villages down there. I'm getting tired of this old road."

Val was getting tired of her hand-bag. But he said nothing about it and plodded on. Beatrice did not plod. She ran and skipped and danced. Presently she saw that Val was lagging, and became sarcastic.

"You're not much of a walker, are you?"

"It's this blooming bag," said Val, rather breathlessly. "It weighs a ton. What on earth have you got inside it?"

"It's probably the books," said Beatrice. "I couldn't bear to leave them behind."

"What books?" asked Val.

"Hans Andersen's 'Fairy Tales,' 'Puck of Pook's Hill,' 'Peter Pan,' 'The Three Musketeers,' 'The Broad Highway,' and the last volume of the 'Boy's Own Paper.'"

"Good heavens!" cried Val. "No wonder it's a weight!"

"I'm afraid you're a weakling," said Beatrice. "You'll never make a hero, Val. Not unless you develop your muscles."

Those words annoyed the boy. He was so silent for the next mile that she began teasing him about it.

"Grumpy!" she cried. "And it's too bad to let you do all the hard work though you are a boy of fourteen and I a frail thing of twelve. Let me give you a hand, comrade!"

She took hold of the handle and they held it together and trudged on again. But very soon afterwards Beatrice weakened.

"There's only one thing to do," she said. "What's that?" asked Val.

"Throw our babies to the wolves." She undid the bag and took out her books. "We'll scatter literature to the four winds," she said. "Perhaps some passing soul—some simple peasant boy—will find inspiration to noble deeds or glorious dreams. Good-by, dear 'Puck of Pook's Hill.' You've got to go!"

She pitched the book into a hawthorn hedge. The last volume of the "Boy's Own Paper" fell heavily into the wayside ditch. Hans Andersen's "Fairy Tales" was placed more carefully on a big stone by the side of a stile which led down to a little farm. She hid "Peter Pan" under some bushes. After a prolonged mental struggle she decided to keep "The Three Musketeers" as she had reached an exciting part and wanted to finish it.

Val breathed a sigh of relief when he picked up the hand-bag again. The weight of those books had nearly broken his spirit.

They walked on again through several villages where the folk gazed after them with smiling eyes, and at one of them they stopped to have tea in a cottage garden where a party of motorists sat at little tables beyond a pergola.

After tea Val again took up the hand-bag and followed by Beatrice and the kitten trudged along the highway.

"I'll tell you what we'll do," he said after they had gone a little distance. "We'll make a camp for the night in that field down there. I'll light a fire, and we'll buy some food in a village shop and have a picnic meal before it gets dark. Perhaps we can find a haystack and sleep under the shelter of it."

By this time Beatrice was limping a little and very cross but all her ill temper vanished at Val's suggestion.

"That's a ripping idea!" she said. "We'll make a roaring fire, and I'll tell you fairy tales before we go to sleep."

In a village shop they bought a tin of sardines, a loaf of bread, some chocolate creams, half a pound of plum cake, and a box of matches for lighting the fire. Beatrice added to the magnificence of this banquet by buying a basket of strawberries with her last shilling.

ALL would have gone well but for a change in the weather. They found a haystack in a meadow which sloped down to a stream and there were plenty of twigs lying about for making an excellent fire. But no sooner had they begun their preparations than a heavy drizzle of rain made the twigs wet so that not all their blowing and coaxing could get them to burn. Worse still, the drizzle increased to a steady downpour, and although they took refuge under a leafy tree which kept them dry for a time, the leaves presently began to drip on them and Val was aware that his new coat and trousers were not waterproof. He could feel the rain soaking through, while Beatrice's white frock became all soppy.

Beatrice sneezed loudly three times. "I'm certain to catch my death of cold!" she cried. "Miss Jenner would have a fit if she saw me now."

She was on the verge of tears, but gave a gulp of laughter at the thought of Miss Jenner discovering her in this appalling state with a strange boy under a dripping tree by a wet haystack and a fire that wouldn't burn.

"There's no fun in this," said Val miserably. "We'd better go and search for shelter. Look! There's a cottage over there."

Together they went towards the cottage, and after reconnoitering a moment, walked through a crazy old gate and knocked at the door. A dog said "Woof!"

A moment later they heard footsteps crossing a stone floor and a man's voice say "Down, boy!" to the dog. Then the door was opened by a young man with untidy hair, a pipe in his mouth, and a friendly smile. "Hullo!" he said.



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"Good evening!" said Val in a shaky voice. "The fact is we're rather wet and we're looking for shelter somewhere."

"Wet, certainly," said the young man. "Come in. Share my supper with me." He called to some invisible person behind the door: "Mrs. Brown, lay supper for three."

The invisible Mrs. Brown did not seem astonished by this sudden command. Perhaps the young man made a habit of inviting strangers to supper.

"Very good, sir," she replied amiably.

"Before we come in," said Beatrice politely, "I should be much obliged if you would warn your dog that I've got a kitten with me."

The young man raised his eyebrows a little and spoke to his dog.

"Pete, you old ruffian! There's a kitten coming to supper. Behave yourself."

"Thank you," said Beatrice. "Now we'll come in."

She stepped into a low, cozy room with black beams across the ceiling, and some funny old mugs on the mantel-shelf, and a bookcase with a lot of old books, and some old-fashioned chairs arranged round an oak table.

"Perhaps we ought to introduce ourselves," said Beatrice. "It's a little awkward because we've run away and are traveling incognito. In fact we wish to remain anonymous."

The young man with the untidy hair and the pleasant smile looked from Val to Beatrice and made a comical noise in his throat. But he answered gravely.

"Any old names will do. Mine is Guy Prichard, at your service."

"For the time being," said Beatrice, "I am calling myself Virginia Delamere. It's the heroine of a short story I made up once."

"Glad to meet you, Miss Delamere," said Mr. Guy Prichard; "and your brother's name?"

"Oh, it's not my brother," said Beatrice quickly. "It's only my traveling companion, Dick Whittington."

"Good evening, Dick," said the young man cheerily. "I hope you've got an appetite for toad-in-the-hole. Mrs. Brown makes it to perfection, and it's an economical way of using up an old joint. I have to be economical because since the Great War, of which you may have heard, I have failed to make much money. It may interest you to know that I'm an unsuccessful author. I write books but nobody ever reads them."

Beatrice was thrilled. "It's the first time I've ever met a real author," she said. "Do you write novels or dull books?"

"Novels," said the young man. "But rather dull, I'm afraid."

BEATRICE'S desire for further conversation of a literary kind was interrupted by Mrs. Brown, a large sized lady with a white apron over her dress. "Good gracious!" she cried, "those poor mites are wet to the skin. They'll catch their deaths of cold if they don't change their clothes this very minute."

The young man regarded Beatrice's bedraggled frock with troubled eyes, and put his hand on Val's wet jacket.

"True enough!" he said. "But what's to be done about it? I could fix up Mr. Dick Whittington in one of my old suits, but I haven't a spare frock for Miss Virginia Delamere. Very thoughtless of a literary man not to keep a decent wardrobe for cases like this."

Mrs. Brown rose to the occasion.

"I'll put the little lady into one of my skirts," she said. "Ealth before fashion is my motto . . . Come into the kitchen, lovey. I'll soon make you warm and dry."

Mr. Guy Prichard's two guests would have surprised anybody but an unsuccessful author when they sat down to share his toad-in-the-hole. Val Sheridan was less like the Harmonious Child than ever before. In one of Guy Prichard's second-best suits he had the appearance of a scarecrow which had been out in the fields for some time. The trousers tucked up at the ends fell in concertina shape about his legs. The sleeves of an old brown

jacket came far below his hands so that he had to tuck them up like the ends of the trousers.

Beatrice was richly enveloped in Mrs. Brown's black skirt. The waist was tied under her arms but that was hardly noticeable because she wore one of Mrs. Brown's silk blouses, very ample in chest measurement. Beatrice's screams of mirth in the kitchen while that change of dress was taking place had been a comfort to Val's sensitive and self-conscious nature, and Guy Prichard's roars of laughter when she made a dramatic appearance at the door of his sitting-room and curtsied like a lady of the early Victorian age, relieved Val's hideous embarrassment at the absurdity of his own appearance.

But Mr. Guy Prichard helped to put him at his ease by friendly conversation. Never before had Val met anyone who talked to him like this on terms of equality. Never once did this writer of books treat him as though he were a baby, or a Harmonious Child.

Beatrice was excited and happy.

"This is a most romantic adventure," she remarked over her plateful of toad-in-the-hole. "I think I should like to stay here all my life. It's such a sweet little cottage, and Mrs. Brown is so much nicer than Miss Jenner."

"May I ask you Miss Jenner may be?" asked Guy Prichard politely.

Beatrice flushed slightly, and then laughed. "I nearly let the cat out of the bag! Miss Jenner is my dark secret. She belongs to my mysterious past."

A CUCKOO clock on the mantel-shelf struck the hour of eight, and Val Sheridan felt himself get red in the face. He had a queer sense of fear at the pit of his stomach. At that hour he ought to have been standing on the platform of the London Coliseum in a suit of velvet with a white silk shirt, bowing and smiling to the audience. He could almost hear the rustle of programs, and the laughs and sneezes in the auditorium, and old Stefani's whispers in the wings.

"You're very quiet, Val—Dick, I mean," said Beatrice.

Val muttered something inaudible, and blushed again more deeply when he saw that Mr. Prichard's eyes were fixed on his face with a smile of understanding.

"Have you two adventurers any definite plans?" Mr. Prichard asked. "Where are you going to sleep tonight, for instance? It's still raining cats and dogs. Listen!"

They listened, and heard the rain driving against the window-panes.

"Surely," said Beatrice calmly, "you're not going to turn us out on a night like this? What's the matter with this cottage? Val and I—Dick, I mean—can sleep very comfortably in this room. The hearth-rug for me. Val—Dick, I mean—can have that big armchair."

Mr. Guy Prichard laughed.

"I dare say we can do better than that. If you don't mind sharing Mrs. Brown's bed I'm sure she'll be delighted to make room for you. Dick can have my bed. As an ex-officer of the Great War I'm more used to sleeping on the ground."

"It's frightfully kind of you," said Beatrice. "But of course you really couldn't turn us out on a night like this. Could you?"

"I certainly couldn't," said Mr. Guy Prichard. "But how about tomorrow night? I dare say your people will be worrying about you. Forgive me for this word of advice."

"My people," said Beatrice, "are not worrying. My father happens to be a General in India. He's too far away to worry. As Miss Jenner frequently remarks, 'What the eye doesn't see the heart doesn't grieve for.'"

"But Miss Jenner will be worrying," urged the writer of books. "Think of poor dear Miss Jenner!"

"Miss Jenner is always worrying," said Beatrice. "I decline to think of her."

"Well, that's that," said Guy Prichard amiably. "Now, how shall we spend a merry evening before going to sleep?"

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"Tell us a story," said Beatrice. "Something thrilling."

While Mrs. Brown was clearing away, the writer of books told them a ghost story which was so thrilling that Val Sheridan felt his hair rising on his scalp, and even Beatrice made big eyes and screamed when the wind shook the door with a sudden rattle.

"That story wasn't a success," said the writer of books. "None of my stories seem to please the public. Well, I'll tell you what I'll do! I'll play you a little music. You and Dick can dance together if you like. See this old fiddle? I haven't touched it for years, but I dare say I could scrape out a tune or two."

He did scrape out a tune or two. Val Sheridan, dragged into a dance by Beatrice on the polished oak boards in that low-ceilinged room, thought they were the worst things that had ever been heard by mortal ears. The author of books produced the most excruciating sounds. He jangled every nerve in Val's body and brain. Old Stefani would have had an apoplectic fit or torn his beard out in handfuls.

Val gave a cry of agony. "Oh Lord! Oh crickey! I say! For Heaven's sake!"

"What's the matter?" asked Guy Prichard blandly. "Don't you like that tune? It's the Harmonious Blacksmith with variations. I used to play it when I was a kid."

"It's all wrong!" cried Val. "It's frightful. I can't bear it—really."

Guy Prichard was mildly surprised.

"I thought I was doing rather well."

"Show him how it goes," said Beatrice, laughing. "Play something yourself, Val—Dick, I mean."

"Do you play?" asked Guy Prichard, holding out the violin.

"Just a bit," said Val. He hesitated, and turned a little pale. At the sight of that old fiddle he felt his fingers tingle and something stir in his heart.

He tuned the strings, which were all slack, and smiled at Beatrice, and put the violin under his chin and raised the bow.

"A Hungarian dance," he said.

HE DREW the bow across the strings with a crash, and then filled the room with quick pattering dancing, swirling notes, as though a crowd of gypsies were flinging themselves into a revel, winding in and out, with a quick beat of dancing feet, the rattling of bangles, the snapping of fingers. A little old melody ran underneath the rhythm, sometimes breaking through with deep rich chords which thrilled to the old beams across the low ceiling and jingled the Toby jars on the mantel-shelf.

Guy Prichard took his pipe out of his mouth and sat up and stared at the boy.

"Good heavens!" he said, when the tune was finished. "You play like a master. I've never heard such music. It's wonderful beyond all words. For goodness' sake play something else. It's magic! It beats everything!"

"It's nothing," said Val. "Anybody can do it, with a bit of practise."

He played again—the piece he ought to have been playing that night at the London Coliseum. But he had never played like this before, anywhere.

Mrs. Brown came to the door to listen while Beatrice sat curled up, in Mrs. Brown's black silk dress, with the kitten on her lap.

"Great!" said Guy Prichard. "Great and glorious!" He rose from his chair and put his hand on Val's shoulder. "Who are you?" he asked gravely. "How do you come to play like that? Why have you run away from your people?"

Val dropped the bow and laid down the violin. "I'm sorry I played," he said, and then burst into tears. Something had told him that he would never be able to escape from music. He had been born with it. He could cut his hair short, but he could not cut out his genius. He could run away from Smith's Hotel, but he could no more run away from music than he could get away from himself. Even this stranger had found him out.



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"That's all right," said Prichard. "I won't give you away. We'll have a talk about things in the morning. Not tonight. Look! the little lady is fast asleep."

That was true. Lady Beatrice Tilford was sleeping as soundly as though she were tucked up in bed in Smith's Hotel with Miss Jenner in the next room.

That night Val Sheridan slept in Guy Prichard's room while Beatrice cuddled up by Mrs. Brown. They were still asleep in the morning when the writer of books stepped outside the cottage door to bring in the milk and the morning paper.

He glanced at the headings in the paper, and his attention was caught by the portrait of a boy in velveteen knickers and a white silk shirt, playing a violin with a look of ecstasy.

STRANGE DISAPPEARANCE OF THE HARMONIOUS CHILD

GENERAL'S DAUGHTER ALSO LOST

Romantic Mystery of Boy
Violinist and Titled Child

Mr. Guy Prichard, unsuccessful author, read several paragraphs with a queer smile about his lips. Then he folded up the paper and put it under some books in his sitting-room before calling Mrs. Brown.

At breakfast that morning the boy and girl appeared in their own clothes which had been dried at the kitchen fire overnight. Beatrice was chatty as usual. Val was silent and moody.

THE writer of books made no allusion to a certain sensational mystery in the morning papers. But after breakfast, while Beatrice explored the garden with her boy friend and fell in love with some lop-eared rabbits, he went into the kitchen with Mrs. Brown and produced a copy of the morning paper which he spread out on the kitchen table.

"Lawks!" she cried in an awed whisper. "Did you ever now! A real lady too, Lady Beatrice Tilford. Good gracious, now! To think I 'ad an Earl's daughter snuggling up to me in my own bed!"

"What are we going to do about it?" asked Mr. Prichard, rubbing his nose thoughtfully with the bowl of his pipe. "Send a telegram to Smith's Hotel? I suppose it's the right thing to do, but I hate to do it. Seems like betraying the Babes in the Wood. Sending them back to their Wicked Uncle, you know."

"Poor little lambs!" cried Mrs. Brown. "They must have been ill-treated to run away like that. The 'Armonious Child! Why, I was only reading about him in Lloyd's News last Sunday. But I must say it don't seem a bit like him."

"He's had his hair cut," said the writer of books. "It's what I ought to do, only I can't afford it just yet." He returned to the problem. "I'm baffled, Mrs. Brown. Baffled!"

He paced up and down the kitchen like Sherlock Holmes in search of a clue. He hated the idea of giving these children away. They had trusted him. This cottage was their sanctuary.

Later in the morning the problem was taken out of his hands by Fate, as Beatrice would have said.

Guy Prichard was describing the wonders of a beehive to his two guests when a powerful motor-car pulled up outside the garden gate.

It was Beatrice who first saw it. She gave a little scream of mirthful dismay.

"Heavens! There's Miss Jenner!"

Val turned pale as he looked towards the car and saw the familiar faces of old Stefani and Geoffrey Jennings, his press-agent.

Beatrice seized Val's hand and cried, "Run!" They hid behind some bushes while the unsuccessful author walked to the garden gate and said "Good morning!" to an elegantly dressed young man who was Geoffrey Jennings.

"We're looking for a boy and girl," said the

press-agent, who was first out of the car, with his hand on the gate. "Little runaways. We traced them as far as Guildford and then to the next village, where they bought some food. We also found the little girl's books not far from here."

Miss Jenner had descended from the car. She spoke to Guy Prichard emotionally.

"If only I could find them! It's Lady Beatrice Tilford. The dearest little girl in the world. A General's daughter, you know, and so high-spirited! If her poor dear father gets to know—"

She burst into tears at the dreadful thought of having lost a General's daughter.

Perhaps the sight of her tears, her poor thin face with its look of anguish, softened the heart of a little girl hiding in the bushes. Beatrice came out, still hand in hand with Val.

"That's all right, Miss Jenner," she said very calmly. "No need for tears, I assure you. We've decided to give ourselves up after a very pleasant little jaunt."

"My precious pet!" cried Miss Jenner, flinging her arms about Beatrice.

As Val stood there alone, looking glum and downcast, a loud cry came from old Stefani, who came rushing from the car.

"Braise be to Gott! 'E is found! 'E is found!"

Geoffrey Jennings uttered a sharp exclamation of dismay.

"Damn! . . . The little devil's had his hair cut!"

"Yes," said Val. "And I won't be made a fool of any more! . . . I won't be called the Harmonious Child . . . And . . . I won't be photographed all day long . . . And I won't have a press-agent. I'd rather be dead!"

He spoke passionately, in a shrill voice, with his head raised and his fists clenched.

"That's all right," said Geoffrey Jennings. "I'm fed up with infant prodigies. I'd rather be nursemaid to a royal baby. But don't forget I made you famous, young fellow. It was my publicity that did the trick."

Old Stefani put his arms about the boy's shoulders and drew him close.

"Bublicity! Bah! It vos I who made dis young man famous. De Harmonious Child is dead! He have his hair cut. Very goot! But his genius will grow—inside his head. Ve vill go back to music. Our beautiful music! It is greater than all your tam fool bublicity!"

The writer of books stooped down and whispered to the boy.

"Do you want to go back? You can stay with me if you like. And as long as you like."

For a moment the boy's face was illumined by a look of joy. To stay in that cottage, away from press photographers, reporters, press-agents, adoring women, with a writer of books which nobody read!

Then the light died out of his eyes and he shook his head.

"I've got to go . . . I can't run away from my music. It would call me all the time."

"Right!" said the unsuccessful author. "As a fellow artist I understand . . . One can't escape."

THAT afternoon when Val Sheridan returned to Smith's Hotel in the same car as Beatrice Tilford—she held his hand under the rug as a sign of sympathy—there was a crowd of camera men in front of the steps. But they were baffled when the boy walked past them, and there was not the click of a camera. They were looking for the Harmonious Child with his shock of hair and his sailor suit.

They didn't find him. The Harmonious Child had disappeared and was never seen again with his Teddy-bear. There were no more photographs in the picture papers, and, failing that publicity, no more crowds of eager-eyed women waiting for a glimpse of the little wonder. Geoffrey Jennings had resigned his job, and the public turned to a new idol.

But Val Sheridan had saved his self-respect in the world of human boys.

Mother Knows Best

(Continued from page 30)

used to resent the pomp and ceremony with which Ma Quail would surround this young person who was only filling third spot on the vaudeville bill. A change of costume in the wings. A velvet curtain hung there for protection. A square of white sheeting on the floor before the emergency dressing-table, so that the hem of her gown should not be sullied; a wicker clothes-basket, chastely covered with snowy white, holding her quick change—gown, slippers, make-up. A special pan of special resin in which to rub the soles of her satin slippers before she went into her dance. "Listen! Who's head-liner on this bill—me or Quail?" they would demand.

Mother and daughter went to the theater together. Ma Quail stood in the wings throughout the time that Sally was on stage; dressed her; undressed her; made her up; criticized her; took her home. Put her to bed. She brought her breakfast in the morning. They ate their early dinner together; their bite of late supper. Sally was an amiable and generous girl, and devoted to her mother. But there were times when she was unaccountably irritable, restless, impatient. Ma Quail put this down to temperament and was thereby rather pleased than otherwise.

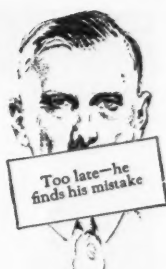
Sally's big chance in musical comedy—"Miss Me" ran two solid years in New York—did not come until she was twenty-four. Before she was starred in that success she had won solid recognition in vaudeville, and in musical comedy rôles that were not stellar. And always, just ahead of her, her mother, inserting a wedge here, getting a toe in there, widening the opening that led to stardom.

It was when Sally was playing the old Olympic Vaudeville Theater in Chicago that Ma Quail fell ill and was forced to take to her bed. It was influenza, of which there was a particularly violent epidemic at the time. It was elegantly termed "la grippe"; or, as Mrs. Quail explained, "a touch of the la grippe." She was literally never ill and thought that, by treating this illness with contempt, she could vanquish it. For one afternoon and one evening performance she stuck it out, appearing sunken-eyed and putty-faced at the theater, there to stand alternately shivering and burning in the wings until finally they forced her to go back to her hotel—they were stopping at the old Sherman House—and to bed, where she just escaped pneumonia. They got a nurse, though Ma Quail fought this.

Sick as she was, and even a bit delirious the first twenty-four hours, she still ruled Sally from her bed. Ma Quail fumed until Sally was off to the theater; tossed and turned and muttered during her absence; began to listen for her return a full hour before the girl could possibly have finished her act. She thrashed about on her pillows, sat up, threatened to get out of bed, quarreled chronically with her long-suffering nurse, was so impatient and difficult as a sick man.

"Now she's putting on her make-up. She never gets it on right unless I'm there. Chunks her grease-paint . . . Now she's dressing. There was a hook that was working a little loose on her white. It may be off by now, for all I know. I should have caught it when I noticed it, but I thought I'd do it next . . . Now it's almost time to go on. That Nixon is just ahead of her. I told them not to run those two acts next to each other. Not that that cheap hoover's act is anything like my Sally's. But she ought to follow a sketch. If I was up I'd make them shift. Now she's on . . ."

She would hum a little tune, her eyes bright and heavy with fever, a dull glow in her sallow cheeks, her hair twisted into a careless knot on top of her aching head. "That's right. That's right. Go on . . . Now she's off. There's her bow music. She's taking her bows. One—



4 out of 5

Dental statistics prove that four out of every five over 40—as well as thousands younger—pay Pyorrhea's toll. Do you want to elude this dread disease?



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The gums are the keys to health. You must keep them firm, strong and healthy or your teeth will begin to loosen and eventually come out. This is one of the penalties of Pyorrhea.

But there are others even worse. Pus pockets form and generate poisons that drain through the whole system, causing rheumatism, neuritis, anaemia, indigestion and other diseases.

Don't wait for tender, bleeding gums to warn you of Pyorrhea's coming. Ward it off by going to your dentist regularly and using Forhan's For the Gums twice a day.

This safe, efficient, pleasant-tasting dentifrice counteracts the effects of harmful bacteria, hardens soft, tender gums, keeps them sound, firm and pink. Furthermore, it cleans and whitens the teeth and keeps the mouth fresh, clean and wholesome.

Even if you don't care to discontinue your favorite dentifrice, at least start brushing your gums and teeth once a day with Forhan's.

It is a preparation of proved efficacy in the treatment of Pyorrhea. It is the one that many thousands have found beneficial for years. For your own sake, make sure that you get it. Ask for, and insist upon, Forhan's For the Gums. At all druggists, 35c and 60c in tubes

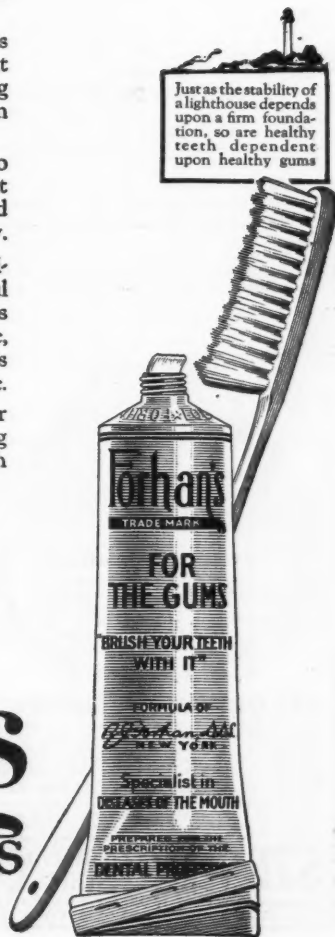
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Thousands of women—men, too—have restored normal proportions in this way. Reducing 85 lbs. is unusual, but any number of women have played off thirty and forty pounds with these records. Many more have used them for lesser reductions. Such cases ordinarily take less than a month. If you weigh too much for comfort, health, or appearance's sake, you owe yourself this relief.

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two—three—four—she could have had another if they'd taken the curtain up again . . . She'll be home now in half an hour . . . twenty minutes . . . fifteen . . . ten . . . What time is it, Miss Burke?"

The long-suffering Miss Burke would tell her the truth, having tried a professionally soothing lie on her first day with Ma Quail, and having been caught in it, with effects not calculated to allay fever in a case of la grippe.

"Now, Mrs. Quail, you mustn't get yourself all worked up this way. Just see if you can't drop off a minute before Miss Sally gets back. She'll be here before you know it, and then won't you be surprised!"

"Talk like a fool," retorted Ma Quail. "What's keeping her, I wonder."

ON THE first day of her mother's illness Sally tore off her clothes, only half removed her make-up, flew back to the hotel, sat by her mother's bedside against the nurse's warnings and the half-hearted protests of her mother. The second matinée she returned to the hotel directly after her performance, but her haste was, perhaps, a shade less feverish than it had been the night before.

On the third night, after she had finished dressing, she came out to the first entrance and stood there to watch Nixon doing his act. Nixon was the hooper of whom her mother had spoken with contempt. His act preceded hers. Ma Quail never permitted Sally to stand in the entrance watching the other acts. "Keeping tabs," it was called; and Sally loved to do it, particularly when the act was a dancing act. She loved dancing, especially clog and soft shoe. At both of these Nixon seemed to be expert. Curiously enough, she found three pairs of eyes squinting through the tiny gap in the old red plush curtain that hung before the first entrance. High praise, certainly, for Nixon. Three—and now, with Sally, four—fellow actors on the bill keeping tabs on his act meant that it was worth watching.

"New stuff?" whispered Sally to the nearest ear.

"Every time he goes on. Wait a minute. There now. Get that one. He didn't pull that one this afternoon. He makes every other hooper I ever saw look like they was nailed to the floor."

Sally, standing in the entrance, applied a fascinated eye to an inch of slit in the curtain. Involuntarily the muscles in her long nimble legs ached to do these incredibly difficult feats that seemed so simple to the uninitiate. Nixon did a blackface single. His act was that of a dancing monologist, so that Ma Quail was justified in thinking that he should not have preceded Sally. His monolog was dullish stuff; his dancing nothing short of marvelous. His was perfect muscle control, exact rhythm sense, and an assumption of indolent ease in motion that carried with it a touch of humor.

Sally had been on dozens of bills with him; knew him as a shy and quiet young man who called her Miss Sally and crushed himself up against the wall to let her pass; a decent young man, descended from a long line of hoofers; a personable enough young man with a lithe waist, a quick smile, white teeth and a Midwestern accent. Born, he said, in Kansas City, but the world was his address. His costume—to which his black face lent the last touch of the ridiculous—was an exaggeration of the then fashionable male mode; peg-top trousers, wide silk lapels, saw-edged sailor, pointed shoes. In contrast with this grotesquerie he seemed, off-stage, all the more shy and, somehow, engaging and boyish.

As he bounded off now, went on again for his bows, off, and turned toward the passage that led to his dressing-room, Sally, ready to go on, forgot her own invariable nervousness in her interest at what she had just seen and envied.

"Where did you get that one?" She tried to do it. They were playing her cue music.

"No," grinned Nixon, very earnest and polite behind the black smear that was his

make-up. "Go on. You take 'em. I'll show you."

He was waiting for her when she came off—a thing that had never happened to her before. Trust Ma Quail for that.

"But I don't want to steal your stuff," Sally protested.

"Say, I'd be proud to have you even look at it, let alone want to catch it. Leave me show you how it goes."

"Mother's sick."

"Yeh. I heard. Say, that's too bad. How is she?"

"She's better, only she gets nervous if I don't come straight back to the room soon's I'm dressed. But maybe—just five minutes."

They observed the proprieties by leaving her dressing-room door wide open. "Now look . . . Naw! . . . Naw! . . . Look! One and two and three and slide and turn and one and two and three and slide and turn and . . . Looka what I do with my knee there. See? Naw! Stiff . . . That's it! You'll get it. Only you got to practise. I bet I was three months at it, mornings, before I put it in."

You got a mental picture of him, in dancing trunks, in his grubby hotel bedroom, solemnly and earnestly mastering the intricacies of this new step, his stage a carpet that had been worn gray and threadbare by many dancing mirthless feet.

Sally meant to tell her mother the cause of her delay. She didn't dream of not telling her. After all, she had picked up a new dance step. But when she reached her mother's room she encountered there a woman in such a state of hysteria, brought on by anxiety and general devilment, that she found herself, to her own horror, making up some tale about having had her spot changed—moved down on the bill—a change for the better. She felt stricken at what she had done. Then she realized that she would have to do it again tomorrow—and next day—and the next—and the next. And suddenly a vista—not a wide one, but still a vista—opened out before her mind's eye. An hour to herself every day. Every day—an hour—to herself. She did not say this, even to herself. She did not even think she thought it. Something seemed to say it for her. She did not even think of a way to explain her explanation, should her mother recover before the end of the week. But she wouldn't be able, surely, to come to the theater before the end of this week's bill. Sally hoped she would, of course—but she wouldn't.

SALLY came out of the stage entrance after her afternoon performance that next day and stood a moment on the top step blinking almost dazedly at the dim, slimy, dour Chicago alley. It looked strangely bright to her, that alley; a sort of golden light suffused it. An hour. She had an hour. As she stood there, blinking a little, she was like a prisoner who, released after long years of servitude, stands huddled at the prison gates, fighting the impulse to creep back into the cold embrace of the gray walls that have so long sheltered him. So Sally thought, "Well, I guess I'll go right home."

But she didn't. Instead she began to stroll in a desultory manner down Clark Street, looking in the windows. She was conscious of a sensation of exhilaration, of buoyancy. That sordid thoroughfare, Clark Street, took on a fascination, a sparkle, a brilliance. Sally saw in the window of a candy store a great square pan of freshly dipped lusciously dark brown chocolate creams. She went in and bought a little paper sackful. Her mother rarely allowed her to eat sweets. They were bad for her complexion.

Sally now strolled on down the street, consuming her plump chocolates by a process as unladylike as it was difficult. You bit off the top of the cone-shaped sweet, or, if you preferred, you bit a small opening at the side, taking care not to make this too large, and including in this bite as little as possible of the creamy fondant beneath. This accomplished, the trick was to lick at the soft white filling

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with a little scooping flick of the tongue, much in the manner of a kitten consuming a saucer of cream. Little by little, thus, the fondant melts on the tongue, disappears, leaving a hollow shell of chocolate, an empty cocoon.

So Sally Quail, in her new freedom, strolled exulting down Clark Street, staring into the windows, stopping before some of them, her little pointed red tongue working busily away at the sweet held in her fingers, her face beatifically blank as the sugary stuff trickled down her grateful throat. There was even a little unsuspected dab of chocolate on one cheek, near her mouth. It gave her a most juvenile and engaging look.

She was thus engaged when Nixon approached her, breathing a trifle rapidly, as though he had been running. She showed, queerly enough, no surprise at seeing him.

He fell into step beside her. "I didn't see you go out. I was getting dressed. You must've jumped into your clothes."

"Blm," said Sally, companionably, her mouth full of fondant; and held the sack out to him hospitably. He took one, ate it, took another, ate that, suddenly noticed her method, which she was pursuing calmly and without affectation.

"Say, that's a great system you got, Miss Sally. How'd you like to have one six feet high, and lick your way right through it!"

Sally laughed heartily at this, and so did he, though it wasn't very bright. And so, still giggling, they reached the Sherman House. And a little stricken look of contrition came into Sally's face. He said, "Well, so long. Uh—say, there's a little spot of chocolate candy on your cheek."

"Where?" And she rubbed the wrong place. "Right—there." He whipped out a handkerchief, put it back hastily, took out another, neatly folded, and held it up, hesitating. "If you don't mind—"

She didn't mind. He rubbed it off gently. There was something intimate, something protective, about the act.

"See you tonight, Miss Sally."

"See you tonight."

ON THE way up she gave the remaining chocolates to the elevator boy. And then the usual questions. How many bows? How much applause? How was the house? Was the head-liner still high-hatting her?

Nixon wanted to introduce a song into his act. He told her about it that night. No, he couldn't sing, he said. Not what you'd call sing. But you know. One those coon songs. Kind of fresh up the act. He asked her advice about it. He hung on her answer; her decision. Sally Quail, for whom everything was decided. Sally Quail, who never was allowed to do anything for anyone. Everything done for her. No one allowed her to do for them. Not her capable martinet mother, surely. It was sweet to have some one dependent on you; some one who thought your advice valuable—not valuable only, but invaluable.

They watched each other's acts, matinee and evening. She was there just the moment before he went on—that moment when the vaudeville actor "sets himself" for his entrance. She had seen them do all sorts of things for luck to last them through the concentrated fifteen minutes of an act. She had seen them cross themselves. She had seen them rub a tiny talisman. She had seen them mutter a prayer. Nixon, sprung from a long line of acrobats, blackface minstrels, hoofers, always went through a little series of meaningless motions before the final second that marked his entrance music. There was a little preliminary cough, a shuffle, a backward glance over his shoulder at nothing, a straightening of the absurd hat, tie, coat; a jerk at the coat-lapel, a hunch of the shoulders, a setting of his features—all affording relief for strained nerves. Click! He was on, walking with that little exaggeration of the negro shuffle, his arms hanging limp and loose and long, his eyes rolling tragically.



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—but it should be read by every thinking woman

MOST women possess a natural delicacy about the discussion of certain phases of health and hygiene that are peculiarly feminine problems. Perhaps they have heard physicians refer to personal hygiene for women as a healthful and necessary practice. And probably they have heard the same physicians deplore the use of poisonous compounds for this purpose. All this may have led to a certain confusion in the minds of many who would welcome a frank statement of facts on the subject.

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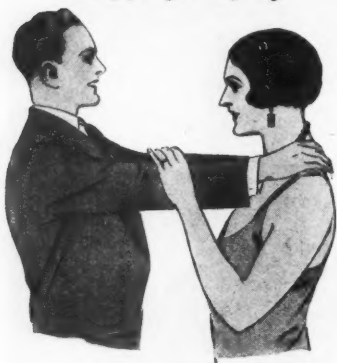
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That beautiful, even shade of dark, glossy hair can only be had by brewing a mixture of Sage Tea and Sulphur. Your hair is your charm. It makes or mars the face. When it fades, turns gray or streaked, just an application or two of Sage and Sulphur enhances its appearance a hundred-fold. Don't bother to prepare the mixture; you can get this famous old recipe improved by the addition of other ingredients at a small cost, all ready for use, at any drug store. It is called Wyeth's Sage and Sulphur Compound. This can always be depended upon to bring back the natural color and lustre of your hair. You simply dampen a sponge or soft brush with it and draw this through the hair, taking one small strand at a time; by morning the gray hair has disappeared, and after another application it becomes beautifully dark and appears glossy and lustrous.

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EYELASHES and BROWS INSTANTLY, makes them appear naturally dark, long and luxuriant. Adds wonderful charm, beauty and expression to any face. Perfectly harmless. Used by millions of lovely women. BLACK or BROWN, obtainable in solid cake form or waterproof liquid. 75c at your dealer's or direct postpaid.

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about
Hair Coloring**

NOTHING EQUALS
Genuine B. Paul's
HENNA

Why Have Gray or Faded Hair

USE **B. PAUL'S HENNA**

ALL SHADES FROM BLACK TO BLOND

COLORS
your gray hair in
ONE APPLICATION

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B. PAUL, Dept. U, 21 W. 39th St., New York

He had rehearsed his new song and now he tried it out at the close of his act. It was one of those popular coon songs and was called "I Guess I'll Have to Telegraph My Baby." It was the type of plaintive comic that preceded the Jazz Blues of today. He had, really, no more of a singing voice than Sally had. But he had a wistful tonal quality, and a melodious resonance that caught and held you. He got two extra bows on it, thus cutting in on Sally's act time. She did not resent this, though when he came off he apologized with something resembling tears in his eyes.

"Why, say, I didn't go for to crab your act, Miss Sally. Why, say, I wouldn't have done that for the world. Why, say—" He was incoherent, agonized.

Sally, set to go on, looked up at him. No girl of experience would have shown unconsciously the look that Sally turned upon him. Certainly her mother had never seen that look in her eyes. Her face was sparkling, animated, glowing. Dimples flashed where dimples had not been. In that look you saw pride in the achievement of some one else—some one for whom she cared. She even said it.

"Don't be silly! I'm proud of you. Glad you stopped the show." And went on.

If Ma Quail had been there it would have taken house manager, stage hands, firemen, ushers and doorman to hold her.

MA QUAIL, in her hotel bedroom, had impatiently endured five days away from the theater; five days without seeing her Sally go on; five days of domination by a nurse. The nurse left, always, at eight. This evening, as Ma Quail lay there, fuming, she was racked by a feeling of unrest, of danger to Sally. She had had that feeling before, and nothing had come of it. It was, due, of course, to her unwholesome absorption in the girl, though she would not have admitted this even if she had recognized it as being true. The feeling grew, took complete possession of her. Sally was in the theater. Sally was dressing; Sally would soon be going on.

She could endure it no longer. Trembling and dizzy with the peculiar weakness that even a brief siege of this particular illness leaves, she dressed shakily, catching at chairs and tables for support. She took a carriage to convey her the short distance to the Olympic. Sick and shivering though she was, she actually seemed to take on a new strength and vigor as she passed the stage door-keeper. She sniffed the theater smell sensitively, gratefully. For years it had been incense in her nostrils. Sally would be almost ready to go on, now that her act had been shifted to a spot down on the bill. She actually resented this advantage having come to Sally without her mother having fought for it. Up the winding iron stairway; down the narrow dim hall; a smile of anticipation on her face. She turned the knob of Sally's dressing-room door; she opened the door softly, softly, so as to surprise her Sally.

Sally Quail, with her head thrown back, was looking into the eyes of Jimmy Nixon, of the Dancing Nixons. Nixon's arms were close about her. Sally's eyes were half closed. Her chin was lifted with shy upward eagerness. Her mouth was tremulous, and ripe and flexible—the lips of a woman who knows that she is about to be kissed. It was a kiss she never received.

"I love you, Sally," said Nixon.

And, "Oh, I love you, too," said Sally Quail. Her voice was a breath, a whisper.

There was something terrible, something indecent about Ma Quail's ruthless tearing apart of these two young things. She did it so horribly, so brutally. Her jewel was being stolen. The flower that she had tended and nurtured was being plucked by clumsy alien hands. Ugly words bubbled to her lips and broke there.

"Get out of here!" She slammed the door, advanced menacingly. She actually seemed about to strike him. "Get out of here you—

you cheap hoofer, you! Get out or I'll have you thrown out!" She turned to the girl. "You fool! You little fool!"

Nixon unclasped the girl, but he still held her hand in his. As always, under emotion, he spoke the slow and drawing tongue of the born Kansan.

"You can't talk thataway to us, ma'am."

Sally said nothing. Her face was white and drawn and old. The sight of it whipped Ma Quail into fresh fury.

"Can't!" she spat out in a whisper that had all the vehemence of a scream. "I'll can't you! Get out of here, you bum, you! I'll have you thrown out of the circuit. I'll fix it so you'll never show in any decent house again. I'll—unconsciously she used a term she had heard in cheap melodrama—"I'll break you!"

He grinned at that. He took a step toward her, drawing the frightened girl with him. "Come on, Sally," he said quietly. "Come on away out of here."

"I'm afraid," whispered Sally. "I'm afraid. Where?"

"You know," he said. "What we were talking about. Nixon and Quail."

But at that, of course, Ma Quail fainted for the first time in her life. And when she had been revived she insisted that she was dying, and Nixon had been sent out of the room, and they took off her stays, and rubbed her hands and gave her whisky, and she rolled her eyes, and groaned, and made Sally promise, over and over, that she would never see Nixon again. It was her dying wish. She was dying. Sally had killed her. And of course Sally promised, racked by self-reproach. And that was the end of that, and, everyone will admit, a good thing for Sally.

Ma Quail prevailed on the management to retain Sally's act for another week, which broke up contact with Nixon in the next bill, scheduled for Milwaukee.

SALLY probably forgot all about it in later years. Curiously enough, she never would talk about it, even to her mother. And though the prince her mother was expecting never came, practically everything else in life did. Fame, and fortune, and popularity, and friendship. A house in London, a house in New York, an apartment in Paris. Private trains. Perhaps no woman of the theater ever made (honestly) such fantastic sums as Sally Quail earned yearly for twenty years. For under her indomitable mother's shrewd management she became polished, finished, exquisite in her art, though she managed somehow, miraculously, to retain something of her girlishness and simplicity and loveliness to the end.

Still, sometimes if you glimpsed the two driving on Fifth Avenue or in the Bois, you wondered about Sally. You saw them driving in one of those long, low, foreign cars that are almost all engine. One of those cars that proclaim the fact that its owner has at least two others. It had a hood over the back, but no hood in the front, so that the chauffeur and a good half of the delicate upholstery were unprotected. It was a proud and insolent car that said, "I am a bibelot. I am a luxury. I am practically no good except when the sun is shining—but not shining too hotly. When it is fair, but not too cool. I am only to be used at special times by special people. I am the special kind of car for people who don't have to care a damn. I am money. Look about you. You won't see many like me."

Sally looked none too glowingly happy in the hooded depths of this gorgeous vehicle, a luxurious fur rug tucked about her gifted knees, a toy dog sticking his tongue out at passers-by in lesser cars.

Sally Quail's tragic and untimely death broke her mother completely—or almost completely. Small wonder. Still, she derived a crumb of comfort from the touching and heart-breaking last moment that preceded Sally's going. In the midst of the fever that consumed her she had what seemed to be a lucid last moment just before the end. Ma Quail told of

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it, often and often, over and over, to sym-
thetic friends.
For at the end, as she lay there, looking in
her terrible illness, much more than her forty
years, suddenly her face had assumed the
strangest look—the look of a girl of twenty.
There was about it a delicacy, a glow. She sat
up in bed as though she were strong and well
again. All the little lines in her face were
wiped out queerly, completely, as though by a
magic hand. She lifted her chin a little with
a shy upward eagerness and her fever-dried lips
took on the tremulousness and the flexibility
of the lips of a woman who knows that she
is about to be kissed. Her arms were out-
stretched, her eyes fixed on something that she
found wonderful and beautiful.
"Sally!" Ma Quail had screamed. "Sally!
What is it! What is it! Look at me! Mother.
It's mother! Mother loves you!"
And, "Oh, I love you, too!" said Sally Quail.
Her voice was a breath; a whisper.

The Principle of the Thing

(Continued from page 71)

flat-topped derby and box-toed shoes and a
spotless white waistcoat on—and with a small
mouth, the lips being almost bloodless, and the
set of it prim but not harsh.

Yet now, looking at him, Sparks, whose
mind ordinarily ran in a groove of dullness, all
of a sudden saw a flash of the user in a long
robe of black, with red trimmings, bending
over a form strapped down in a great oaken
chair, and he heard out of nowhere the drip
and the splash of trickling water. Sparks tried
to tell himself that it was something he had
eaten for luncheon. But he knew better than
that. A rush of compassion for young Treve
came to him. Then he heard himself saying,
"Oh, yes, sir, I get your point," and knew
Bleke had just asked him if he got the point.

"Very well then, Sparks, you may go too,"
added Mr. Bleke. "I'm obliged to you. You'll
say nothing or do nothing among the others
which might give intimation to any of them of
what you know. You may leave everything
else in my hands. I think I'll soon be able to
bring you details touching on this shortage
and a memorandum on the exact sum that is
missing. Probably I'll be able to do so by
tomorrow. I think I'd like for this information
to come that way from me as justifying my
little experiment. Then you can check up
the figures for confirmation. Oh, yes, there's
one other thing—telephone to the garage and
tell them to send my car down right away and
let me know as soon as the chauffeur reports,
will you please, Sparks?"

AFTER his man was gone Mr. Bleke sat for
a little while apparently considering the num-
erals on a calendar which faced him from a wall
of his room. There was a suggestion of a good-
tempered smile—just a trace—in his expres-
sion. He took a chew of tobacco and let the
quid slip over into one cheek. The bulge of it
showed through the skin and made Mr. Bleke
look somewhat like an elderly squirrel
carrying a nut in its jaw pouch. Mr. Bleke
never touched strong drink and he never
smoked, but sometimes he chewed tobacco.
That habit was a reminder of his country rear-
ing—that and some of the homely phrases
which he occasionally employed.

When word was brought of the chauffeur's
arrival he put on his flat-crowned derby and,
going out into the public counting-room,
beckoned to young Treve where the latter was
humped behind a wicket.

"Tell Shapiro to double up on your window,"
bade the banker. "I'd like for you to go with
me for a spell."

"Outside?" asked Treve, sliding off his stool.
"You mean outdoors, Mr. Bleke?"

East of the Sun and West of the Moon

"THERE is buried a little carved chest" so a Poet tells us. In it a
Queen had hidden sweet-smelling essences and powders of her once
flame-like beauty.

For lovely woman has ever treasured those fragrant accessories de
toilette.

And a Perfumer with the Soul of a Poet, studying this heritage of
odeurs, caught captive a hauntingly alluring fragrance, embodied it
in a silken-smooth Face Powder and dedicated it to a reigning
French beauty of his hour.

Thus for three generations *Lablache*
has remained the favored face pow-
der of gentlewomen—a regal pre-
decessor of *Lablache* accessories de
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Beautifully presented—purely Pa-
risian in atmosphere and essence
—of an odeur hauntingly delicate,
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us direct, enclosing stamps, money order
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**Don't
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When I can stop it



To let gray hair spoil your looks, by making
you seem old, is so unnecessary when Mary T.
Goldman's Hair Color Restorer will renew the
original color surely and safely. Very easily
applied—simply comb it through hair. No in-
terference with shampooing, nothing to wash
off—just beautiful, natural, becoming hair.

My Restorer is a clear, colorless liquid, clean
as water. No danger of streaking or discolora-
tion, renewed color is perfect in all lights.

Mail Coupon Today

Send today for the absolutely Free Trial
Outfit which contains a trial bottle of Mary T.
Goldman's Hair Color Restorer and full in-
structions for making the convincing test on
one lock of hair. Indicate color of hair with
X. If possible, enclose a lock of your hair in
your letter.

Please print your name and address—

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COUPON**

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Please send your patented Free trial Outfit. X shows
color of hair. Black..... dark brown..... medium
brown..... auburn (dark red)..... light brown.....
light auburn (light red)..... blonde.....

Name.....
Street..... City.....



Glazo Completes the Picture of Loveliness

Over steaming teacups—at bridge, Mah Jongg, theatre parties, dances, wherever fashionable women gather—one invariably finds lovely, gleaming, shell-pink nails.

And one finds increasingly large numbers of the *haute monde* adopting Glazo as their personal nail polish, because it is so beautiful in its results and so amazingly quick and simple in its application.

Just a light touch with the handy Glazo brush, a moment's drying, and your nails are glowing with the beautiful lustre that good taste and good breeding demand! And only once a week is even this slight attention necessary, for Glazo is not marred by soap or water, nor will it crack, ridge or peel.

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Glazo is the original Liquid Polish. It comes complete with separate remover, which not only insures better results but prevents the waste that occurs when the Polish itself is used as a remover.

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Nails Stay Polished Longer—
No Buffing Necessary

Try GLAZO Cuticle
Massage Cream

It shapes the cuticle and
keeps it even and healthy



For trial size complete GLAZO Manicuring Outfit, write name and address in margin, tear off and mail with 10c to

The Glazo Co., 44 Blair Ave., Cincinnati, O.

"Yes. Bring your hat with you and your overcoat, if you're wearing one."

Plausibly it might have been surprise at such a summons coming during banking hours which made Treve hesitate just a fractional space of time before he obeyed. But Mr. Bleke, noting the momentary fumble and confusion, chuckled inwardly. And Sparks, who also marked this delay, had another of those sinking sensations at the pit of his belly.

With a worried eye Sparks watched the two of them until, moving side by side, they passed on out and into the anteroom beyond and so were gone from his sight. Through the remainder of the day the picture they had made—paired but not mated—stayed on with the troubled head clerk. He had no need to conjure up the image. It abode with him: Mr. Bleke, a slight, almost an infirm figure in durable dark garments of a box-like and obsolete cut, moving along with mincing and careful steps, and beside him young Treve, half a head and more taller than the older man, swinging his limbs with an athletic freedom, and his crushed-in soft hat on the side of his head and a thickness of curly black hair crinkling from under the brim.

Until closing time and after Sparks kept looking down the narrow corridor toward the farther door, expecting to see Mr. Bleke come back in—alone. It was more than an expectation; it was a dread. But Mr. Bleke did not return that day nor did the youngster.

This is what they did:

Going down in the elevator Mr. Bleke made explanation:

"I want you to go with me for a little ride, Harry. I got sort of nervous, cooped up there all day, and I figured a spin around through the lower part of town somewhere might brace me up. And I decided to have some company for the ride. After a man reaches a certain age it does him good once in a while to see something of a young, ambitious, go-ahead chap. Otherwise he's likely to get stale—um, yes, stale's the word. So I picked you out. Yes, I picked you out from all the rest of them." His tone was genial, friendly, flattering really. "I hope you don't mind going along with me, Harry? It's a lovely day."

"Yes, sir, it is," answered the boy. His voice betrayed that still he was puzzled. There was an undertone of uneasiness in it too, as Mr. Bleke perceived. It suited him that so speedily a quickened apprehension should be revealed beneath the subject's speech and manner. This was gratifying; this was very gratifying indeed. Mr. Bleke filed a few more stubborn particles of that invisible scale from the palms of his hands. He gave them a regular old Pontius Pilate scrape.

At the curbing in Nassau Street alongside his tidy closed car he said: "Get in please, Harry, and make yourself comfortable while I'm giving my driver a few directions."

FOR him to do this took a couple of minutes or so. To young Treve it may have seemed longer. Mr. Bleke hoped so. He was sure that at their work these gaunt, gowned inquisitors of ancient Spain must have begun very deliberately. They knew their business, those old-timers. Mr. Bleke was inclined to think he knew his, too.

"Here we are, all nice and pleasant," he said as he climbed into the automobile and clicked the door to behind him. It was a small town-car, providing ample quarters for two passengers. The front part was shut off by a glass slide and the slide was up behind the chauffeur's back, but the windows in the sides had been lowered so that the brisk west wind and the heartening sunshine of a gorgeous April day might come in.

Mr. Bleke had spoken of his desire for company, but with the starting off of the car a new mood seemed to fall upon him. Snuggled back against the cushions well over on his half of the seat, he had nothing to say while the driver was maneuvering the machine, with many acute twists of the steering-wheel and

frequent stops, through the jam in narrow Nassau Street. Presently, by way of a widening gorge, they were out into Park Row where the press of traffic was even heavier but the congestion less acute; and next, after achieving a crossing and a sharp slantwise turn above the Bridge approach, they headed northward.

Still Mr. Bleke did not see fit to speak. Young Treve, taking pattern from him, also was without talk, so that in the very midst of a great vehicular clattering and slam-banging they were enveloped by a brooding little separate dumbness which traveled along with them. A shifting oasis of quiet in a vast desert of noise—that's what it was for both of them.

Mr. Bleke's hands were in his lap, each finger-tip accurately adjusted against its fellow finger-tip. Young Treve's hands, clenched into hard fists, were rammed deep into his coat pockets. His inner elbow, touching his employer as the car body jolted and swayed slightly on its springs, gave evidence even through the insulation of his sleeve that he had tensed and stiffened under a nervous strain which communicated itself to his muscles.

ALL at once Mr. Bleke separated his hands and put his lips close to his companion's ear and with a lean curved forefinger he joggled sharply upon his companion's knee. But the words which accompanied this tapping were uttered in a gentle way, a way that was silky and insinuating and yet had a soft rasp to it as though a strip of taffeta were being ripped crosswise and against the grain.

"That," he said, and gestured with his left arm toward the window on young Treve's side, "that's the Tombs prison that we're passing now, Harry. You know the Tombs, of course, Harry?" The car slewed westward across some car-tracks and entered a smaller thoroughfare. "And now we're going through the street alongside the Tombs, Harry," continued Mr. Bleke, somewhat in the confidential manner of one conducting a private sight-seeing tour.

A wide bar of shadow flitted by them and was gone. "Ah," said Mr. Bleke, his voice still so pitched that the wheedling words came forth from him like small scraps torn from that sibilant fabric, "this must have been the Bridge of Sighs that we've just passed under. Yes, it is. And over here on this side is the Criminal Courts Building where they bring people across from the Tombs to be tried for what they've done against the law. You also know about the Criminal Courts Building, of course, Harry. All sorts of people are brought across from over there to be tried over here—young and old, old and young."

"Well, well, so it goes, Harry, with those who've done things against the law. Not many get away from it—not very many. If we do wrong we have to pay for it."

"We're turning south now, aren't we? Well, well, that gives us another view of the Tombs yonder over those high walls, Harry."

The youngster had made no reply. It was as though he had not heard. Nor did Mr. Bleke appear to expect a response yet.

As though following a set plan, the car went down-town, then eastward across town for the distance of a block, then up-town once more. So once more, after ten minutes, Mr. Bleke emerged from his reverie. "That's the Tombs again, Harry," was all he said.

Over the same beat the car proceeded. It repeated the trip another time, a third time and a fourth. Its itinerary became familiar, became monotonous, became a deadly maddening thing. The lines it followed were in the shape of a spoon with a long and somewhat irregular and slightly curved handle stretching toward the south. But in the bowl of that spoon lay the squat stone towers of the prison.

And always, at a given point, nearing the northern limits of the route and after the driver, as though obeying a standing order, had

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reduced his speed to a jog. Mr. Bleke performed a certain commonplace little act of routine. He ticked young Treve on his twitching leg and almost whispering, said:

"That's the Tombs again, Harry."

Presently he quit ticking the leg and took to pinching it gently.

What with checking for crossings and what with weaving in and out of traffic, the thing went on for nearly an hour. It went on until almost half past two o'clock. But Mr. Bleke was not impatient. A man who feels himself insured and guaranteed against disappointment may safely afford to bide his time, especially if meanwhile he most splendidly is enjoying himself. Mr. Bleke could have kept the thing up indefinitely.

HHE DIDN'T have to. The break came as for the sixth time the automobile crawled very slowly between the prison and the court-house and just when that slice of shade beneath the span of bridge overhead fell, like the black stripings of a convict's motley, across the roadway before them.

Dead white and shaken in every limb the young man raised his head which from the beginning of this journey he had kept averted, and looked into the searching eyes of his torturer and made his confession.

"You can turn back now, Mr. Bleke, and stop at the Tombs and take me in there and have me locked up. That's what you want, isn't it? I took your money—you know that. That's enough, isn't it? Because I can't stand this any longer. I couldn't stand it another minute—I'd go crazy if I had to stand it another minute."

During the last two or three swings of the circuit Mr. Bleke had been leaning forward at a half crouch, keeping his head bent at an angle the better to study the looks on the other's face. Now, although his body scarcely advanced from its poised attitude, he somehow gave the impression of making a great leap for his victim—the impression of a hawk pouncing, of a rattler coming out of coil and thrusting.

"How much did you steal from me?" he asked, and in the same breath rapped on the windbreak and gave his man a signal.

"About thirty-four hundred dollars in all."

"Ah!" The money-changer exhaled his breath in a soft hiss of satisfaction. The car having now halted at the right-hand curbing almost at the corner, Mr. Bleke leaned and lowered the glass shield.

"Otto," he bade the chauffeur, "listen here: This young man has just owned up to stealing thirty-four hundred dollars from me. You'll do for a witness. Now then"—he faced Treve—"go ahead. When did you steal this money? And how—in dribblets or in a lump sum?"

"I took part of it—most of it—about four weeks ago. And the rest of it—five hundred—day before yesterday."

"And have you spent it all yet?"

"Most of it—yes. I've got the last five hundred left. It's locked in my trunk."

"I see. But all the rest is gone, eh?"

"Yes, sir, it's nearly all gone."

"And what did you do with that money?"

"A good deal of it went to pay for—for something I didn't get."

"Something for you, eh?"

"No, sir, it was for—it was for somebody else. But—after one man had led me along, after I'd given him a good deal of money, he backed out from doing what he'd said he'd do—said it was too dangerous and he wouldn't take the risk, said the—the thing had gone too far. But he wouldn't give me back what I'd already paid him. And then there was another man that I went to and he did me—did us—practically the same way. Then there were other expenses and all that, but none of them did do any good."

"I've been in trouble, Mr. Bleke, but it was mostly on somebody else's account. That's God's truth, if ever I told it, Mr. Bleke. Else I wouldn't ever have touched a cent that didn't belong to me. Oh, Mr. Bleke, please let me

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off! There's somebody else mixed up in this. For their sake and mine, Mr. Bleke, I'm asking you, please let me off!"

"Otto," said Mr. Bleke, "I think I saw a police officer standing in the side door of the Criminal Courts a minute ago as we passed there. Jump down, will you, and ask him to step here, please. And if he's not there, just look around and find another policeman. This is a very good neighborhood for policemen."

"No, no," begged the thief. "Wait, Otto, don't go yet! Please don't let him go yet, Mr. Bleke. You've known me all my life, Mr. Bleke—ever since I was born. You knew my people up-state before I was born. You came from the same town. That's why you took me into your bank, you said—to give me a chance on my mother's account, and you let me come to your house, too. Well, she's dead, my mother, but if she'd been living think what this would mean—"

In the manner of one pronouncing a righteous judgment the skinflint silenced him with a raised hand.

"Young man," he said, "your mother before you was a God-fearing person as I myself have tried to be all my life. She believed in the Book as I believe in it—from cover to cover. An eye for an eye and a tooth for a tooth—she believed that. I believe that. Oh, you can't fool me, young man! You've been running wild. You've been getting yourself mixed up with some dirty mess or other. You've as good as said so. And then on top of that, to drag in your dead mother! You've sinned, young man, and under the law you've got to pay and I'm going to see that you do pay. That's what laws and jails are made for—for people like you. It's not so much the money that's involved. It's the principle of the thing. Otto, go and do as I told you to."

OTTO went hurrying on his errand, wishful to return as speedily as possible, so as to miss as little as possible of this scene, with the boy grasping desperately for his shoulder as he wriggled out from behind the steering-wheel.

"But, Mr. Bleke, you've got to listen," entreated young Treve, now half down on his knees upon the floor of the car where his vain clutch at the chauffeur had sent him. "You've got to, while we're alone. There's still another one you've got to think about—your own daughter. We've gotten to be fond of each other. You didn't know it, but we have."

"Stop that!" The condemning hand was lifted again, palm outward. But the boy was not to be stopped.

"We're engaged. We're going to be married. We've got it all arranged. Part of the money I took was for that—for our marriage! We were going to slip away tomorrow night and be married, I tell you. Ask her. She'll tell you the same thing. Mr. Bleke, if you won't listen to anything else, for her sake please let me go!"

Mr. Bleke brought down the hand and clenched it into a fist and waggled the fist in Treve's face. "For her sake, if for no other reason, I'm going to send you where you belong," he told him. "And when I go home from here and tell her what I've done she'll say I did the right thing and be glad of it. She'll give thanks to God that I found you out in time. My daughter was raised right, young man. She wouldn't have a thief for her husband any more than I'd have a thief for my son-in-law. First dragging in your poor mother, then my only child—I'll show you!"

"But listen—you've got to listen, I tell you—"

"Oh, officer, there you are, eh?" A blocky figure in blue had showed in the window opening that was next the pavement, and Mr. Bleke had become quite cordial, yet business-like. "Officer, my name is Bleke—John W. Bleke. I'm a banker with offices in Nassau Street and this young man has been a clerk in my employ and of his own free will, in the presence of my chauffeur here, he has just confessed to stealing nearly thirty-five hundred

dollars from me. He'd better be locked up right away."

"Well, let's see about that, now," said the policeman. "They's no rush, is they? Young fella, how about it?"

The boy on the instant had turned sullen. "Oh, I took his damn money all right," he muttered hopelessly, his head down.

"You hear that," pressed Mr. Bleke, all briskness. "He says he took it. It's well we're so near the Tombs. Take him right along over there, will you, officer?—I'm going with you—and we'll have him locked up."

"Stick him into the Tombs wit' no commitment papers—not a chanct!"

"But you heard him admit it."

"Say!" snapped the policeman, and glared at Mr. Bleke in quite an offensive manner, "say, you go too fast to suit me. If you don't know the ropes—and you act like you don't—s'pose you let me run this a while. You'll get your wish prob'ly, but they's things got to be done first. Come along out of that, young fella. And you come, too, mister."

From then on, through an expedited but somewhat elaborated routine, these two—Bleke and Treve—were no more alone and no more words passed between them.

Mr. Bleke was disappointed that the policeman did not handcuff Treve, he having a mental picture of shining handcuffs to round out and complete his conception of justice triumphant. Nothing of the sort happened. In rather a casual fashion, with no special show of officiousness, the policeman took his man, the banker following, into the Courts Building and herded him aboard an elevator which carried all three of them up to the third floor. A short walk through a corridor brought them to an outer office of the District Attorney's suite.

"This is the Complaints Bureau," expounded the policeman to Mr. Bleke while leading the boy up before a desk where a youngish man sat. "And this gent'man here is the 'Sistant District Attorney in charge. You can just tell it to him."

It was told to him briefly and the young man made sundry notations on a scratch-pad. A squad of reporters was present now—mysteriously the word somehow had reached them—and they also made notes, and two of them asked Mr. Bleke some questions and then hurried away. But two other reporters attached themselves to the party and stayed.

ALONG about this time the arresting policeman faded out of the foreground. Indeed, he disappeared altogether, his place being taken by a plain-clothes man who suddenly materialized alongside the huddled shape of the accused. The Assistant District Attorney said something as though in dismissal of the whole group of them and at that this newly-come officer twisted the slack of young Treve's left sleeve end into a handle and took firm grip on it with one hand.

Again Mr. Bleke experienced a small pang of inward regret—still no handcuffing operations. The officer nodded to Mr. Bleke to accompany him. The reportorial escort needed no invitation, it seemed.

Under such convoy the prisoner was taken down-stairs again and across a gloomy main floor corridor to an exit on the opposite side from where he had entered the building, thence across a quiet street and into a second building, a squat stone structure advertising itself by a painted sign over the arched doorways as a police court. Here a halt was made before a clerk in an anteroom while the detective swore to what he and the clerk called a short affidavit—and it was very short—merely setting forth that to the best of Detective So-and-So's information and belief a felony had been committed by the herein-named individual now in custody and so on and so forth, all very smart and swift-like.

Almost immediately they were all five ranked up before a railing in a smelly, half empty court-room and from his place on an elevated

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platform the magistrate, an elderly white-haired man, was looking down at them and hearing what the detective had to say about it and then what Mr. Bleke, under promptings from the bench, had also to say about it.

Not that Mr. Bleke needed much prompting, if any. He spoke up very fluently. The case was going right along and ahead, which seemed to Mr. Bleke a fine thing and altogether as it should be.

Excusing the non-use of the cuffs, there was just one feature with which Mr. Bleke at this juncture inwardly could find fault. Surely if there was any special consideration to be shown by those set up in authority it should have been for him, who had been robbed of his good money. Yet such slight sympathy as had been exhibited, whether by the original policeman or by any of those others or by the newspaper men, even, had been bestowed on the thief, and he avowedly a thief, at that.

AND now then, the magistrate, who had been quite short, in fact snappish with Mr. Bleke, was looking with an open and undisguised commiseration toward the defendant and addressing him in really a kindly sort of way. What kind of ethics was this? What kind of moral code was it that permitted a judge on the bench to say, almost mournfully, what this judge was saying, to wit:

"Young man, I'm sorry to see you here in this situation. You've heard what this man here"—indicating Mr. Bleke—"has said. Have you anything to say in your own behalf?"

"No, sir." Treve, who seemed half stupefied, got the words out with a visible effort.

"Then it is true—what you have owned up to? You did take this money?"

"Yes, sir, it's true."

"Then how do you plead—guilty or not guilty?"

"Guilty." Almost it was like a sleep-walker making answers to the questions.

"I'm very sorry. I take it that you have never before been charged with or convicted of any serious offense—that your previous reputation has been good?"

The numbed culprit merely nodded at this. "Has restitution been made of any part of the amount taken? Or has such an offer been made?" His Honor was addressing them generally.

"He told me that he had about five hundred of my money at his room," stated Mr. Bleke; "but the rest of it, the bulk of it"—he spoke bitterly—"he's wasted. He tried to impose on me with some foolish rigmarole about that part of it. But I wouldn't hear him."

"So?" The examiner's comment was coldly formal. He turned again to the prisoner. "I shall fix bail in this case at two thousand five hundred dollars."

"But, Judge," Mr. Bleke spoke up protestingly, "the amount he stole from me was considerably more than that."

"Order, please." A gavel came down sharply. "Bail is fixed at twenty-five hundred dollars. Mr. Clerk, we'd better have a full complaint made out for this case. Young man, can you give bond in this amount?"

Treve shook his drooped head. "Can you think of anyone who would go bond for you in this or any like sum?"

The boy shot a sidewise glance out of his haggard eyes past the plain-clothes man and on to where Mr. Bleke stood. It was as though he sought to flash some private message, some warning, perhaps some final plea for mercy and deliverance. Mr. Bleke's lips tightened and he shook his head with short curt motions.

"Defendant is remanded to the Tombs to await the action of the grand jury," announced the magistrate. "Mr. Clerk, how about that malicious assault that was just about to be gone into when this affair came up?"

The two remaining reporters started away, one in an undertone saying something to the other about the advisability of catching their Wall Street editions with the result of the



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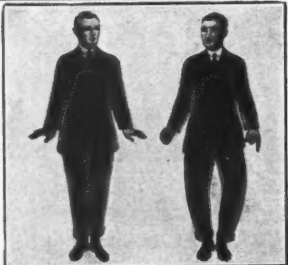
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hearing. Mr. Bleke laid a detaining hand upon the shoulder of this one.

"Then this account will be in the papers this evening?" he inquired.

"Sure," said the reporter; "in all of 'em. Part of it's already been telephoned in to the different shops."

"That's good!" said Mr. Bleke, reassured, and rubbed his palms.

"The hell it's good!" snapped the newspaper man with distinctly a hostile emphasis. He retreated after his fellow reporter.

The detective had his prisoner almost over at the opposite side of the court-room before Mr. Bleke caught up with them. He plucked at the officer's sleeve.

"Are you taking him to the Tombs now?" he asked. There was a gloating eagerness in his inquiry.

"Why? Did you maybe want to go along?" The plain-clothes man threw the counter-question over his shoulder without checking his gait.

"I think so—yes, I would."

"Why?"

"Well, you might say it's for the principle of the thing," explained Mr. Bleke, with an apologetic smile.

"Oh, is it? Well, you'll have to wait—you and your principles." Apparently with premeditation the policeman drove his elbow rudely into Mr. Bleke's chest. "Stand aside." His manner had also grown scornful, not to say surly.

A uniformed turnkey was unlocking a barred double door at the head of a flight of concrete steps leading down to a basement passageway and the officer was steering his stumbling charge in through the opening. The door slammed on them and the churlish detective made further remarks to Mr. Bleke through the bars:

"You can't come no farther, see? Downstairs this young fella'll be pedigreed and finger-printed, and then they'll lock him in one of the detention pens; and when court's over a couple of keepers will come acrost here and take him back along with the rest of the batch that's been held. They'll take 'em out by the lower door and march 'em around through Lafayette Street to Franklin and on around into Center Street to the front door of the Tombs. That's the regular route. So if you're so set on seeing the poor kid stuck away your best bet will be to hang around outside. But it's likely to be an hour or maybe an hour and a half yet before he'll be going out."

"But can't I go on down with you now?" persisted Mr. Bleke. "I'd like very much to see this matter through as far as I can."

"No! Listen, you—you don't see this kid no more onc't he's put below—you nor nobody else—not without he sends for you or you get an order from up above here. Get that? Come along, young fella."

FEELING, as it were, locally rebuffed but on the whole greatly elated, Mr. Bleke with one reluctant rearward look turned away. He went through the police court and so outside, and over in Franklin Street, where it had been waiting for him all this time, he got into his car and drove with speed to his home in Washington Square.

Within an hour Mr. Bleke was back, a changed Mr. Bleke, very greatly changed indeed—a Mr. Bleke who lacked a hat and whose features were distorted and twisted, a Mr. Bleke who flung himself out of the machine as it slowed up, and ran in on shaking legs, and shortly then a Mr. Bleke who begged his way, bribed it, almost forced it, through the twin iron lattices, and next a Mr. Bleke who clattered down some stairs and across a cement floor and for a few seconds stood by the desk of that attendant whose job it was to take the pedigrees, swaying on his feet and blinking in the poor light and between blinks glaring about him.

Had his mind still been set upon the spectacle of handcuffing, Mr. Bleke might have

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congratulated himself on so aptly timing his
rearrival. Two under-jailers had come over
and they were bringing forth the inmates of
four detention cells which opened on the cor-
ridor and lining them up two by two, and
coupling them wrist to wrist. Two of the steel
coops had been emptied; the third was being
emptied and in the last one was young Treve,
with a negro footpad for a co-occupant.

So now Mr. Bleke saw him and darted down
the passageway and in a great misery clung
to the uprights of the cage front and tried to
speak, but for the moment could only choke
and gasp and sputter incoherently.

AS FOR young Treve, he seemed not greatly
surprised that his late employer had returned.
He pressed close to the bars and quite quietly
he said: "So you went home—did you? And
you found it out there! I thought maybe you
would."

"Oh, my God!" Mr. Bleke was regaining
his powers of utterance. "I didn't know—
I never dreamed. Why didn't you tell me
yourself? Even that would have been easier
—easier on me, easier on—on her."

"You wouldn't let me. You wouldn't give
me a chance. We were alone only a minute
and then you wouldn't listen—you were all
so hell-bent on seeing me trapped. Well,
you've got your wish, haven't you? Anyhow,
I don't know that I would have told you all
of it. I'd have spared you, I think, though
she was the one I was mainly trying to spare.
And so now you know—don't you?—even if it
was your money I took, that I spent it trying
to save you—and yours."

"And there's something else you might as
well hear, since you've heard this much. I
don't even know whether I'm the one who's
responsible for the fix she's in. But on her ac-
count, because I was sorry for her and because
I wanted to do the right thing and the decent
and the honorable thing I was going through
with it—the marriage and all—and I was going
to keep my mouth shut afterwards. Well, I
hope you're satisfied now that it's too late.
Did she send you back here, Mr. Bleke?"

"Oh, my God, no!" The stricken man
yelped it fairly. "I left her on the floor in a
dead faint. And don't say it's too late—
don't say that! I'll get you out of here! I'll
give bond for you! I'll do anything!"

"It's too late, Mr. Bleke. My name's ruined;
it must be in all the papers by now—my arrest
and the confession and all. I'll take my
medicine. And you'll have to take yours, too."

"But my daughter! She never had a mother.
Her mother died when she was a baby—"

"She never had a father, either, if you ask
me." The boy spoke with a vengeful deliberate
coolness. "She only had a keeper who denied
her everything in the way of freedom and
pleasure she should have had. She only had a
stingy, suspicious, prying jailer who made her
desperate, so desperate that she—but what's
the use of going into that? And you call your-
self a rich man, I guess. Why, you're the
poorest man I know. Mr. Bleke, you told me
a little while ago that you'd never have a thief
for a son-in-law. Well, for a grandson you're
going to have a—"

"Don't say it, don't say it!" bleated the
older man. "Don't—"

He got no further. Rather as though Mr.
Bleke had been some rather noxious insect, one
of the keepers brushed him off the bars and
fitted the key in the lock and turned it; and
young Treve came out past him where he was
huddled behind the swung door and held out
his wrist and was linked to the negro.

"Oh, no, no, no!" Mr. Bleke groveled and
pleaded. "Let me square this thing, let me
withdraw this charge, let me go bail for you."

"You couldn't go bail for me if you put up
a million," said young Treve. Over his shoulder
as the keeper shoved him and his chain-mate
into the line he added one final sentence: "As
you were saying, Mr. Bleke, it's not so much
the money. With me it's the principle of the
thing."

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about it. It was not, when I made a round of that floor early in the evening. But it was going at dawn."

There is, of course, one thing I can do. I can meet Mr. Bethel when he arrives and lay my cards on the table. It will take all my courage; I know how I should feel if I had taken a house, and at the moment of my arrival a wild-eyed owner came to turn me away, on the ground that his house is haunted. Or, we will say, subject to inexplicable nocturnal visits.

Shall I take Halliday into my confidence? I need a fresh brain on the matter, certainly. Some one who will see that the local connection of the murdered sheep with the red lamp, and so with old Horace's death, is the absurdity it must be.

JULY 4

A QUIET Fourth but in spite of all precautions, more sheep were killed last night, and in fear of my life I have been expecting a visit from Greenough this morning. But perhaps old Morrison—it looked like the Morrison truck—did not recognize me last night.

But to make things more unpleasant all round, the fellow this time did not leave his infernal chalk mark! One can imagine Greenough straightening from his investigation and deciding that his recent talk with me has put me on my guard. Heigh ho!

The neighborhood is in a wild state of alarm. The failure of the detective from town to stop the killings has probably added to the superstitious fears which seem mixed up in it. But the more intelligent farmers have got out their rifles and duck guns, and there will be short shrift for the fellow if he is seen at work.

Public opinion appears to be divided between a demon and a dangerous lunatic at large.

Otherwise, I have recovered from last night's hysteria. The cleaning of the house for Mr. Bethel begins today, and I have decided to let it go on. If on hearing my story he decides not to stay no harm will be done; if he remains, it is in order for him.

Jane said at breakfast: "Are you letting him come, William?"

"I shall tell him all I know, my dear. After that it is up to him."

"But is it? Suppose something happens to him?"

"What on earth could happen?" I inquired irritably. "He doesn't need to light that silly lamp. Anyhow, I'm going to destroy it. And as for the other matter, the sheep, the fellow is sticking to sheep, thank God."

But I am not so certain, just now, as to destroying the lamp. This is the result of a conversation with Annie Cochran as, armed with broom and pail, I admitted her to the house this morning.

She represents, I imagine, the lowest grade of local intelligence, and I dare say she is responsible for much of the superstitious fear of the lamp. But after all, her attitude represents that of a part of the community, and if I destroy the lamp I shall undoubtedly be held responsible for any local tragedies for the next lifetime or two.

In a word, Annie Cochran not only believes that the lamp houses a demon; she believes that to smash the lamp will liberate that demon in perpetuity.

Incredible? Yet who am I to laugh at this, who am, at this moment, oppressed by a so-called spirit message which I have just received, forwarded to me by Cameron's secretary.

This is my first letter from the spirit world, and it comes via Salem, Ohio! It has in Cameron's absence been forwarded to me by his secretary.

My dear Mr. Porter:

In Mr. Cameron's absence on his vacation I am forwarding the enclosed message at the request of the writer, who appears

to have considerable faith in our ability to locate the person for whom it is intended!

We have had no previous correspondence with the young lady. At least I can find none in our files. But I know you will not mind my saying, in Mr. Cameron's absence, that he has always regarded these ouija board communications as purely subconscious in origin; in other words, as unconscious fraud.

The enclosed note is very long, and fully detailed. Even the arrangement of the furniture in the room is described, and the lighting of it. How she came to omit a red lamp I cannot tell; I have somehow grown to expect one! But no amount of light handling of the matter on my part can alter the fact that I am not as comfortable about the thing as I might be. The damnable accuracy of it is in itself disconcerting. The name is right, even to my initial; I am living in a lodge, which even my own subconscious mind could hardly have anticipated a few days ago. And I am warned of danger, on a morning when I feel that danger is, as Edith would say, my middle name.

According to the writer, she and the other sitter, who she naively explains was her fiancé, received twice the name, William A. Porter. Assured then that they had it accurately the "control" spelled out as follows:

"Advise you and Jane to go elsewhere. Lodge dangerous."

So the Lodge is dangerous, and Jane and I are advised to go elsewhere. Heaven knows I'd like nothing better.

Our love story goes on, and I am as helpless there as in other directions; Edith proffering herself simply and sweetly, in a thousand small coquetries and as many unstudied allurements, and young Halliday gravely adoring her, and holding back.

Today, along with the rest of the summer colony, they made a pilgrimage in the car to the scenes of the various meadow tragedies, ending up with the stone altar, and I suspect matters came very nearly to a head between them, for Edith was very talkative on their return, and Halliday very quiet and pale.

And tonight, sitting on the veranda of the boat-house, while the boy set off Roman candles and sky-rockets over the water, Edith asked me how she could earn some money.

"Earn money?" I said. "What on earth for? I've never known you to think about money before."

"Well, I'm thinking about it now," she said briefly, and relapsed into silence, from which she roused in a moment or so to state that money was a pest, and if she were making a world she'd have none in it.

I found my position slightly delicate, but I ventured to suggest that no man worth his salt would care to have his wife support him. She ignored that completely, however, and said she was thinking of writing a book. A book, she said, would bring in a great deal of money, and "nobody would need to worry about anything."

"And you could get it published, Father William," she said. "Everybody knows who you are. And you could correct the spelling, couldn't you? That's the only thing that's really worrying me."

And I honestly believe the child is trying it. Her light is still going tonight as I can see under her door.

JULY 5

THE Sheriff has offered a thousand dollars reward for the apprehension and conviction of the sheep killer. A notice to that effect is neatly tacked on a post outside our gates, and must rather appeal to Greenough's sense of humor, if he has any. I understand Livingstone is privately offering another five hundred.

Mr. Bethel and his secretary arrive tomorrow, and the house is about ready for them, in spite of the fact that Annie Cochran moves

about it, unoccupied as it is, like a scared rabbit. I shall see him at once on his arrival. Halliday will finish the float today, and I understand intends then to start on the sloop. He has found a way to address me, instead of the formal "sir" for the first day or two, and now calls me Skipper.

He is visibly more cheerful since yesterday. However hopeless the future looks, he must, during that "show-down" yesterday, as Edith would undoubtedly call it, have been fairly assured of her love for him. Today I overheard a conversation between him and Clara.

"Well, I must be getting on," he said. "It's my wash-day."

"Wash-day, is it?" she commented skeptically. "I'd like to see your clothes after you wash them."

"Who said anything about clothes?" he demanded. "It's my dish-washing day. I always do them every Monday morning."

I watched him go down the drive, his head virtuously erect and Jock, who adores him, bidding him a reluctant good-by. He will not follow him in that direction.

The boy wheedles her out of food, too, while Jane stands by and smiles. Passing the pantry window yesterday I saw him stop abruptly, and stare at the table inside.

"I beg your pardon, Clara," he said, "but are those custard pies?"

"They are. And you needn't be thinking—"

"Real, honest-to-goodness custard pies?"

"That's what the cook-book calls them."

"Would you mind if I came a little closer, Clara?" he inquired. "I have heard of them, but it is so long since I have seen one, let alone tasted it—"

"They're too fresh to cut," said Clara, weakening, one could see, by inches.

"But I could come back," he said gently. "I could go and sit in my lonely boat-house, surrounded by the cans I live out of, and think about them. And later I could come back, you know."

And although he did not come back, a half-hour later I saw Clara carrying one down to him, neatly covered with a napkin.

Today, for the first time, I have taken him fully into my confidence. I had been half-way debating it, but the matter of the dressing-gown decided it.

(Note: I find that in the original Journal I made no note of this incident. The facts are as follows):

At Jane's suggestion I proceeded to the main house, to remove such of Uncle Horace's clothing as remained in the closets and so on, to a trunk in the attic. Since the night of her experience in the pantry she had not entered the house. Armed with a package of moth-preventive, I was on my way when I met Halliday, and he returned with me.

We worked quietly, for there is something depressing in the emptiness of such garments, and in their mute reminder that sooner or later we must all shed the clothing that we call the flesh. I said something of this and the boy gave me rather a twisted smile.

"It can't be so bad," he said. "Not worse than things are here sometimes, anyhow. And as Burroughs said—wasn't it Burroughs?—'the dead do not lie in the grave, lamenting there is no immortality.'"

"Then you don't believe in immortality?"

"I don't know what I believe," he replied.

"I know it isn't any use telling us we're going to be happy in the next world, to make up for our being darned miserable in this."

It was shortly after this that I located the dressing-gown which old Horace was wearing when he was found, and discovered that there were blood stains on it near the hem.

"I'm going to ask you something," I said. "A man dies of heart failure, and as he falls strikes his head, so that it bleeds. He lies there, from some time in the evening until seven o'clock in the morning. There wouldn't be much blood, would there?"

"Hardly any, I should say."

"And none in this location, I imagine."

He looked at me curiously.

"I'm afraid I don't get it, Skipper," he said.

"You mean, he moved, afterwards?"

"If you want to know exactly what I mean, I believe the poor old chap was knocked down, that he got up and managed to dispose of something he had in his hand, something he didn't want seen, and that after that his heart failed."

He picked up the dressing-gown and carried it to the window.

"Tell me about it," he said quietly.

As neither one of us knows anything about the heart, or what occurs when a fatal seizure attacks it, it is possible Halliday is right. That is, that feeling ill he got up, crumpled the letter in his hand, turned out the desk light, and then fell. But that he recovered himself and managed to drag himself to his feet again, when the full force of the seizure came, and he fell once more, not to rise.

"There is no real reason to believe that he was not alone," he said. "Nor even that he 'saw something,' as Mrs. Livingstone intimates."

But the letter interests him. He has made a copy of it, and taken it home to study.

I appeal to you to consider the enormity of the idea. Your failure to comprehend my own attitude to it, however, makes me believe that you may be tempted to go on with it. In that case I shall feel it my duty, not only to go to the police but to warn society in general.

I realize fully the unpleasantness of my own situation; even, if you are consistent, its danger. But—

"But—what?" said Halliday. "But I shall do what I have threatened, if you go on with it." He glanced up at me. "It doesn't sound like sheep killing, does it?"

"No," I was obliged to admit. "It does not."

JULY 6

I AM in a fair way to jail if things keep on as they have been going! And not only for sheep killing. If we have not had a tragedy here, certainly today there is every indication of it. And with the fatality which has attended me for the past week or so, I have managed to get myself involved in it.

Last night a youth named Carroway, sworn in by Starr a few days ago as deputy constable, was assigned the highroad behind our property as his beat. He was armed against the sheep killer with a rifle, which was found this morning not far from our gates.

Nothing is known of his movements from nine o'clock, when he went on duty, until a few minutes after midnight, when he appeared breathless on the town slip, minus his rifle, and jumping into a motor launch moored at the float, started off into the bay.

Peter Geiss, an old fisherman, was smoking his pipe on the slip at the time, but Peter is deaf, and although Carroway shouted something the old man did not hear it. There is, however, an intermediate clue here, for on his way Carroway had run into the Bennett House, and told the night clerk there to waken Greenough and get him to our float; that the sheep killer had taken a boat there and was somewhere on the water.

The deputy's idea was probably to drive the fugitive back to the shore, and there are, due to the marshes, but few landing places there. He seems, so far as I can make out, to have figured that the unknown would be forced back to our slip.

Greenough seems to have lost no time. He threw an overcoat over his pajamas, took his revolver, and commandeering a car in the street, was on our pier before Carroway had been on the water ten minutes. And here, with that fatality which has recently pursued me, he found me returning from the float!

There are times when misfortune apparently picks up some hapless individual as her victim and, perhaps for the good of his soul, hammers



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him on this side and on that until he himself begins to think he has deserved it. He is guilty of something; he knows not what.

I was a guilty man as I faced Greenough! And yet the scene must have had its elements of humor. I, rather shaken already with the night air, my teeth rattling, and this ghastly figure suddenly appearing on the runway above me and turning my knees to water; a terror which only changed in quality when this ghost instructed me to put up my hands.

But I knew the voice, and I managed as debonair a manner as possible.

"Nothing in them but a flash-light," I said. "However, if you insist—"

He seemed to hesitate. Then he laughed a little, not too pleasantly, and came down the runway to me.

"Out rather late, aren't you, Mr. Porter?"

It was my turn to hesitate.

"I came down to pull the canoe up onto the float," I said finally. "Mrs. Porter thought the sea was rising."

"Sounds quiet enough to me," he retorted and turning on his flash, he ran it over the surface of the water, which was as still as a millpond, and onto the canoe, which lay bottom-up and still dripping, on the float.

It is indicative of the whole situation, I think, that he lighted the flash. He was no longer lurking in the dark, waiting for the motor-boat to drive the marauder ashore. That marauder, in the shape of a shivering professor of English literature, slightly unbalanced mentally, was before him.

Then he seemed to be listening, and knowing the story this morning I dare say he was listening, for the beat of the motor engine. There was no sound, and this I imagine puzzled him, as it is puzzling the entire community today. I am myself not particularly observant, and any testimony I might give would, under the circumstances, be discredited in advance. But my own impression is that there was the sound of an engine from somewhere in the bay as I crossed the lawn, and that it had ceased before I reached the water.

Greenough was frankly puzzled. He had, one perceives, a problem on his hands. He wanted Carroway to come in and identify me, for without that identification he was helpless. And somewhere out on the water was Carroway possibly with a stalled engine. He put his hands to his mouth and called:

"Hi! Bob!" he yelled. "Bob."

But there was no answer, except that Halliday came running out and asked what the trouble was. Greenough was thoroughly irritated; he lapsed into a sulky, watchful silence, and offered no objection when I shiveringly suggested that I go back to bed.

THIS morning I learn that Carroway's boat was found by Greenough, who had a fast launch with a searchlight, at one o'clock this morning, drifting out with the tide and about two miles from land. It was empty, and no sign of young Carroway was found. As it trailed no dory, our mystery has apparently become a tragedy.

And I am under suspicion. I have put that down, and sitting back have stared at it. It is true. And suppose what I am expecting at any moment takes place, and Greenough comes into the drive, to confront me with the damnable mass of evidence he has put together: the circle enclosing the triangle; the fact that the sheep killing did not commence until after our arrival at the Lodge; the night Morrison, driving his truck-load of produce, saw me on the road; and most of all last night. Last night!

Suppose I tell him the actual fact? That my wife has some curious power, and that in obedience to it she last night roused me from a virtuous sleep, to tell me she had clairvoyantly seen a man taking a boat from our float, and that I must immediately go down; that there was, she felt, something terribly wrong. Suppose I told him that, which is exactly the fact? And also that, once there, I found that Edith had left the canoe in the water, and I had

like the careful individual I am, drawn it up out of harm's way.

Quite aside from my unwillingness to drag Jane into this is my conviction that such a story, soberly told, would but increase Greenough's suspicion of my sanity.

And as if to add to the precariousness of the situation, Halliday himself in all innocence has added another damning factor; gave it, indeed, to the detective last night.

Yesterday, it appears, in repairing the float, he found a new and razor-sharp knife between the top of one of the barrels and the planks which make the flooring.

"I didn't tell you, Skipper," he says, "because I was afraid of alarming you. And, of course, there might have been some simple explanation. Starr might have dropped it, during his carpentering."

He was first amused and then infuriated by the web which seems to be closing around me.

"Of course they can't do anything," he says, "unless they catch you in the act."

But the unconscious humor of that statement set me laughing, and after a moment he saw it and grinned sheepishly. "You know what I mean," he said. "And in one way, if you can stand it, it's not a bad thing."

Pressed for an explanation, it appears that he had been thinking of going after the reward himself, and that this matter of Carroway has decided him.

"Reward or no reward," he said quietly, "I've had a bit of training; they put me in the Intelligence in Germany, during the occupation. And of course the way to catch a criminal is to keep him from knowing who's after him. Then again, if he learns the police are watching you—and he may. He's watching *them*, you know—it may make him a bit reckless."

But he has a third reason, although he has not mentioned it. He is chivalrously determined to protect me, and through me, Edith.

ANOTHER day has gone by, and I am still at large. Free, I suppose in order that I may eventually again sally forth some dark night with my piece of chalk and another knife—for has not Greenough my original one?—to kill more sheep, if indeed there be any remaining for slaughter, or to stab and throw overboard another hapless boatman.

To save my life, I cannot prevent my absurd situation from coloring my actions. I constantly remind myself of the centipede which, on being asked how it used its many legs, became suddenly conscious of them and fell over into the ditch.

For example, at breakfast this morning I gravely poured some coffee into Jock's saucer, instead of the left-over cream from the breakfast table. And Edith caught me in the act.

"Nobody home," she announced. "Poor old dear, so nice and once so intelligent! It is sad," she said to Jane, "to see his mind failing him by inches. But his heart is all right. If the worst comes to the worst—"

"Don't talk about my mind," I snapped, and then was sorry for it. "I don't feel humorous at breakfast, my dear. I'm sorry."

But the plain truth is that I am sadly upset. Even what before seemed a plain and obvious duty, to go to the other house tonight and tell Mr. Bethel on his arrival the exact situation, has been all day a matter for most anxious thought. It had seemed quite simple before. I would say to him: "Sir, I have rented you this house. True, I warned your secretary of certain unpleasant qualities it is supposed to have, but I must also warn you. The building is reported to be haunted. I do not believe this, nor I dare say will you, but I feel that I must tell you."

Or again: "There is also a popular—or unpopular—idea that some recent sheep killings around the vicinity are somehow connected with this haunting. The police do not think so, but the more ignorant of the natives do. If this alarms you, I am prepared to pay back your money to you."

JULY 7

Not quite in this fashion but with a similar candor, I have been prepared to clarify my relations with my new tenant. But now what happens? Will Greenough, for instance, credit my entire disinterestedness? Will he not rather believe that I have given but one more evidence of my essential lunacy?

After all, I have told young Gordon. At least I have that to my comfort if anything happens . . .

I HAVE seen Bethel, and I have not told him. He gives me every impression, in spite of his infirmity, of being able to look after himself, and after tonight's experience he is welcome to do so. Let him have his raps and his foot-steps; let him find his tea-kettle move, and his faces in the pantry. Let him freeze in cold airs or stew in his own juice. I have done my part.

His car drove in at eight-thirty, and I followed it along the drive. True to her agreement, Annie Cochran had waited only until seven and then had taken a firm departure, and I dare say this threw him into the execrable temper in which I found him. The secretary had assisted him and I found him in the library, with only one lamp going, huddled in a chair among a clutter of wraps. He barely acknowledged my greeting.

"Where the devil's the servant?" he barked at me. "I thought there was a woman or somebody."

"There is a very good woman," I said, "but she leaves early. I told your secretary that."

"Do you suppose she's left a fire? Gordon!" he called. "Go and see if there's a fire. I want some hot water."

He fumbled in a pocket and brought out what I fancy was a beef cube or some similar concoction, and sat with it in his hand.

"Which way does the house face?" he asked suddenly.

"East. Toward the bay."

"Then I want a back room. Don't like the morning sun. Don't like anything in the morning," he added, and peered up at me through his spectacles.

Young Gordon returned then with a cup of hot water and a spoon, and Mr. Bethel favored me with little or no further attention. He has but one usable hand, and the secretary held the cup while he stirred the tablet in it. Only once did he favor me with direct speech during this proceeding. He glanced up as I stood—he had not asked me to sit down—and said:

"Been having some sheep killing around here lately, haven't you?"

"Yes," I admitted.

"Saw it in the papers," he said, and went back to his broth.

Then if ever was my time to plunge, but to save my life I could not do it. That truculent, childish old man, one leg stretched out before him in the relaxation of partial paralysis, one hand contracted in his lap with the tonic spasm of his condition, taking soup under the direction of a pasty-faced boy who grinned at me above his white head, was no recipient of such information as I had to give. And he allowed me no further opportunity; the cup empty, he indicated that he wished to go upstairs, and with a nod in my direction he shuffled out, Gordon supporting him.

I had had some notion of offering my assistance, but I felt that this recognition of his condition would only annoy him; obvious as it was, he had not mentioned it to me, and I guessed that it was a cross borne not only without fortitude, but with a continuing resentment. I followed them to the foot of the stairs, however, and part way up, pausing for breath, he must have suspected my presence there, for he turned and looked down.

"What do you think is behind this sheep killing?" he said. Just that. Not good night. Nothing whatever about the house; nothing about my presence or my approaching departure. "Who's killed them?" he rasped.

"Some maniac, probably."

"A maniac!" he barked. And steadying

He adored her for her beautiful fresh coloring

THE dance was nearly over and yet she was still radiant. Her color and youthful freshness had remained. When in a burst of admiration he told her so, she realized that her rouge was so natural and lasting that it had deceived even his sophisticated eye.

It was PERT ROUGE of course that had stayed on so well. She knew it would last as long as she wished, only to vanish immediately at a touch of cold cream or soap. She liked it too for its creamy base, so fluffy and greaseless that, with moistened finger, she could spread it as easily as a powder without enlarging the pores.

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himself by Gordon, twisted around so he could see me the better. "Religious tomfoolery. The blood of the lamb!" He cackled dryly, staring down at me. Then he turned without another word and went on up and out of my sight.

JULY 8

ON HALLIDAY'S advice I am not leaving the property, and whenever it is humanly possible, I am in sight of Thomas. Thus I have been weeding Jane's flower-beds for her today, and with the garage doors open have been ostentatiously oiling the car. Tonight, too, I have drawn the table in my room to the window and am there making this day's entry, in full view of any observer who chances to take an interest in my movements.

I am, I am convinced, under espionage. Old Thomas is too frequently in view, as he patters around his daylight tasks, and tonight I have a distinct impression that some observer who takes an interest in my movements is outside, watching my window.

Halliday brought me today further details about Carroway's disappearance:

"The hotel clerk ran down to the pier," he says. "And he heard the engine going for some time. The boat didn't start up the beach, but out into the bay, as if Carroway felt the other man had a good start of him, and was trying to cross the bay. Then he either lost the engine sound, or it stopped.

"He waited on the slip for a half-hour or so, and then went back to the hotel. Greenough came in about that time and called up Starr, and they went together to the town slip. But Carroway hadn't shown up, and after a time Greenough decided to go out after him.

"They found the boat pretty well out in the bay—the tide was going out—and empty. They looked around, as well as they could, then Starr got in it and brought it back. But here's the part they're not telling: Peter Geiss says Greenough got some waste and wiped something off the top of the engine box."

"He didn't see what it was?"

"They wouldn't let him near the boat, but he says it was the circle again."

Of any other details there are apparently none. Peter Carroway has apparently gone the way of all flesh, poor lad. And while Greenough or some emissary of his watches me from my own drive, the murderer is perhaps concocting some further devilry.

In the meantime a veritable panic has, according to Halliday, seized the countryside, and of this we have certain evidence ourselves. The road beyond the Lodge gates, usually a procession of twin lights, is tonight dark and silent. No motor-boats with returning picnic parties rumble across the water, throwing us now and then a bit of song. The fishermen, starting out at three in the morning, are going armed and in fear of their lives. And each man suspects the other.

Jane's attitude these days is curious. She is quite convinced, for instance, that she had a premonition of Carroway's death the night she sent me to the slip. As she has no idea that this premonition of hers may be most unpleasant in its consequences to me, today I got her to talk about it.

"Just how did it come?"

"I don't know. I had been asleep, I think. Yes, I know I had. I wakened, anyhow, and I seemed to be looking at the slip. There was somebody there, kneeling."

"Kneeling? Saying his prayers, you mean?" with a recollection of the altar.

"I think he was feeling for something under the float."

There is a certain circumstantial quality to this, one must admit. He had been seen and was being followed, and his knife was not where he had left it since Halliday had that day found it and taken it away. Had it not been for that, poor Carroway might have met his end there on our slip, and not later. But the knife was gone, and there was nothing left but flight.

Just where that flight began no one can say.

It seems incredible that he had left his boat moored directly below our boat-house, with Halliday so close at hand. It seems more likely that he ran up the beach a way, and that—well, *de mortuis nil nisi bonum*. Perhaps I was wrong, but it seems to me that Carroway could more easily have followed him by one of the row-boats from our slip than follow the method he did, with the loss of time involved.

Still, I myself would not have started out unarmed after a killer, even of sheep, unless I had first raised the alarm and was fairly sure of assistance to follow.

"But I don't see," I said to Jane, "why you felt that there was anything ominous in this—dream of yours, or whatever it was."

"I never have them without a reason."

"But that night when you so unjustly accused me of holding up the chapel wall—"

"There was a reason there," she said, coldly. "I thought it quite likely I might have to go and get you."

There may be one comfort to the superstitious in all this; not once, since the night when we lighted the red lamp in the pantry, has it—

Midnight: I have just had rather a curious experience, and I am still considerably shaken.

I had no more than written the above words when I glanced out the window, and distinctly saw a dim red glare coming from the window of the den in the main house.

My first thought, so certain was I that the lamp was carefully hidden in the attic, was of fire. Long before, I had seen Mr. Bethel's light, in the room above it, go out, and soon after that young Gordon's had been likewise extinguished.

I went quickly to my window and leaned out. So dark is the night that it hangs outside like an opaque curtain, and as the light almost immediately disappeared, I was left staring into this void, when suddenly Jock on the staircase landing gave an unearthly howl.

The next moment I heard, under the trees and toward the house, the short dry cough of cardiac asthma, and smelled the queer unmistakable odor of Uncle Horace's herbal cigaret.

I have reasoned with myself for the last ten minutes or so. All the evidence is against me; Greenough may be watching me or having me watched, and some poor devil out under the trees is suffering from the night air. Or old Mr. Bethel, unable to sleep, has somehow dragged himself out for a midnight airing under the trees.

But I saw the lamp. And it is locked in the attic; I myself put it there, and at this moment I have the key.

JULY 9

I MADE AN excuse this morning to Annie Cochran, and she slipped me up the kitchen staircase of the other house and so to the attic. The lamp was as I had left it and the closet locked, and today I am asking myself whether, with that curious lack of perspective one finds at night, I did not see instead of the lamp far away, the lighted end of a cigar close at hand.

Annie's report on my tenants is satisfactory on the whole. She doesn't much care for the secretary, but the old man's "bark is worse than his bite." He comes down in the morning, or is helped down, to his breakfast, and she cuts his food for him—he seems to dislike the boy's doing it—reads the paper and then goes to work.

"To work?" I asked. "What sort of work?"

"He's writing a book."

But it appears that he is writing it only in the non-literal sense. He is dictating a book. And it also appears that he has chosen this place because of its isolation, and Annie's orders are that he receives no visitors.

But it also appears that young Gordon is perhaps not as courageous as he made out to me when he came to look over the house, and that he has been "hearing things."

"What sort of things?"

"He didn't say. But he asked me this morning if I'd been in the house last night."

"If you find me here at night it'll be because I'm paralyzed and can't move," I said. "And if you take my advice, you'll not go round hunting if you hear anything."

"That must have cheered him considerably."

"I don't know about that. He just looked at me and said, 'What's the game, anyhow? I'll bet a dollar you're in on it.'"

Edith has sprung a surprise on us all. I have noticed for a day or two that she has been taking a keen interest in the mail; yet Edith's mail, with Halliday here, is largely a matter of delicate paper and the large square handwriting of the modern young woman, and has dealt this summer largely with reports on house-parties, summer resorts, and various young men who seem recognizable to her under such cognomens as Chick, Bud and Curley.

This morning, however, her mail included a business-like envelope, and she flung the white, rose and mauve heap aside and pounced on it. A moment later she got up and coming around the table to me, gravely kissed that portion of my head which is gradually emerging, like a shore on an ebb tide, from my hair.

"As one literary artist to another," she said, "I salute you." And placed before me a check for twenty dollars.

She has written a feature article on our sheep killing, and has sold it.

"And it took me only two hours," she says triumphantly. After that she was rather silent, computing I dare say how much she can earn, giving four hours a day to it for six days a week. At the rate, then, of ten thousand a year!

"Considerably more than I receive, Edith," I said gravely, and I saw I had been right by the way she started.

She set off at once for the boat-house, but came back later considerably crestfallen, and poured out her troubles to me.

"If he had anything he would give it to me," she wailed. "If I can write and make money—"

"You can't fight the masculine instinct, my dear, to support its woman, not be kept by her."

"And wait for years and years to do it!" she said. "The best years of our lives going by, and—nothing."

"Besides, have you considered this? You will not always find subjects as salable as this one has been."

"Subjects!" she said scornfully. "Why, this place is full of them."

The result of which has been on my part all day an uneasy apprehension as to what she will choose next. Nor am I made easier by a question she asked me just before dinner.

"What became of the Riggs woman?" she asked. "Do you suppose she's still around here?"

"I imagine not. Why?"

"I just wondered," she said, and wandered to that particular corner of the veranda from which she has a distant but apparently satisfactory view of the boat-house . . .

Perhaps Halliday is right. (Note: In his suggestion that Jane and I take the sloop and go down the coast for a few days.) If any sheep are killed in my absence, or anything more serious should happen, it will serve to rout Greenough's absurd determination to involve me, and provide a complete alibi.

Peter Geiss, he thinks, would go with us as captain, and bunk under a pup tent, leaving the cabin to Jane and myself.

JULY 10
(On board the sloop)

AMAZING, the celerity with which youth thinks and acts. Tonight Jane and I—and Peter Geiss—are rolling gently to our anchor in Bass Cove, close enough in to be quiet and far enough out to escape the mosquitoes. And yet only yesterday the plan was an amorphous thing, floating in the air between Halliday and myself, a mere ghost of an idea, without material substance.

I am glad to sit, in my wicker chair, this Journal on my knee, and rest my body. I have indeed earned my night's repose. Now

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We proved otherwise. Highest authorities agree. Great dermatologists are now using a similar basic treatment. Hair on 91 heads in 100 is the record.

Hair Guaranteed This New Way

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We have traced about 91% of falling hair and baldness to a simple infection of the scalp oil (Sebum).

Sebum is an oil. It forms at the hair follicles. Its healthy function is to supply the hair with oil.

But frequently it becomes infected. It cakes on the scalp. It plugs the follicles—forms a breeding place for bacteria. Then germs by the millions start to feed on the hair. Baldness soon follows.

You can see this Sebum on your scalp, either in the form of an oily excretion, or, when dried, as dandruff.

You must combat that infection—must remove Infected Sebum. If you do, hair will grow. Remember, the hair roots are not dead.

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Records show 4 men in 7 either bald or partially bald at 40.

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That is because hair roots seldom die from natural causes. Dermatologists used to think baldness denoted dead hair roots—that the roots could not be revived and new hair grown.

Note This New Way

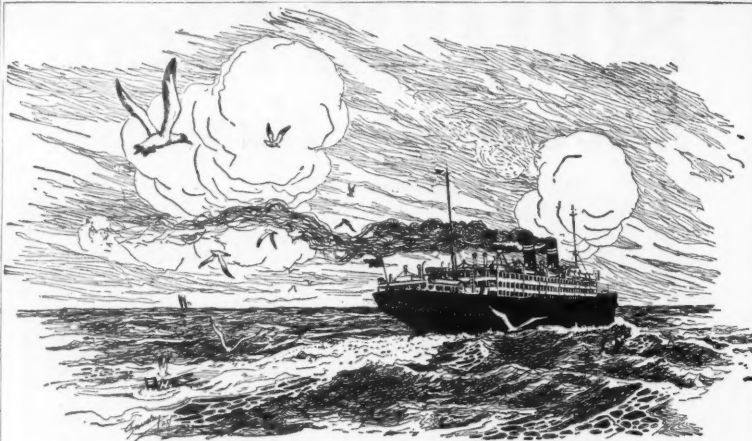
You can see from the illustration that Van Ess is not a "tonic," it combines a massage and lotion. You do not rub it in with your fingers. Each package comes with a rubber massage cap. The nipples are hollow. Just invert bottle, rub your head, and nipples automatically feed lotion down into follicles of the scalp. It is very easy to apply. One minute each day is enough.



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and then I reach out a languid hand and touch a fishing line, one end of which is tied to the arm of my chair, the other extending into those mysterious depths from which I hope to lure tomorrow's breakfast.

The sloop is tidy. Is even fairly seaworthy. Her bottom has today been scrubbed with a broom, and her sails, slightly mildewed, still present from a distance a certain impressiveness.

"What," I shout at Peter Geiss, "is that small sail in front? Forward, I mean."

"How's that?"

"The sail there, what's its name?" I say, pointing. "Name."

"I'll say it's a shame," he says. "Canvas on this boat cost the old gentleman a lot of money."

By and by, however, I learn the jib and the flying jib. Also that sea-water is an unsatisfactory cleansing medium, as witness the supper dishes.

We have a small cabin with four bunks in it, and two of these are now neatly and geometrically made up, ready for the night. In Jane's small closet there is food of all sorts, neat rows of tins and wax-paper packages. If we are washed out to sea we can, I imagine, live indefinitely on deviled ham, sardines and cheese. And I have always my fishing line. Ah! A tug at it!

JULY 11

I HAVE been playing solitaire today, as a cover for my thoughts. For this, I take it, is the great virtue of solitaire, that it insures against frivolous interruption, while at the same time leaving the mind free to wander where it will.

My worries are dropping from me. Helena Lear is with Edith, and no doubt Halliday is camped on their doorstep, as vigilant as a watch-dog, and certainly more dependable than Jock. I can see, too, with better perspective how absurd my anxiety has been as to Greenough. It is his business to believe every man guilty until he has proved himself innocent. And am I not now in the act of proving my innocence?

But my problem remains. And trying to solve it is like solitaire with a card missing. I have, we will say, lost the knave of clubs out of my pack, and without it the game cannot go on.

Halliday, I know, believes that there is a possible connection between the killer and Uncle Horace's letter. He believes, in other words, that some curious and perhaps monstrous idea lies behind the sheep killing, and that it may be the idea to which the letter refers.

"There is something behind it," he asserts. "Something so vital to the man who believes it that he is ready to kill—has killed certainly once and possibly twice—to protect it."

"And this monstrous idea was to kill sheep and build a stone altar?"

"How do we know that isn't merely a propitiatory sacrifice? A sort of preliminary to the real thing?"

"And what is to be the real thing?"

"What is the wickedest crime you can name against society?"

"The taking of human life."

"Exactly."

But this, as he says, is as far as he goes. He is, however, careful to say that his theory has got him somewhere; that is, that there is a definite idea behind what has been happening.

"An insane one, then."

"Not necessarily," he objects. "Your Uncle Horace didn't write that letter to a man he considered insane . . ."

Peter Geiss has his own theory about poor Carroway's death. Carroway, he says, probably located the boat; he could do that by cutting off his engine and listening for the oars. Then, in black darkness, he steered toward it, probably with the idea of driving the fellow back.

Peter does not think that Carroway would have closed in on the murderer, unarmed as he was.

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JULY 11

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"The chances are," he said today, "that the fellow crept up on him, quiet-like, and leaped into the launch."

"But he was unarmed, too," I said, remembering the knife under our slip.

It seemed to me that Peter not only heard that with surprising distinctness, but that he shot a stealthy glance at me.

"He had an oar," he said, and fell back into his customary taciturnity.

The nights are wonderful. I have brought my mattress out of the cabin, and shall sleep tonight face up to the stars. We are anchored in Pirate Harbor, that small enclosed anchorage the shore of which has been so frequently dug for treasure that it is pitted like a pock-marked face.

In our fore-rigging hangs our riding light. It should be white, but as in a burst of energy this evening I scraped a supper plate over the side, I also scraped off the lantern. So it is red, our red sailing light. It reminds me of the lamp at home. I think about light in general. What do I know about light, anyhow? That it is a wave, a vibration, and only within a certain fixed range can be perceived by my human sensorium; that, below the infra-red, and above the ultra-violet, are waves our human eye cannot perceive. Then, all around us are things to which our human senses do not react. How far dare I extend that? From invisible things to invisible beings is not so far, I dare say.

What is reality and what is not? Only what we can see, hear, touch or taste? But that is absurd. Thought is a reality; perhaps the only reality.

But can thought exist independent of the body? The spiritists believe it can. And undoubtedly the universe is full of unheard sounds; all the noises in the world go echoing around our unhearing ears for centuries, and then comes the radio and begins to pick them up for us.

But the radio requires a peculiar sort of receiving instrument, and so with the sights and sounds beyond our normal kin. Jane may be such an instrument. So for all I know may be Peter Geiss, snoring in his pup tent. Even myself—

(Note: I fell asleep here, and the entry is incomplete.)

JULY 12

Just what did Peter Geiss see last night?

If I were asked to name, in order of their psychic quality, the three persons on this boat, I would put Jane first and Peter last.

He is a materialist. Not for him the interesting abstractions, the controversial problems of the universe. The life of the mind, the questions of the soul, are hidden from him. His food, his tobacco, the direction of the wind, the state of the tide, these cover the field of his speculations and anxieties. And yet—Peter saw something last night.

It was at one o'clock in the morning, and he had wakened and crawled out of his pup tent, with, according to him:

"The feeling that we were in for a blow. There was a cold wind across my feet."

So he rose, and he saw that our red lantern was burning low, and gingerly stepping across me, had reached in a locker for the oil can. When he straightened up he saw a shadowy figure standing in the bow of the boat, directly under the lantern.

He thought at first that it was I, but the next moment he had stumbled across me as I lay supine, and the oil can fell and went a-rolling. The noise did not disturb the figure, and Peter gave a long look at it before he howled like a hyena and brought me up all standing.

It was only then that it disappeared. "Just below to windward," according to Peter. I never saw it at all.

Peter did not go to bed again all night, but sat huddled by the wheel, staring forward, a queer old figure of terror without hope. And I admit I was not much better.

For Peter says that it was that of a man in a



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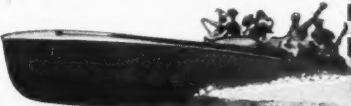
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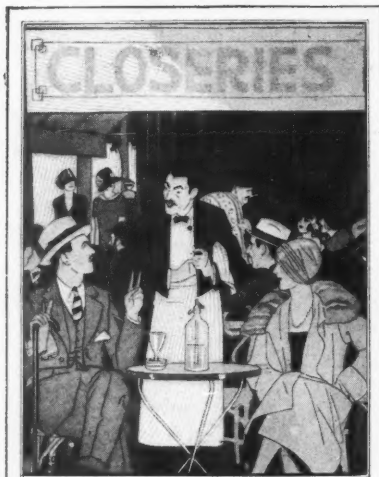
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dressing-gown, and that "it looked like the old gentleman." By which he means my Uncle Horace.

JULY 13

Ellis Landing.

We have had bad news, and are preparing to land and take a motor back.

Edith wires that Halliday has been hurt. She gives no details.

JULY 14

HALLIDAY'S condition is not critical, thank God. We found him (Note: in my bedroom here at the Lodge) with Edith and Helena fussing over him, and with his collar-bone broken, the result, not of the attack but of his ditching the car.

For he is the indirect victim of an attack.

On the evening of the twelfth he was on his way to the station at Oakville to meet Helena Lear and Edith, who were in town on some mysterious feminine errand which detained them until the late train.

At eleven o'clock, then, he took the car and started off, and as he was early took the longer route through the back country. The one by Sanger's Mill and the Livingstone place. It was near the drive into Livingstone's that a man carrying a sawed-off shotgun stopped the car and asked for a lift into town. 'He was, he said, one of Starr's special deputies, watching for the sheep killer.

It was very dark, and he could only see the outline of the deputy. But as, all along, he had come across men similarly armed—"the fence corners were full of them," he says—he thought nothing of it and told the fellow to jump in.

"I hadn't seen him," he said, "but I got an impression of him. You know what I mean. A heavy square type, and he got into the car like that, slowly and deliberately. I think he had a cigar in his mouth, not lighted; he talked like it, anyhow."

Once in the car the man was taciturn. Halliday spoke once or twice, and got only a sort of grunt in reply, and finally he began to be uneasy. He had, he says, the feeling that the fellow's whole body was taut, and that his silence was covering some sort of stealthy motion, "or something," he adds, rather vaguely.

"And of course he had his gun, lying across his knees, as well as I could make out."

They had gone about a mile by that time, and then Halliday began to smell a queer odor.

"He was not trying to anesthetize me," he is certain. "He'd had it in his pocket, and something had gone wrong; the cork came out, perhaps. Anyhow, all at once it struck me that ether was a queer thing for one of Starr's deputies to be carrying, and I felt I was in for trouble."

He took his left hand quietly from the steering wheel and began to fumble in the left-hand pocket of the car, where he had put his revolver, and although he is confident he made no sound, the fellow must have had ears like a bat, for just then Halliday saw him raise the gun, and as he ducked forward the barrel of it hit the seat back behind him with a sickening thud.

But he had somehow turned the wheel of the car, and the next moment it had left the road. Halliday made a clutch at it, but it was too late; he saw, as the car swung, the lights of another car ahead and coming toward them; then they struck a fence, and the machine turned over.

He had been found, by the people in the other car, unconscious in the wreckage, and brought to the Lodge. No sign of the other man was discovered.

But this story, curious and ominous as it is, is as nothing to my sensations today when I visited my small garage, where my car is awaiting insurance adjustment before undergoing repairs.

The point of the matter is this: Greenough has already been to see our invalid, and has assured him that he has been the victim of an ordinary attempt at a hold-up.

"Only difference is," he told Halliday, "that our men around with weapons gave him a chance to carry his gun openly. Gave him a good excuse for a lift, too. Most people around here now aren't stopping their cars for anything or anybody. But of course they'd pick up a deputy."

"I'm not as familiar with crime as you are," Halliday had responded. "But is either part of the modern hold-up outfit?"

"It's pretty hard to name offhand anything they don't use," said Greenough, imperturbably. "From silk stockings up."

Which was, I imagine, a bit of unconscious humor.

So Greenough dismisses the possibility of any connection between Halliday's trouble and the unknown malefactor; in a word, my absence has probably not altered his suspicion of me a particle. Or had not, for within the next half-hour I propose to show him that an absolute connection exists between the two.

On the right-hand cushion of my car, which during the salvaging of it was thrown upside down into the rear, there is marked an infinitesimal circle in chalk, enclosing a crude triangle. I have sent for Greenough . . .

Later: Truly the way of the innocent is hard.

Doctor Hayward was making his afternoon call on Halliday when the detective came, and as I feel confident that the doctor is in Greenough's confidence I was glad to spring my little bomb-shell on them both at the same time. But tonight I am feeling much like Bunyan's Man in an Iron Cage. "I am now a man of despair, and am shut up in it."

Edith was on the veranda when the detective came, and young Gordon was with her.

During our absence he has struck up with her an acquaintance of sorts, but she dislikes him extremely. She has, Jane tells me, nicknamed him Shifty.

AS HAYWARD was still up-stairs, I sparred politely with Greenough for a few minutes. We had had good weather for the trip; fishing was only fair. It was too bad to be brought back as we were. Yes, but if things like that were going on, it was better to be on the ground. "What sort of things?" he asked.

"We have had two murderous attacks, haven't we? One successful, and one not."

"So you class this little affair of young Halliday's with the other?"

"Don't you?"

"Not until I've got something that ties them together, Mr. Porter."

Hayward had come in and stood inside the doorway, gnawing at his fingers and listening.

"But if you found something *did* tie them together?"

"For instance?"

"I'm going to ask you something. Was there or was there not something drawn on the top of the engine box of the boat from which Carroway disappeared?"

"How do you know that?" he shot at me. And like a fool I said; thinking to protect Peter Geiss: "That doesn't matter, does it? It's the fact I'm after."

"Suppose there were. What would that prove?"

"And suppose I can show you another, and similar, mark on my car, made there by Halliday's assailant before he struck at him?"

It was then that Greenough smiled horribly, damnably.

"It's there, is it?" he said.

"It is there."

He got up, the remains of that smile still plastered on his face, and confronted me.

"That's curious," he said. "I examined that car in the ditch, before they moved it, Mr. Porter. And I've been over it here with the doctor since. If there's anything there of the sort you describe, it's been put there since yesterday afternoon."

Who put the magic symbol on Porter's car? Who burns the fatal red lamp? Next Month the mystery deepens to a heart-stopping climax.

The Ancient Highway (Continued from page 63)

times from weeping?" asked Angelique. "My own were that way many times during the past half year because I loved Gaspard and still tried to make him believe I hated him."

"It may be she weeps because of the strain and torment the machinations of Ivan Hurd have placed her under," suggested Clifton, his voice beating dully in his own ears.

"No, there is a flash in her eyes when she thinks of Ivan Hurd, or speaks of his work. She cries—at night."

"You know?"

"Twice, when I slept with her."

"It must be for other cause than me."

"But I have overheard her talk to little Joe about you. She tells me she dislikes you, repeats it too often for truth, Clifton—and in secret she tells Joe you are the finest man in the world and that he must grow up to be very much as you are. Once I heard those very words, and I did eavesdrop, I confess, when I heard her speaking them."

"It is because she is too finely honorable to prejudice Joe against me."

"And I have happened to look into a little box, in which I was hunting for powder for my nose," continued Angelique, "and in this box was a letter and a telegram, and on one I saw your name—and got out of the box as quickly as I could! In just that way I kept Gaspard's letters, not because I hated him but because I loved him."

CLIFTON drew in a breath that almost choked him. "If only half of what you set me hoping for could come true!"

"Was it so very terrible, that wrong which you must have done her?" asked Angelique Fanchon softly.

"I told her I loved her."

"Not a very great sin."

"But I happened to say what was in my heart the first time I saw her—the first night, in her home."

"U-h!" shivered Angelique.

"And I told her so each day thereafter; and the third night, during a storm on Lake Saint John of which she has probably had something to say to you, I carried her in my arms to a habitant's home and kissed her considerably on the way."

"And she let you do that?"

"She thought I was her brother."

Angelique feigned a little scream. "That was terrible," she cried. "But if Gaspard had done that with me I don't think I should have tried to hate him so much. Unless—"

"What?"

"He blundered inexcusably afterward. For instance, are you certain Antoinette really believed you were Gaspard? Isn't it just possible she knew it was you, and that the experience gave her happiness instead of torment until you were silly enough to reveal your identity to her in the light of the habitant's home? Oh, yes, she told me about the storm, and you carrying her, but she didn't say anything about the kisses, of course. And when you stood there like a dunce, and left her not a shred of pride to hide herself under, was there anything she could do but make up her mind to hate you? Of course there wasn't! I tried to hate Gaspard for six months for less!"

"I thought it was the honest thing to do."

"And it was the very silliest thing to do. If she was shamming a little, and you spoiled it for her, your crime was inexcusable—and I doubt if she will come into your arms again too easily. But she loves you. I am quite sure of that. There come Catherine and Vincent! Observe how he drops a step or two behind her as she picks her way among the rocks, just so that he may drink his eyes full of that wondrous braid of hair! Oh, we all have our pretty little trickeries, and it is sinful to discover them!"

"I shall always think of you as the good angel in my life," said Clifton gratefully. "I think you have made me happy. And always,

when you seem nearest and dearest to me, I must think of you as Anne—Anne Gervais."

"Only another little hypocrisy," breathed Angelique, as the other two came nearer. "We are full of it, Clifton, so full of it that it is a wonder we do not sometimes wreck the world. I ask your forgiveness. The real Anne Gervais was coming up, until the last moment, when the poor, dear thing met a widower who needed mothering and married him on short notice. That will please Gaspard. So when I filled her place I also took her name. It was a whim. A little fun. Antoinette will join us within ten days or two weeks," she finished. "Then, if your eyes are sharp and your judgment is good—you will see!"

HALF an hour later he watched them ride away, Vincent between the two, and until they disappeared entirely in the thickening forest he could see the flash of sunshine in Catherine's golden hair.

Clifton resumed his work with an enthusiasm which had not possessed him for years. Angelique Fanchon had swept the cloud away that had oppressed him so grimly, and he was inspired now by a glorious desire to achieve and succeed where only duty and a somber determination had spurred him on before.

He plunged into his work with a kind of ferocity which reminded him of certain fighting days in Belgium. The third day after his return from Saint Felicien the boat from Roberval brought Colonel Denis. His confidence then was like a mass of rock which dynamite could not blow up. They went from camp to camp together, and not an hour passed that Clifton did not point out some fresh reason why they would beat Hurd. Denis threw off ten years from his shoulders during his five days in the forests. Two of these days Angelique Fanchon and Catherine Clamart were in their company, and the souls of the girls had risen to the fight like Clifton's.

One of the schools was well under construction and the others were plotted and logs were being cut. The girls were already building their programs and arranging classes, and to the amazement of Clifton and John Denis they had brought a thrill of anticipation and excitement into every camp and jobber's home by arranging classes for the teaching of English to the men and women.

"We cannot lose when we have a spirit like this behind us," Clifton said for the twentieth time to Colonel Denis. "If we get the timber cut nothing that Hurd can do will keep it from going down to the mills. Your big work now is to encourage the right side of the Government to come up here on an investigating junket or two when we are ready. The work we are doing will please the Premier. He is a constructionist and despises Hurd. Get his crowd up here, let them hear our school bells and see what our people are doing and Hurd won't dare to loose his foreigners on the criminal stuff he has planned."

He was like a tremendously charged dynamo in his enthusiasm, and only Angelique Fanchon knew the inspiring flame that was at the bottom of it.

"I'm going to cut two million logs," he said to Denis, "and I'm going to get them down!"

The day after John Denis returned to Quebec he saw Angelique Fanchon again.

"Since the Archbishop has prohibited dancing among Catholics in the Province of Quebec we have decided to give a weekly musical entertainment and play at each of the schools," she announced. "We will need four pianos."

Clifton sent out an order for them that day. From then until the middle of September Clifton had no word from Antoinette or Gaspard St. Ives either directly or through Angelique. But the people continued to come in. By the fifteenth a hundred and eighty men were in the woods, and with them forty women and sixty children. On the seventeenth



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the first school bell ever heard in this northern wilderness sent its silvery chimes through the forest. On the eighteenth came a cold and brief announcement to Clifton from Antoinette saying that she and her brother would arrive at Mistassini on the twentieth.

This was the day that Delphis Bolduc came in with fresh information regarding Hurd's activities. Hurd had already begun cutting all along the streams below the Laurentian Company's timber. His object in forcing the work so early and waiting for the drive was quite clear. Among other things he was determined to have ready and waiting for the drive every log the Mistassini could hold when the spring floods came, and as these logs would all be below the Laurentian cut there was a great danger of the latter being crowded out entirely. That, of course, was Hurd's plot. If he could use all of the Mistassini's available raftage water for his own timber and thus hold back the Laurentian logs until the high water had passed, the ruin of the latter company would be complete.

BUT Delphis did not bring gloom with him. He had been thinking in the woods, he said, and there was a way to beat Hurd at that game. Forty miles up the river from their last timber operations, and hidden completely back in a pocket of mountains, was a big lake which he knew well. Its outlet leading into the Mistassini was a stream between mountain walls of rock. It could be easily dammed and the water in the lake raised forty feet.

Of course it would be necessary to do the work secretly or Hurd would checkmate it. But granting this could be accomplished the Laurentian people could get their logs into the Mistassini ahead of Hurd, then blow up the dam with dynamite, and before Hurd knew what was happening the sudden rush of water would carry their logs well down the river, below Hurd, where they would have all the advantage of the spring floods when they came.

The idea was staggering in its immensity. If Bolduc's scheme could be worked Hurd would not only be beaten but a half of his season's cut would be left high and dry after the floods had passed.

In the company of Vincent, the young chief of his engineering staff, and with Bolduc guiding them, Clifton left for the upper Mistassini on the same day that Delphis arrived from the Hurd concessions. He left a brief letter for Antoinette explaining the importance of his mission and apologizing for not remaining in person to receive her.

At the first depot up the river he had a few minutes with Mademoiselle Fanchon.

"Of course you will be there to welcome them," he said.

"Of course I shall not!" declared Angelique warmly. "Do you suppose I am going to run after Gaspard St. Ives? He must come to me."

"But Antoinette?" protested Clifton. "Some one should be there—"

"And he is running away!" Angelique taunted, raising her long lashes so that she was looking straight in his eyes.

"It is necessary that I go north."

"Yet not so necessary that you could not wait another three days! You are afraid!"

"I confess it—a little, yes. I rather seized this opportunity of getting away. That will permit her to become acquainted with the work through others, and not myself. Frankly, where I used to be so bold—I am now—a coward."

Angelique gave a delightful little laugh, and the flush in her cheeks and the glow in her eyes were inspiring to look at.

"You are using good judgment now, Monsieur Clifton," she approved. "Unless a woman believes herself to be vital enough to frighten the man she loves she does not want him. Of course she will not know you are running away, unless I tell her. But before that, if I reveal the truth at all, I shall build you up so magnificently in her eyes that she may feel a little afraid herself. Possibly it is

well for her to see what you have done and hear what Catherine and I think of you before she sees you."

So Clifton continued north, happier than when he had started.

What he found increased the new thrill that life was holding for him. Delphis Bolduc was right. Vincent's voice had a trembling note of triumph in it when he explained how easily the lake could be turned into a mighty reservoir. The dam could be chiefly built of timber and rock. Three or four charges of dynamite would utterly demolish it when the proper hour came, and something like five million cubic feet of water would be turned into the Mistassini.

The outlet between the rock walls was a little less than sixty feet. Vincent figured, and drew plans in the sand. He would undertake to do the work in ten days with twenty men, but inasmuch as secrecy was absolutely vital to their success he recommended six men, carefully chosen, and a month for the work.

"Work should begin immediately," he said, after they had paddled around the lake, investigating each trickle of water that ran into it. "There will be no more rains, and very little water finds its way into the lake during the winter months. Under normal conditions the lake will fall another foot between now and January. Our storage will accumulate very slowly, and it is important not to lose time." Aside to Clifton, he said a bit whimsically, "Of course you understand it's going to be a lonesome job up here."

Clifton thought of Catherine, and placed a hand affectionately on Vincent's arm.

"Maybe—but with a golden inspiration behind it," he consoled.

They set out on their return the next day.

It was Thursday, and Antoinette had arrived at Depot Number One on Wednesday. Gaspard, of course, had hunted up Angelique immediately, and this day would undoubtedly be one of excitement and prodigious happiness on the lower river. His own heart tuned itself to the pleasant happenings he was imagining.

That night he lay awake for hours. His blood was restless. His mind refused to rest from its incessant building of possibilities, and these pictures that he conceived were not disturbing, but built up his optimism until hope became an actual happiness.

IT WAS supper time of the second day when they arrived at the lower depot. Clifton was grateful for the hour. It would give him time to clean up and dress, and get over a bit of nervousness that had begun to possess him. With Vincent he climbed a narrow path from the river, coming to his own door in an inconspicuous way.

Vincent's eyes had gone swiftly to the cabin set apart for the girls, and he gave a sudden exclamation of pleasure.

"There's Catherine!" he cried.

Vincent was off, forgetful of dirt and unshaven face, and Clifton heard Catherine's glad voice in greeting as he entered his room. Each minute after that he expected Gaspard to arrive. But Gaspard did not come. No one came. He had bathed and shaved and almost finished his dressing when Eugene Bolduc knocked.

"Thought I'd give you time to clean up," he explained, as he came in.

"The St. Iveses are here?" Clifton asked, his heart pounding.

"They came day before yesterday. And forty men and half as many women and children have arrived during the last two days," added Eugene exultantly. "We expect half a hundred more this week."

"Splendid!" exclaimed Clifton. "And St. Ives? Where is he?"

"Started for Depot Number Three with Mademoiselle Fanchon this morning."

"Was Mademoiselle here when the St. Iveses arrived?"

"Mademoiselle Clamart, yes; but Mademoiselle Fanchon was at Number One, and

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St. Ives went up to bring her down," and Eugene's eyes twinkled. "A pretty joke she played on him, with that name of Anne Gervais!"

Confound the man, why didn't he mention Antoinette!

"His sister is comfortable? And—where is she?"

Eugene had looked out the window.

"There she is. Just finished supper. On her way to the cabin."

Clifton sauntered to the window and looked. He caught a glimpse of her, the same slim, straight, adorable little figure.

Something unleashed itself in him then. His heart choked him, but it had also choked out fear. He sprang to the door, and before Antoinette had reached her own he was calling to her. She did not pause or turn until she reached the cabin. Then, casually, she saw him. His eagerness shone in his face. It trembled in his voice when he spoke.

"Only God knows how glad I am that you are here," he cried. "I've been counting the days and the hours—"

Then he saw there was no change in the beautiful gray eyes that were looking at him, no flash of joy or sunshine in them, no softening glow of welcome or gladness. Her hand rested on the latch of the door. And she had only half turned toward him.

"Thank you, Monsieur Brant," she said in a quiet, calm voice. "I am sure my arrival can add nothing to the wonderful work you have been doing."

The latch clicked and the door opened a few inches, and something snapped in Clifton's heart. He did not try to speak again. For a moment Antoinette hesitated, and then added:

"Possibly I may see you tomorrow, Monsieur. But this evening I am tired. And—by the way—I sent Joe up to the school with Mademoiselle Fanchon."

She did not offer him her hand. No warmth of friendship crept into the cold evenness of her voice. The door opened wider and she entered the cabin. Clifton did not wait for it to close. He turned and stalked back to his room.

His heart was dead, emotionless. His body and brain were numbed. After a time he had the cook prepare him something to eat. He learned that Vincent had not come to supper and smiled a bit grimly. Golden Catherine was filling the emptiness in a hungry man's stomach. Love was a wonderful thing—when successful!

ON RETURNING to his room he prepared his pack-sack with more than usual care, putting into it the things which he would chiefly require on a long journey. Until midnight he went over matters carefully with Eugene, and at ten o'clock, after Catherine had gone to bed, had Vincent with them in conference. He was leaving early in the morning for the upper depots, and from now on would be almost continually in the field, leaving Depot Number One management to Bolduc. Vincent was to get his men and materials up to the lake at once, and Clifton promised to join him there very soon. It was Vincent's big job now to build and guard that dam, Clifton said, while he saw to it that two million logs were out.

With a woodsman bound north Clifton set out in a canoe before it was light.

The second day after, at Depot Number Three, he found Angelique Fanchon.

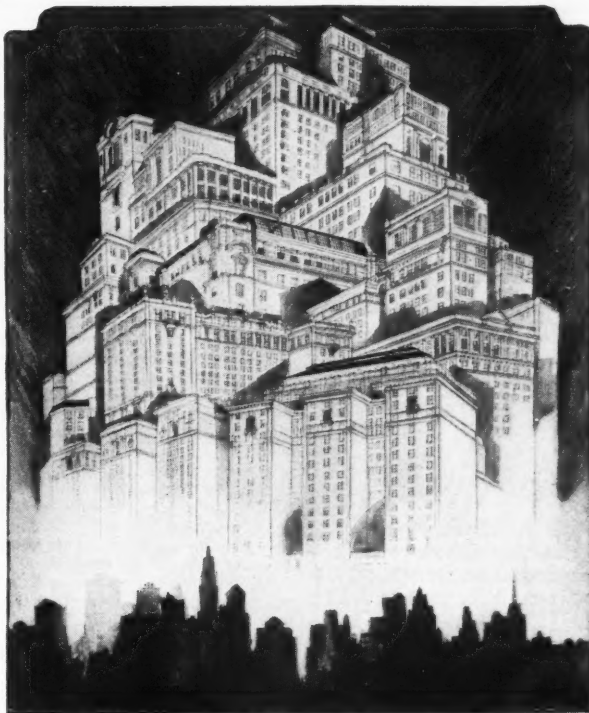
He was glad that Gaspard was out with the depot manager on an inspection of the first cutting operations. Angelique was busy at her work in the school when he called her out. She was happy. He could see that. But when she saw who it was outside the door a look of distress came into her face.

"There is something—terrible—about you," she said, staring into his hard eyes. "And I know, I know. Oh, it's my fault, and I've been such a fool!"

Her warm little hands were clutching one of his, and their tenderness softened the hard look that had settled in his face.

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"Why your fault, little friend?" he asked. "Because I made such a mess of it, Clifton. I know she wanted to see you when she came. It was impossible for her to hide it from me, or keep the disappointment out of her eyes when she learned you were up north. And that night, the first night, mind you, I spoiled it all! I was so happy at what I thought I saw that I came out all at once and told her how you loved her and that every move in your life was inspired by her.

"That would have been splendid if I had stopped there. But I didn't. I went on, and told her that I knew—was absolutely positive—that she loved you, and that it was only her foolish pride that kept her from letting you know. Dear Mother, you should have seen her then! She was furious, and accused both you and me of plotting together and betraying confidences.

"Oh, she did flagellate you, Clifton, and me, too—and told me clearly not to mix myself up in her affairs. And all the time I knew her heart was almost breaking between that pride of hers and love for you, and that she was punishing me mostly to keep herself from crying. She did cry afterward. She said it was because of the humiliation I had brought on her. But that wasn't the reason. She cried because her pride is almost broken, and she wants you so badly!"

Clifton was smiling. Angelique had never seen that same kind of smile in his face before.

"Dear little mother-girl, you have been awfully good to me, and because of it I shall help Gaspard fight for your happiness to the end of your days," he said. "But in all this you have thought and said you are wrong. I have no doubt now. I only stopped on my way into the woods to see if all was well between you and Gaspard. And I see that it is. God be praised for that! Gaspard is a prince, and you are an angel. Just now I don't feel like seeing Joe, so don't tell him I have been here. The school work is going well?"

"Beautifully," whispered Angelique, and her long lashes were shining with tears.

"Good-by!"

"Good-by, Clifton!"

As he turned away she called after him very softly: "But remember, Clifton, wherever you go—Antoinette St. Ives does truly love you!"

HE WENT farther north—to the upper cuttings. From then on, day after day, he made himself a part of the forest work, passing from camp to camp and from jobber to jobber, locating new arrivals, urging and inspiring earlier ones to greater endeavor, overseeing the building of sluices and creek clearways and dams, and by the tenth of November had three hundred and twenty-five men at work. During these six weeks he saw Gaspard twice and Angelique Fanchon only once, and was careful to avoid situations which would bring him into contact with Antoinette.

The time came when, as Bolduc put it, the whole Laurentian outfit was working like a well oiled machine. With greater surety than ever Clifton wrote Colonel Denis that two million logs would be along the driveways when high water came.

Vincent finished his dam, and a guard of three trusted men armed with rifles watched the premises day and night, eight hours at a stretch. Clifton was sure that Hurd had no suspicion of what had been done.

The Bolducs kept him in intimate touch with Hurd's activities. The attitude of their enemy puzzled Eugene and Delphis. He did not seem to be at all disturbed by the Laurentian Company's success in getting its timber down and cut. Delphis believed that he had completely changed his plans, and that instead of "roughing it," as he had first designed, Hurd had something tremendously more effective up his sleeve, and was waiting with a confidence which puzzled and alarmed him. Hurd was constantly in the woods. He had toned down his men so there had been no trouble at all between his own and the Laurentian people. And

he was piling up pulpwood in enormous quantities.

The Bolducs frankly did not like the quietness of the situation, and Clifton found himself thinking about it with a new feeling of suspicion and wariness. This belief grew into conviction when Clifton received a letter from Hurd commending him on his inauguration of new and progressive ideas in the woods, and assuring him of the sympathy and friendship of their neighbor, the Hurd-Foy Company, in spite of "previous differences which might have existed between them." Clifton knew that Ivan Hurd's lawyers had compiled this letter. It would be good evidence of their friendly attitude in the event of legal trouble or newspaper notoriety.

BETWEEN the fifteenth of November and the first of December Hurd sprang two amazing coups.

Unannounced he visited two of the four schools during class hours, accompanied by several professional looking strangers, and talked freely with Mademoiselles Fanchon and Clamart, assuring them that if their schools were a success, which he could readily believe they were, he would institute the same splendid idea in his own holdings the following year.

His second inexplicable move was expressed in a letter which went simultaneously to both Clifton and Antoinette St. Ives, and in which Hurd asked for permission to send a number of children belonging to his own people to the Laurentian schools. "It would give the splendid idea an impetus among my own workers," he said; and then added, "I will gladly pay a part of your school expenses for this privilege and accommodation."

It was this letter which necessitated a meeting between Colonel Denis, Antoinette St. Ives and Clifton on the first of December.

The meeting was in Bolduc's office at Mistassini, at nine o'clock in the morning.

Two months and a half had passed since Clifton had seen Antoinette. Others had noted the change in him during these weeks. Hard lines had grown about his mouth. The same lines were about his eyes. There was hardness in his attitude, in his glance, in the squareness of his chin.

With this physical change had come another, a dulling of certain emotions. The thought of meeting Antoinette no longer filled him with a nervous dread. He expected the meeting would be unpleasant.

He arrived at Mistassini at eight o'clock and went directly from his canoe to Bolduc's office, and was there when Colonel Denis and Antoinette came from a late breakfast at a quarter of nine.

He rose to meet them, and stood like a bronzed Indian when they entered. He had never looked quite so much like an Indian as now, with lips unbroken by a smile as he bowed to Antoinette and shook hands with Denis. He was years older in the face.

As he stood with Colonel Denis a look almost of terror swept like a hot flame through Antoinette's eyes. It was gone in an instant. But her fingers were closed tightly, and she was white. This man she was looking at was not Clifton Brant! This was not the man who had fathered Joe and Bim, who had fought for her brother, who had loved the whole world—and who had outraged her so unforgivably! He was a savage. Even his greeting to Colonel Denis was coldly unemotional. She turned to the window a moment to hide a sudden twitching of her lips and keep from the hard eyes of the man who had once loved her a betrayal of her own emotion.

Clifton did not guess the correct significance of her action, and brought the business quickly to a head. He was in a desperate hurry, he said, and wanted to get back to Depot Number Two as soon as possible. Bluntly he told what he believed Hurd's motives were, and sharply disagreed with both Antoinette St. Ives and Colonel Denis in their opinion that Hurd had at last come to a point

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"To me your changed opinion of Hurd is as amusing as anything can be up here," he said to Antoinette. "With spring a tragedy of some kind will come, and I shall go on preparing for it. No one can tell who will be sacrificed, but I trust it will not be you, Mademoiselle."

Even Denis saw the little beating in Antoinette's soft throat.

"And besides," added Clifton, "you must both understand that I have my own case against Hurd. He is threatening you in a way, Mademoiselle, and he is threatening you in another, Colonel Denis—but—he killed my father. You may accept peace if it is offered you, but I have come to the conclusion that I must go through with what I came from China to achieve. Hurd may flatter and blind you two. But he owes me a debt which, God willing, he is going to pay! But I shall not jeopardize either of you, or your interests. I shall wait until the spring drive is over, at which time my association with your company must necessarily end."

"Personally I am sure Hurd was laughing in his sleeve when he made that request. He is simply piling up written evidence which at some future time can be made public as showing his friendship for us. I would advise you to let him send the children. It can do no harm, and will do the children good."

At half past nine he was ready to leave.

"You are not returning before dinner?" asked Colonel Denis in astonishment.

"I am returning immediately," Clifton assured him.

He shook hands again, and bowed to Antoinette without advancing a step across the width of the room which separated them. He did not see the little movement she made, as if to meet him half-way. He was blind to the whiteness in her cheeks. He went out and walked away without looking back.

In sheer amazement Colonel Denis turned to Antoinette. "What in heaven's name has happened to Clifton Brant?" he demanded.

He had noted her unusual pallor before, and that pallor was accentuated now by eyes that were shining brimful of tears.

Denis's gaze slowly turned from her and followed after Clifton. "Antoinette, it is you!"

"Yes, I am afraid so, Colonel Denis." There was a little break in her voice.

Clifton was bending over his canoe, and Denis watched him.

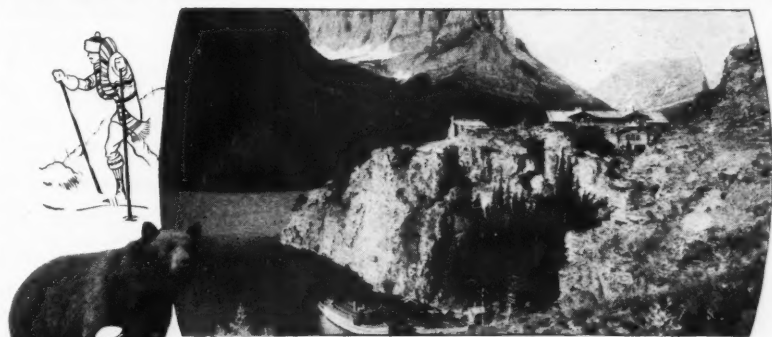
"I didn't think that of Clifton," he said after a moment. "I didn't think a woman could ever do that to him. But I suppose it's reasonable, if one knows the facts. It has hit him hard because—well—I don't think Clifton ever looked at a woman until he saw you. I'm sorry!"

"So am I," whispered Antoinette's trembling lips, but Denis did not hear her. Outside the door he was shouting good-by to Clifton.

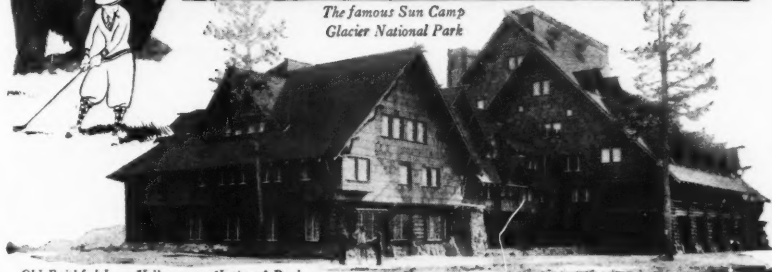
FOR three weeks thereafter Clifton lived and slept and worked with his men, and the logs piled up in the working camps with amazing speed. He saw Gaspard twice, and Joe and Bim spent two week-ends with him. But he did not see Antoinette, Angeliue or Catherine, though he knew where they were at all times. Antoinette was now working with the other two, and through the Bolducs, one or the other of whom was with him most of the time, he helped in the activities for the big Christmas and New Year's festivities which the girls were planning.

That week was destined to remain long in the memories of the forest people. A dozen entertainments and plays were given in the four schools. A Christmas tree as tall as the ceiling, ablaze with candles and weighted with presents, was in each building. Clifton went with Vincent to the school in charge of Catherine Clamart, and the day after Christmas he left for a fortnight in Quebec. He sent a Christmas greeting to each of the three girls

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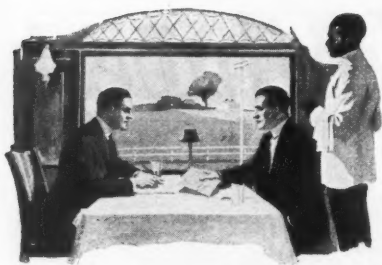
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and half a canoe-load of presents for Joe.

When he returned from Quebec the men were back at work again. And a letter from Antoinette St. Ives was awaiting him at Mistassini.

It was different from any of the few things she had ever written him. All spirit and pride seemed gone from her writing. Very simply she greeted him, thanked him for his thoughtfulness in sending her a holiday token, and then in several pages poured out her heart to him in a matter which was causing her great unrest. Where was Alphonse? Why had he disappeared? And why did he not return? Only answers to those questions could possibly quiet her misgiving and worry. She thanked him again for the wonderful work he had done, and assured him that nothing she could ever do for him would sufficiently recompense him. Clifton smiled when he read these last lines. It was a rare bit of humor.

THEN he answered her, and at length. But his letter, also, was unlike anything he had ever written her. It was not strained or formal, but no breath of his soul crept into it. He told her that for some time he had felt it to be his duty to tell her certain things about the monk, but circumstances had seemed to put themselves between him and the opportunity.

Without betraying the secret of Gaspard's fight he told her of his last minutes with Alphonse, and his disappearance. Since then he had learned that Alphonse was spending a part of his time among Hurd's camps, where of course his acquaintanceship with the St. Iveses was unknown. At other times rumors had come to him of a little wandering missionary farther west, whom he believed to be the monk. Frankly he did not believe Alphonse would return until he had accomplished a certain work which he had in mind. And maybe not then. She could judge for herself by the monk's last words to him.

Then he thanked her, in turn, for her kind appreciation of what little he had helped to accomplish; but he was sure that her own example and the inspiration of her ideas had almost wholly achieved their success. This inspiration he assured her would always be a guiding light in his own work, and especially would it help him in a rather difficult task which he would face in the spring when he left to take charge of the Chinese Government's reforestation work.

Antoinette was at Depot Number Two when he wrote this letter, and the next day, when he went north, he passed Depot Number Two without stopping and slept that night at Depot Number Three.

With the beginning of the hard snows the winter passed quickly for Clifton. He had nearly four hundred men at work now and the camps were humming with activity. A score of important details outside of cutting the timber occupied his mind and time. Thousands of cords of pulpwood had to be teamed over the snow to the edge of the waterways, and as the loosening of the dam at the upper lake would raise the water only in the Mistassini the problem confronted him of getting back-country timber to the edge of the big river. It was necessary for him to set twenty teams at work on the back timber late in January.

It was a wonderful Canadian winter, cold and clear and with the snow firm and not too heavy underfoot. Occasionally he saw Angélique and Catherine, and he was delighted with their enthusiasm and growing love for the forests. They never wanted to leave them, they declared. With a radiant face Vincent confided his secret to Clifton. The glorious Catherine and he were to be married in the spring. They had planned to spend their lives in the wilderness, doing the forest work which he loved—and which Catherine had grown to love.

Ivan Hurd did indeed have a sinister hidden plan; and it leads to the most thrilling climax, and the tenderest love story James Oliver Curwood has ever written—in Next Month's concluding instalment

Angélique went home for a visit late in January and did not return until early in March, which added considerably to the work of Antoinette and Catherine. Twice in February Clifton met Antoinette, but he made no effort and showed no desire to be alone with her. A third time, in March, he saw the three girls at Depot Number Three where they gave an evening's entertainment of music and singing. He complimented the three together.

His eyes revealed nothing when he looked coolly at Antoinette, and told her how wonderful the evening had been, and what an inspiration it was to the forest people. She had flushed at his coming and his first words, but when a moment later he bowed in that cold, hard way that had become a part of him and left them to mingle with the men and women and children who crowded the room the color left her cheeks and she stood strangely white.

Angélique's dark eyes had seen the color come and go and the look that had followed Clifton, and a little later she tore herself away from Gaspard long enough to catch Clifton alone as he was prepared to leave.

For the first time in his experience her eyes flashed at him angrily.

"Now it is you who are the fool!" she cried hotly, but in a voice so low that only he could hear it. "Antoinette sang her song tonight for you—for you! And you're running away again. Oh!" and she stamped her foot.

"It was a beautiful song," he said, "and Antoinette was lovelier than an angel. But until I approached her to offer my felicitation she had not looked in my direction once this evening, Angélique. I thank you, but you don't know how wrong you are in your judgment of her emotions."

"You are a bigger fool than I ever dreamed a man could be—when it comes to understanding a woman!" she declared.

"I know it," he conceded amiably. "I've made an unforgettable ass of myself."

She heaved a sigh of despair. "Then you believe that Antoinette St. Ives does not care for you?"

"I believe that if she were a man she would deliberately force a fight upon me."

"Dear Mother, have pity on him!" gasped Angélique. "Why—why—are you so stupid that you did not see the color leap into her cheeks when you came to her, or know that they went as suddenly white when you left her?"

"Other emotions than love produce those same effects," answered Clifton. "Extreme dislike, for instance."

Angélique settled back to her normal height.

"Hopeless, hopeless," she breathed. "I can do nothing with her, and I can do nothing with you, yet I know that the hearts of both of you are sick for that very thing which neither of you will bring about. If you two could have the sense of Vincent and Catherine—if you—there comes Gaspard, shoving everybody out of his way in his search for me! And—Clifton—Antoinette leaves for Quebec tomorrow morning!"

A few minutes later Clifton was on his way to Depot Number Four, eight miles up the river. Late the following afternoon he received a telephone message from Bolduc, at Mistassini. Incidentally he learned that Antoinette St. Ives had arrived and arrangements had been made to drive her over the ice of the lake to Roberval the following morning.

The next day was Thursday. Clifton rose to his work with a strange feeling of despair and a still stranger feeling of relief.

Antoinette St. Ives was gone out of his life, probably for all time. He could concentrate himself now on the last great step he must take before collecting his debt from Hurd.

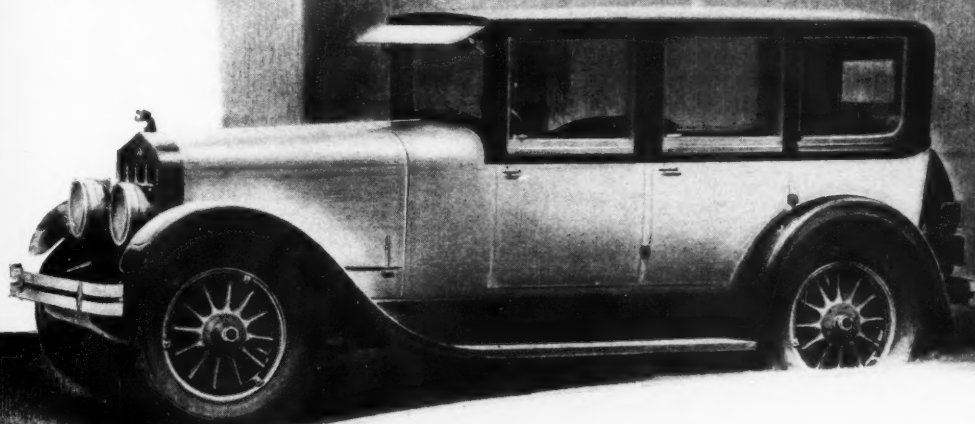
And on this day of her going something else went out of the forests for Clifton. Light, sunshine, hope and a part of his soul. And a great loneliness crept in their place.

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Watch Their Eyes

NOT so many years ago a boy was born in a luxurious home. His parents tried to give him every advantage that a boy should have. He loved Nature and delighted in long walks in the woods. One day when the boy was about thirteen years old a companion pointed out an interesting object. The boy could barely see it. For the first time he realized that something was wrong with his eyes and he told his father. Then came glasses and constant joy and astonishment at the bright new world with clean-cut outlines. All the wonders of the woods which he never dreamed existed were spread before his happy eyes. Books were no longer pages of letters with fuzzy tails. * * * * This boy was Theodore Roosevelt, who became President of the United States.

If parents, such as his, for all their love and care and ability to provide for his needs, never knew that their son had defective vision, can anyone doubt that there are thousands of boys and girls today whose poor sight has not been discovered by their fathers and mothers?

Only 10 children in 100 at the age of nine years have even so-called perfect eyesight. One out of every eight school children has seriously defective sight or some disease of the eye which needs immediate attention. If your child is the one out of

eight whose eyes require attention you ought to know it. You cannot tell from the appearance



The time to begin to protect the eyes is from the hour the baby is born. See that the doctor or nurse puts a drop of a prophylactic solution into the baby's eyes to prevent the serious disease commonly known as "babies' sore eyes" which often results in blindness.

Much of the eye trouble of later years comes from injury in babyhood. Never let the sun shine on a child's eyes—even when asleep. Baby eyelids are not sufficient protection. Diseases of childhood sometimes leave the eyes in a weakened condition. Children's eyes require attention during and after serious illness, especially measles and diphtheria.

of the eyes whether they are normal.

Perfect vision does not always mean perfect eyes. Serious disease may be present and yet be unnoticed. Many of the eye diseases that lead to blindness are catching. If treated in time they can be cured.

School children are often careless. Impress upon your boys and girls the danger of using towels that have been used by other people. Try to keep them from rubbing

their eyes. Great danger comes from infection and dirt.

Watch almost any group of boys and girls learning to write. Faces turned sidewise, soft cheeks almost touching the grimy paper. Little doubled-up fists clutching pencils within a few inches of their eyes. There is the beginning of eye-strain. Children are frequently accused of inattention and stupidity when the truth is they cannot see clearly. Wise parents guard the eyes of their children by having them examined every six months.

Get a good eye specialist. He will quickly discover whether your child needs eye treatment or glasses. If glasses are necessary he will prescribe them.

Many people are prejudiced against glasses for children. It is not true that "once they put them on they will have to wear them all their lives." By wearing glasses when they are needed the condition often is cured and glasses may be dispensed with.

You would not willingly deprive your children of happiness or joy in life and yet, unknowingly, you may deprive them of more than happiness. You may rob them of the power to be independent, self-supporting citizens. You may deny them possible greatness.

There are upward of 100,000 blind people in the United States. According to the National Committee for Prevention of Blindness more than half of them are needlessly blind.

Only 20 of our 48 States have statutes providing for eye tests in schools. Less than one-third of the school children of the entire country have their eyes examined each year.

While parents may not suspect that there is anything wrong with their children's eyes it is sometimes easy for a teacher to detect difficulties. Teachers have an opportunity to watch the way the children use their eyes—to see whether they squint when looking at the blackboard—to observe whether they hold books too near their faces—to notice habits of rubbing or blinking the eyes.

Teachers are doing a kindly and humane act in helping to prevent misery and possible blindness when they notify the parents of children who need to have their eyes examined.

The Metropolitan Life Insurance Company will be glad to mail, free to any one who writes for it, a booklet, "Eyesight and Health" which will be found helpful.

HALEY FISKE, President.

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